Collier's

AUGUST 9, 1941

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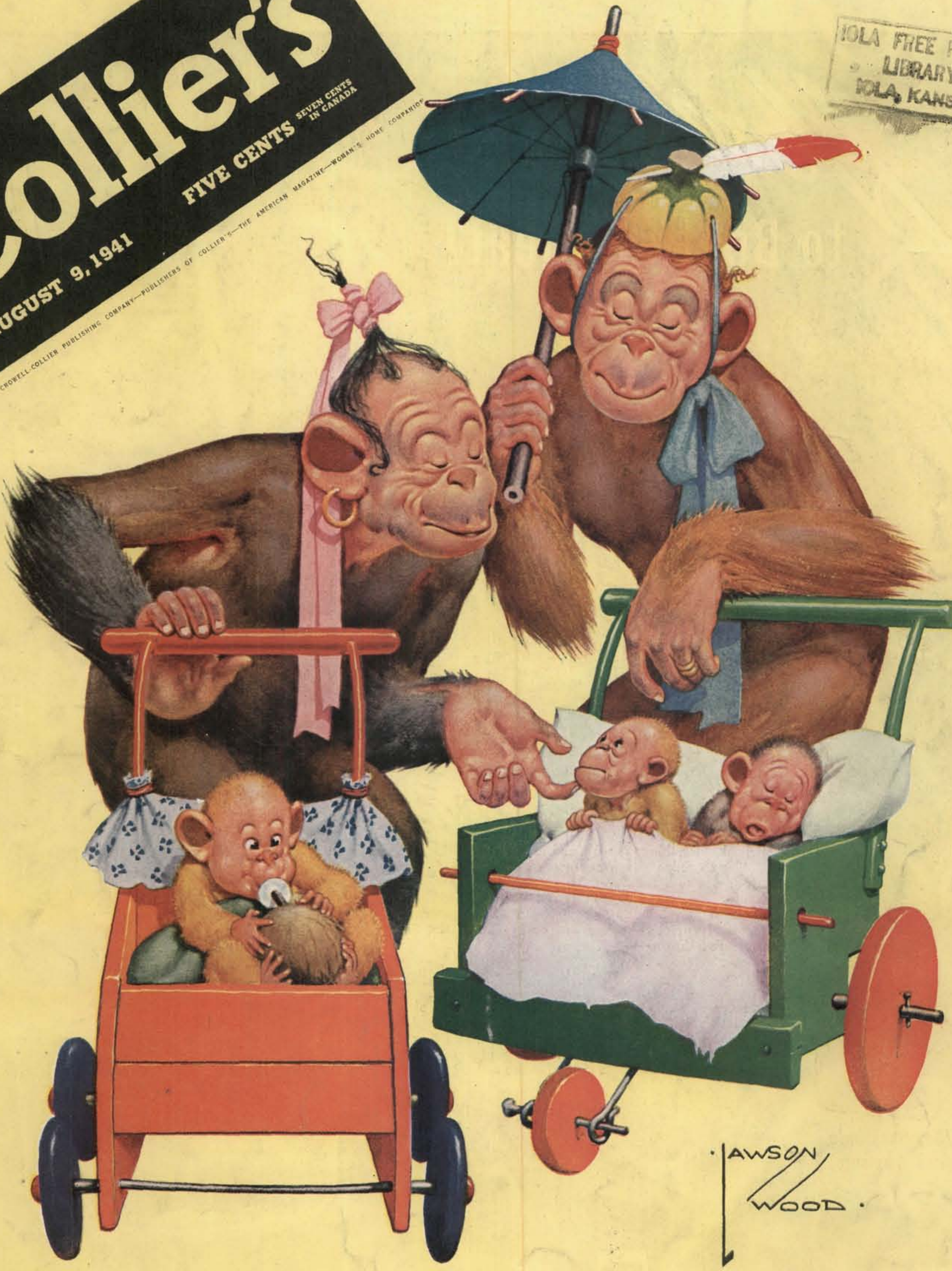
LAWSON WOOD.

THE SYSTEM BEHIND GERMAN PARATROOPS By W. B. COURTNEY

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Blended Whiskey
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...and be sure!

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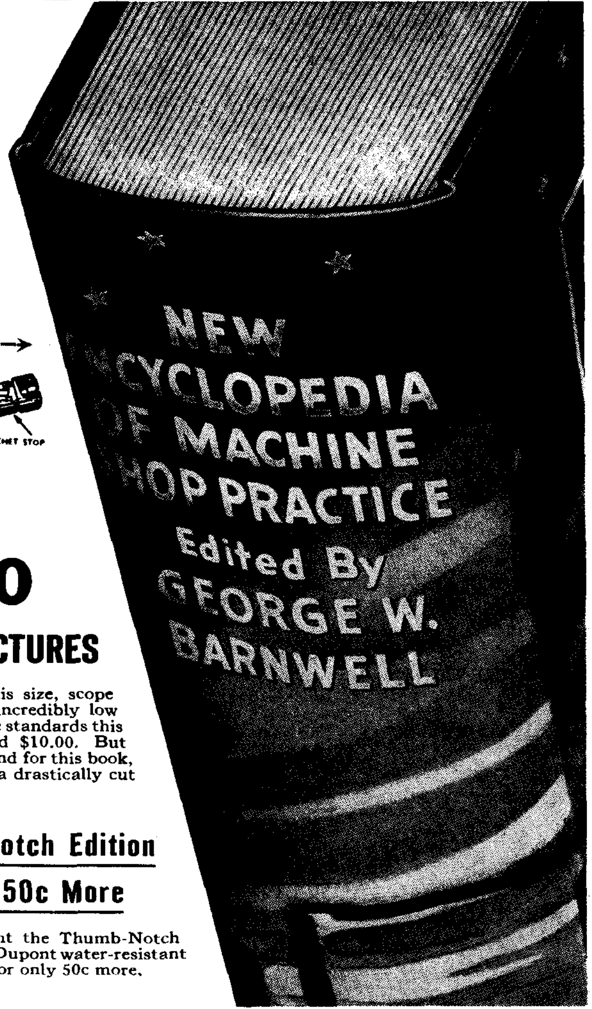

AMERICA'S rapidly expanding industries are calling for machinists and more machinists! The demand is greater than the supply! Rates of pay were never higher! What an opportunity for men who like work that combines the skill of hands and brains! For such men anxious to get started in this profitable field, we have just published the NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE.

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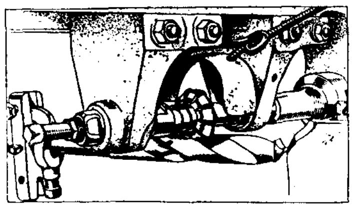
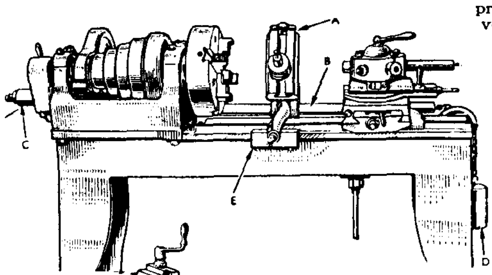
Covers Every Problem That Confronts Even the Most Expert Machinist

COMPLETE chapters in this volume are devoted to every type of Bench Work; different types of metal used by the machinist; Turret and Automatic Lathes, and their innumerable functions, attachments and operations. There are chapters covering every type of Screw-Cutting; Taper-Turning, Knurling; Milling and Grinding.

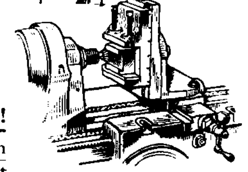


Included in the broad scope of this volume is full information on Special Machine Tools and Machine Attachments; Jigs and Fixtures; Punch Press Operations. Instruction is given in Heat-Treating of Metals; Welding and Soldering; Drop-Forging; Foundry Work; Gauging and Testing. Complete descriptions and explanations of all types of Calipers, Micrometers and other precision measuring instruments used by machinists are included. There is also a special chapter on Reading Machine Blue Prints. And there are dozens of tables designed to save time for the machinist and to simplify mathematical calculations.



Edited by GEORGE W. BARNWELL

Professor of Production Practice, Stevens Institute of Technology



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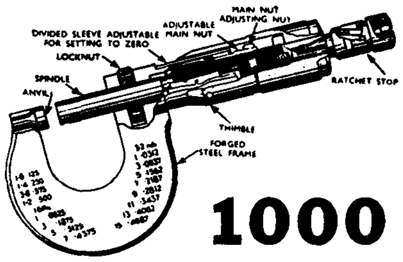

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THIS WEEK

AUGUST 9, 1941

SHORT STORIES

HERBERT DALMAS
Cream-Puff Sailor. A Class-B dame has no business in a Class-A boat. Page 12

HARRY SYLVESTER
Penny in His Shoe. Moral for ballplayers—don't lean on your luck. Page 18

TED FLYNN
Worth a Premium. The Army can buy horses but not men. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Conspiracy, by Philip Clark. Page 11

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Dina Cashman. The eighth of thirteen parts. Page 14

JOHN AUGUST
Advance Agent. The sixth of nine parts. Page 17

ARTICLES

W. B. COURTNEY
Come Down Shootin'. The system back of Germany's paratroops. Page 9

LUTHER DAVIS and JOHN CLEVELAND
Sing, Gracie, Sing. Gracie Fields, a major British industry. Page 15

VICTOR G. HEISER, M.D.
Medicine Out of Magic. What science owes to superstition. Page 16

ROBERT CARTWRIGHT
Victorious Vic. Where you find trotting horses, you'll find Vic Fleming. Page 19

MARTHA GELLHORN
Singapore Scenario. The melodrama that may become an epic. Page 20

OUR NEW ARMY. Page 48

●

WING TALK. Page 45

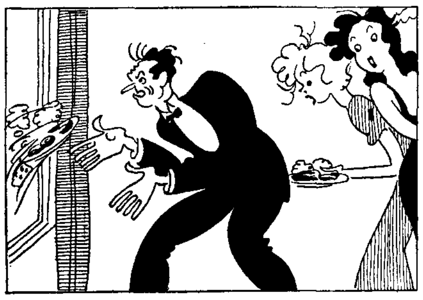
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS
How Smart is Congress?
Pernicious Pension Plan.
Stop Fanning the Air. Page 54

COVER LAWSON WOOD

ANY WEEK

OUR hero this week is a fellow who wears neither toga, uniform nor badge of authority. He has never rallied a people to a holy cause nor faced an enemy on a battlefield. He was rejected by the Army doctors in 1917 and he's a trifle too old to fight now. Several months ago, at the sober age of forty-five, he got married. As far as we know he had but one strong prejudice—an abiding distaste for buffet suppers. He told our informant—Mr. Edwin T. Monigore of Santa Clara, California—that he'd gone to one buffet supper when a young man and vowed then that he'd never go to another. But perhaps you know how it is. His wife, a charming and exceedingly social woman, had a great many girl friends who apparently made almost a fetish of buffet suppers. When our hero and his bride returned from their honeymoon the first of her vigorous friends gave a buffet supper in their honor. He went along, protesting mildly, however, and warning his wife that buffet suppers brought out the worst in him. But she said, "What nonsense, Alfred," or something like that, and warned him that she was going to cure him of all those old bachelor prejudices. Nevertheless, it was only with great difficulty that she dragged him to the second buffet supper, a week after the first. When, a week later, the third buffet supper was announced he refused to budge until his wife turned on a freshet of tears.



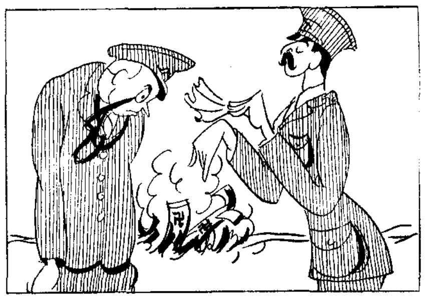
"Okay, darling," said he, with an ominous quiet that failed to warn her, "I'll go. I'll go, darling, but I have a strange feeling." So they went. The hostess was a skirted dynamo, a Helen Hokinson lady. No guest of hers had a chance. She smothered our hero with hospitable greetings and escorted him personally to her table where no fewer than sixteen different components of a superbuffet supper were arrayed. She insisted upon serving him herself, he holding his plate and she leading him along dishing out large portions of everything to our grimly unprotesting hero. When she had given him a load of everything on the table he bowed low, thanked her darkly. Then he strode to the nearest window and threw the whole mess out, plate and all. That done, he wordlessly grabbed his hat and went home. Mr. Monigore reports that our hero's wife's friends have called off their buffet suppers.

AND while we don't want to encourage gambling, we think that a less heroic adventure by a friend of Mrs. Jane Tropkik of St. Paul, Minnesota, deserves mention. Having been down on his luck for some time and consequently pennilessly in debt, Mrs. Tropkik's friend received a dispossess notice from his landlord. So many misfortunes had been his that by this time he was almost cheerful. He read the dispossess notice, started packing, found a dollar in a pair of old pants and read the dispossess order again. He took the dollar, played the serial number of the notice in the numbers racket and won a hundred and sixty-seven dollars. There should be a moral of some kind in this story. If you can pry it out you're welcome.

FOR our part we string along with a highly important member of Mr. Roosevelt's government. His duties are closely connected with our country's defense program. With the aid of several assistants he had just completed a survey of world conditions when, wholly unexpectedly, Germany waded into Russia, rendering null and void the just completed survey. He knew nothing about the war's new convulsion until his chief aide telephoned him in bed. The aide was pretty badly disappointed at the collapse of the new survey. Yet he had ideas for a fresh start and was in the midst of explaining when his superior yawned. "I'll tell you what," said he. "Let's forget it. I'm leaving at once for a five-week vacation. Why don't you? I'm beginning to suspect that this man Hitler is unpredictable."

OUR South American agent, Richard English, has informed us that he arrived in Buenos Aires just in time to fail to be invited to a wedding, which, Mr. English reports, started out on its chin. As wedding presents to each other, the bride and bridegroom exchanged checks. This somewhat unusual departure was hailed by all sides as both tender and practical. But the bridegroom's check turned out to be rubber, thus shaking the bride's first confidence. While pondering that, Mr. English picked up the Buenos Aires Herald, an English language newspaper and ran across a bit of advice and encouragement to Mr. Hitler's ill-wishers: "Thumbs up! Chins up! A stiff upper lip. Tails up. Eyes up. We'll lick the Hun hands down. Bang up."

WE'VE had so many stern reproofs for retelling ancient wheezes that we're getting hardened. But Mr. Chip Cleary of Hollywood, California, forces us to take another chance. He says that a British sapper was chatting with a German prisoner. "What will you do when the war's over?" asked the British sapper. "I shall take a bicycle tour of Greater Germany," replied the prisoner proudly. "Yes, yes," said the sapper, "and what'll you do in the afternoon?" Furthermore, we are informed by Quentin Reynolds that a British airman got on the tail of an invading German bomber, forcing the latter to earth somewhere in Kent. In landing the German's plane was pretty badly smashed and the pilot was in immediate danger of being burned to death. Rescued from his ship by his English conqueror he was voluble with thanks. "Quite all right, old son," said the latter. "But tell me: why are you fellows making such beastly nuisances of yourselves?"



IT DOESN'T make much difference whether such yarns are true or not. It's immaterial that they are elderly. To us, at least, they prove something that can never be demonstrated by numbers of planes, size of guns and power of powder. It's that Germany can't lick England. We're not predicting an English victory, mind you, and we're just as cagey about a German triumph. All we know is that no screaming neurotic can impose his will upon people who regard him as a beastly nuisance. So don't worry. We stopped after a few words we had with a couple of hefty colored women who, half asleep, were fishing in the Potomac River. It was very hot. We saw no evidence of fish caught or uncaught. "But you don't seem to be worrying much," we said to them. "Nawsuh, we don't aim to," replied the one least asleep. "Thass white folks' wuk, Cap'n."

WHICH is why we're shrugging off a particularly dire prophecy sent us by "A True Irish-American." He assures us that "after beating Russia, Hitler's parachute armies will descend upon Ireland with tanks and artillery and squeeze the British to death. Ireland will at last be free in the true sense of the word. Let us hear your objections, you British slave, if you have them." But he appeals to poor authority. He ought to ask the Czechs, the Danes, the Norwegians, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Greeks and other peoples Hitler has bludgeoned into submission, including the Italians. Or this True Irish-American might try a few of their politicians who failed or betrayed them.

HERR LAVAL, for example.... W.D.

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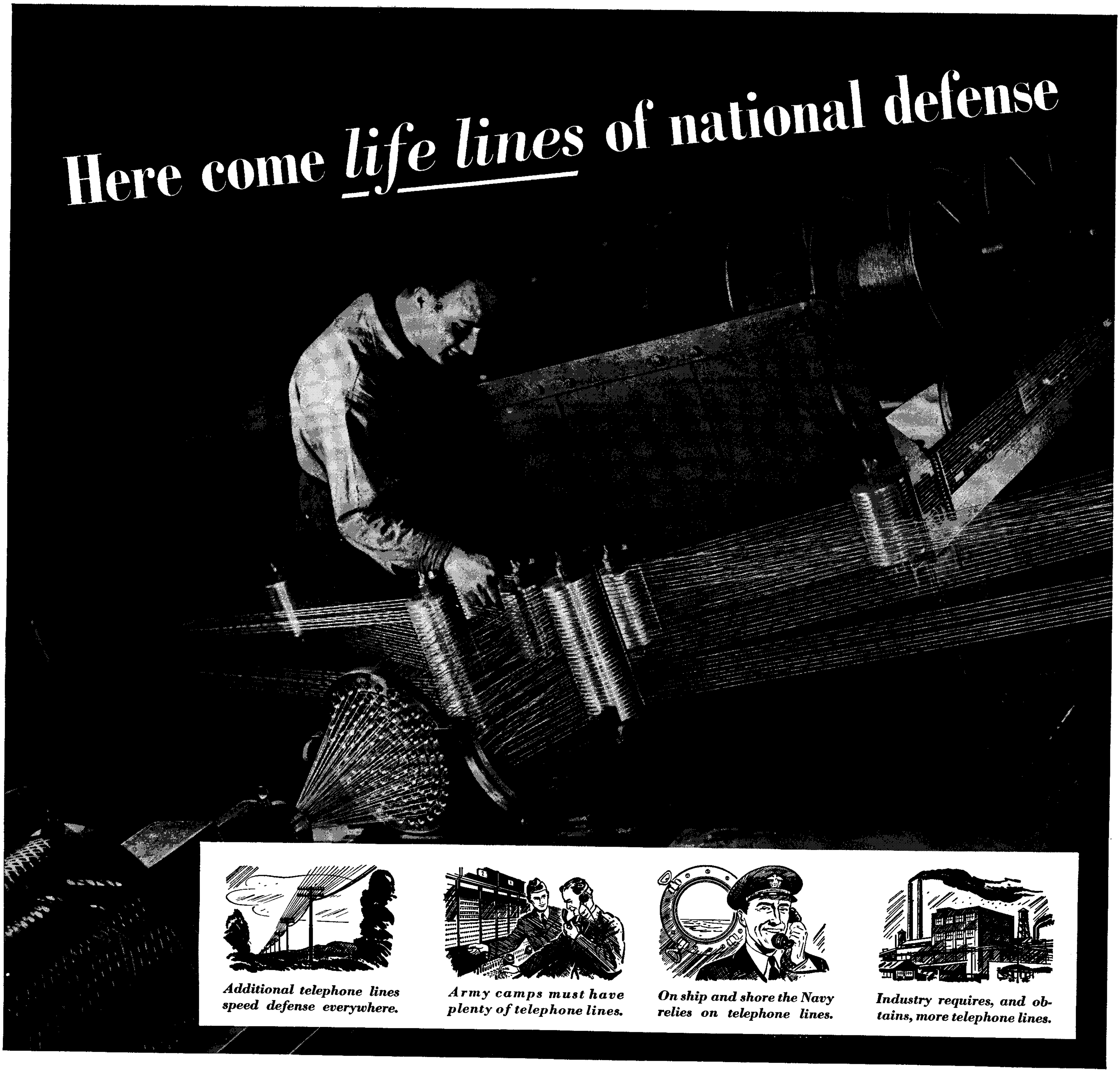
Here come life lines of national defense



Additional telephone lines speed defense everywhere.

Army camps must have plenty of telephone lines.

On ship and shore the Navy relies on telephone lines.

Industry requires, and obtains, more telephone lines.

Telephone lines are life lines. They carry the communications so vital to our expanding defense program.

The photograph shows wires being made into a telephone cable. Such cable—containing billions of feet of this wire—is being rushed by Western Electric to meet the urgent telephone needs of the armed forces and of industry.

So too, in vastly increased quantities, are being sped telephones and switchboards—and radio apparatus for the air forces and the Signal Corps.

The efficiency of Bell Telephone service is more than ever essential to government and business, and now as always Western Electric can be counted on to supply the life lines.

Western Electric *. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service*

TOO BAD FOR DAVEY...

he had the double O

THE girl he had always been crazy about, marrying someone else! Once, years ago, before Charlie came along, Davey might have had a chance. Edith really liked him but, fastidious girl that she was, she simply couldn't put up with the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath).

What a chump a man is to take chances when there's a delightful double precaution against frequent causes of "Double O."

For dull, offensive-looking teeth, you ought to try the new Listerine Tooth Paste . . . there's really something!

It's especially created to go after ugly surface stains, and then allows special polishing agents to help bring out the natural flash and brilliance of the enamel.

You simply have no idea how much better this new paste makes your teeth look . . . how it enhances your smile!

Now for bad breath, largely due, *according to a number of authorities*, to food fermentation in the mouth. For this condition there is a simple answer—Listerine Antiseptic, notable for its antiseptic and deodorant power. Almost immediately it makes your breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

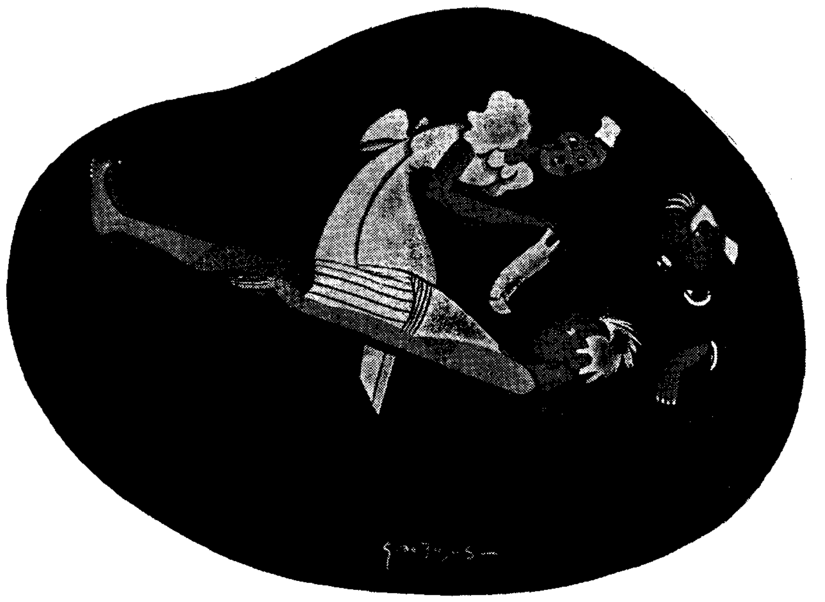
If you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before every social engagement. It's the ideal pair for oral care—the double precaution against the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath).

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath* *Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

That there is an appreciable afflux of blood to the brain during mental activity has been demonstrated several times by having persons lie on a delicately balanced table. As long as the mind is a blank, the table does not move. But when the demonstrator is given a problem to solve, the head end sinks under the increased weight.

The best substance for filtering air, particularly in gas masks, is charcoal made from coconut shells. One gram of its particles, or less than a teaspoonful, contains about 3,000 square yards of adsorbing surface.

The 1940 census has issued completely revised statistics on the land areas of all states, the first remeasurement of its kind since 1880. The five largest additions are 1,246 square miles to Texas, 1,151 to California, 1,145 to Maine, 1,058 to Mississippi and 743 to Oregon; while the five largest deductions are 992 square miles from New Mexico, 849 from Minnesota, 599 from Florida, 546 from Idaho and 541 from Wisconsin.

Spain holds a special lottery each Christmas for which the whole ticket costs $183 and the first prize amounts to $1,372,500. It is a double lottery, which means that if a person holds both lucky numbers the two tickets, costing $366, would win $2,745,000. Even one of these prizes is the largest amount of money ever offered at one time in the history of lotteries.

Although Japan has waged a vast and costly war on China for more than four years, the territory that it has conquered and now controls with an occupational army of nearly one million men contains less than ten per cent of the Chinese population.

A study of the past life of seven hundred schoolteachers committed to mental hospitals revealed that more than ninety per cent of them had never been interested in any kind of recreation such as movies, games, sports, music, dancing or travel.—*By Ethel P. Seely, New York, New York.*

The word "over" is used in more compound and combined words than any other in the English language. Webster's dictionary lists more than 2,200, beginning with overability and ending with overzealousness.

For more than a century, the flagships of the British Royal Navy have been equipped with a "stern walk," a contraption resembling a back porch, about fifteen feet long by five feet wide, which hangs low on the stern of the vessel and is supposed to be used by the commanding officer when he wishes to take the air.

The American Armament Corporation, with three large plants in Pennsylvania, is the only company of its kind in this country. Unlike all other firms that make arms exclusively for and under the supervision of the government, the AAC sells nothing to the United States but is permitted to manufacture war materials for other friendly nations.

The only Negro whose portrait has appeared on United States postage is Booker T. Washington; and the only Negress to be made an American justice is Jane M. Bolin, who sits in the Court of Domestic Relations in New York City.

One New York company "birdproofs" buildings so that they will no longer be fouled by pigeons, while another organization "insectproofs" outdoor amusement areas, such as concert stadiums and baseball parks, so their night audiences will not be bothered by mosquitoes.

Although public zoological gardens have been known since China established its famous "Intelligence Park" in 1100 B.C., there are not more than a hundred in the world today and about forty are maintained by two countries—the United States and Germany.

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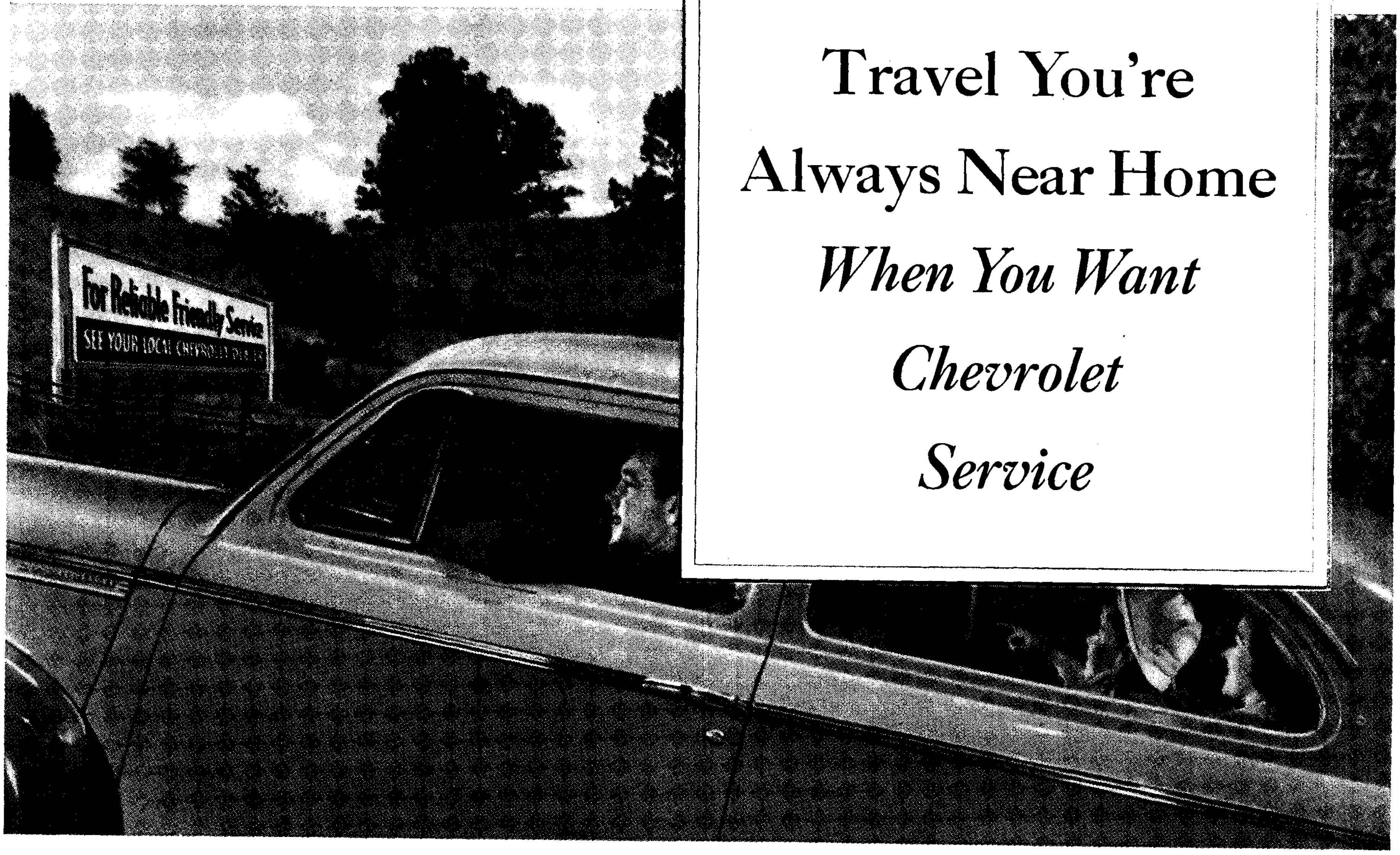
With 8500 Chevrolet Dealers Dotting America . . .


For Reliable Friendly Service
SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER

Wherever You Travel You're Always Near Home *When You Want Chevrolet Service*

Chevrolet dealers give skilled service, friendly service, and the most reliable service at low cost, to owners of Chevrolet motor cars!

Your own thoughts of Chevrolet will tell you it's "tops" for day-in-and-day-out dependability.

And they'll also tell you Chevrolet has reinforced this inherent reliability of your car by establishing a great nationwide service organization to give *double dependability* to your Chevrolet travels.

Thus, 8500 authorized Chevrolet dealers are "at your service" in all parts of America, from border to border and from coast to coast.

These dealers maintain a staff of Chevrolet-trained mechanics; they have Chevrolet-approved tools; they carry a stock of genuine Chevrolet parts.

And, more important still—

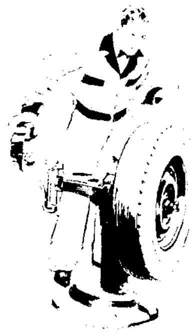
Each of these dealers is deeply and sincerely interested in assisting you to maintain the original high quality and fine performance of your Chevrolet car.

Because each of them is extremely proud of your preference and the nation's preference for Chevrolet. . . . Because each realizes that Chevrolet's continued leadership depends on your continued friendship. . . . Because each knows that "he who would win the highest sales must give the finest service."

So please remember, you're among friends when you enter a Chevrolet dealership, at home or on tour.

And, with 8500 Chevrolet dealers dotting America, you're always near home when you want skilled, reliable Chevrolet service.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

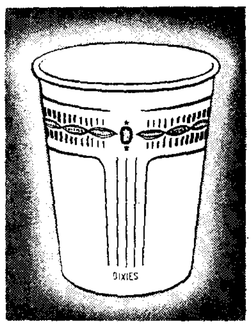


Here's Why Chevrolet Dealers Can Give You
"SERVICE THAT SATISFIES
—SERVICE THAT SAVES"

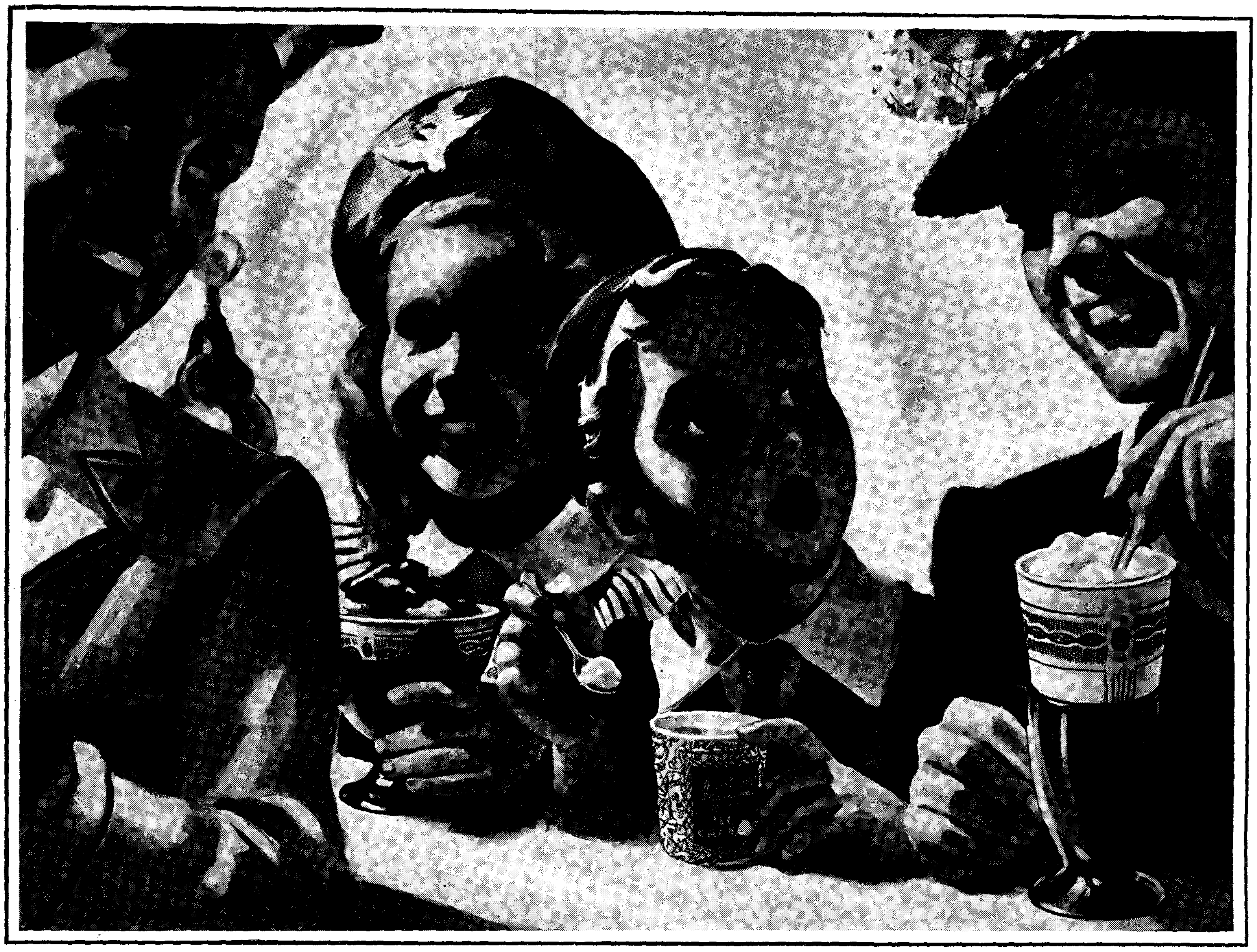
1. Chevrolet-trained, thoroughly skilled mechanics.
2. Chevrolet-approved tools.
3. Genuine Chevrolet parts.
4. A nationwide dealer service organization.
5. Lowest prices consistent with reliable work.

WHERE FRIEND SUPER CHEVROLET SERVICE *MEETS FRIEND*

"Mommy, is yours a Dixie Cup, too?"



DIXIE CUPS are safeguards of health at all times... everywhere. In the office, in the shop, in public places, at soda fountains, on trains and airplanes, the common drinking vessel is a thing of the past. The expanding uses of Dixie Cups are but an indication of the trend of the times.



TO youngsters a "Dixie" means a familiar five-cent cup filled with ice cream. To their parents it may also mean a water cup, or a picnic cup, or any one of many types of Dixie Cups.

Yes, the paper cup from which Mother is drinking her soda is also a Dixie. And it's there for the same reason—health protection. There's never a doubt as to how clean the drinking utensil, or who drank from it last—for a Dixie is used but once and thrown away. It is touched by your lips alone. It is for you—and you only.

And isn't it surprising how much better anything tastes when you *know* it's clean?

Yes, soda fountains serving in Dixie Cups are a part of the trend of the times.

DIXIE CUPS

PRODUCT OF DIXIE-VORTEX COMPANY, EASTON, PA., CHICAGO, ILL., TORONTO, CAN.

In offices and factories, Dixies protect the health of workers from mouth-to-mouth contagion when drinking water.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 9, 1941

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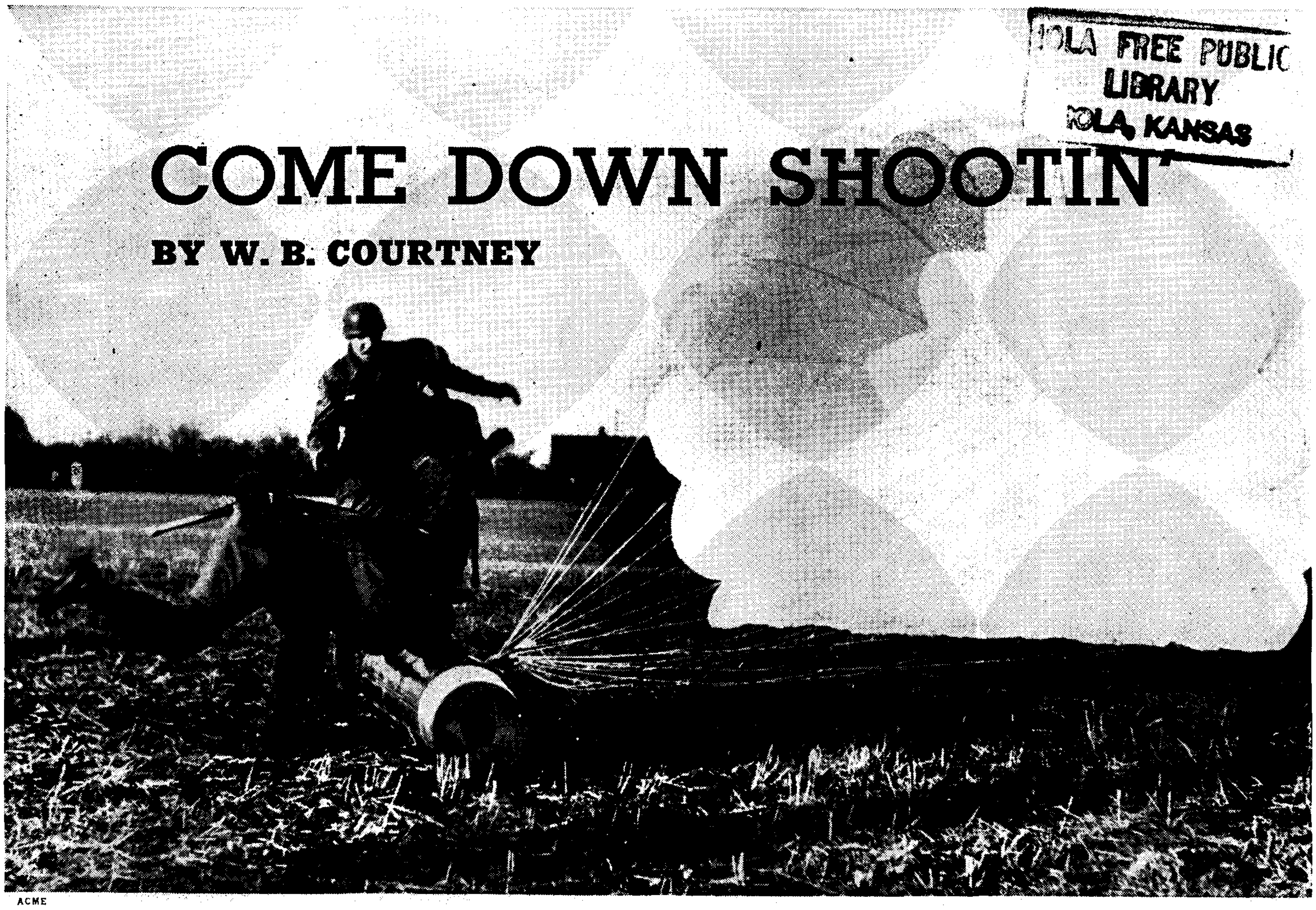
COME DOWN SHOOTIN'

BY W. B. COURTNEY

Here, gathered behind German front lines by Collier's W. B. Courtney, is the first complete story of the paratroops—how and why they were created, their rigorous training, the organization and fighting methods which produce a cocky new aristocracy of killers



ACME

German paratroops during maneuvers have freed themselves from their chutes and rush to secure their rifles, which, fully loaded and enclosed in a metal container, have been dropped from the same plane that carried the chutists. Below, a paratroop unit in Crete is greeted by what Germany calls "a representative of the populace"—probably a fifth columnist

EUROPEAN

LATE one blustery, rain-smeared afternoon you are approaching Stendal, 70 miles west of Berlin, in a car with a German staff officer. You hear a plane and look up to see a trimotor Junkers-52 brushing along under the low ceiling. Neither an unusual sight nor sound in Germany these days. But just before you look away in boredom, novelty explodes into the misty twilight.

So low, so close, you can see every detail—seven boys come tumbling out of the plane's door, each with a traveling kit of some description: one an old-fashioned portmanteau, another a family carpetbag of the Bismarck era, a third a snappy modernistic number.

Any group descent by parachute always seems to you like a sudden garden in the sky. You expect to see this one quickly scattered by the turbulent wind. On the contrary, although the soldiers oscillate severely, they steer, manipulate and time their chutes so deftly that when they reach the ground they are so close together it's like the collapse of a huge seven-petaled flower.

As you drive in upon the airfield the parachutists are walking toward their barracks. You might think they had just stepped from a bus.

The colonel says: "It's Tuesday. They're just back from Easter leave."

You learn it is a custom at all paraschools every week end, or at least whenever enough men are going on leave to justify it, to disperse the soldiers all over the nation to their homes by parachutes. Planes—those customarily employed by the schools for training—fly regular schedules. Each planeload is grouped for convenience according to area, as suburban taxis might take several commuters who live in the same neighborhood. Each boy is dropped as near to his home as possible. Actual instances have been recorded of soldiers landing in their own back yards. You can almost imagine a paratrooper yelling to his small brother on the ground, "Gussy, run tell Ma to put supper on!" as he floats down into the rhubarb patch.

For return journeys, groups assemble at their own expense at airports nearest to their homes. Inasmuch as Germany, for military purposes, has more than a thousand airfields, big and little (in an area smaller than Texas), this means a short walk for many soldiers; a bus, tram or bike ride for the others. If plane "collections" are to be made in sections where airports may be comparatively far apart, then designated places on the *Reichsautobahnen*, or national highways, are utilized. While at home the soldiers have repacked their chutes, because arrival back at the schools must be made by jump.

"This program," the colonel says, "is not a mere domestic propaganda stunt, although it serves that purpose too, by arousing local interest. The parasoldier is an object of curiosity to the elders, of envy to the youth. He is bound to be questioned, and bound to do a sales job in educating the public, as you would say.

"Most important, however, it is sheer indoctrination, very carefully planned. It is not mere generosity or thoughtfulness toward the soldiers: it is a reasoned part of their schooling. It quickly applies to their personal needs what has been hitherto for most of them an unfamiliar, or at the most a circus, measure. The men are not denied leave if they wish to go home by other means. There is no compulsion. Still we find them standing around begging for the rides. And this is what we aim at in the schools—make it the natural thing to do. Bring them to mental acceptance of their chutes as a routine, almost casual, useful and precise instrument.

"Chute leave not only gives the soldiers more time at home in any case; it also enables many to travel distances that would be impracticable by surface means for brief holidays. This makes paraservice attractive. It helps to relieve the strain imposed by soldiers on leave on railroads and other surface lines that are badly needed for food and equipment movement. I think you must already find this a considerable factor even in the United States. We are repaid in every way. There is no *extra* strain on our gas supply because the double purpose is served of training pilots to find objectives and drop chutists with reference to them, and it fulfills the practice-jump quotas to precision landings which the chutists would have to make anyway!"

You will hear a lot about "precision landings" today, much talk of the parachute as a precise instrument. Listen, because it's an important part of the whole German theory of paratroops, and of profound interest to Americans who want to see their own defense preparations forwarded.

The colonel talks frankly of the German paratroop background:

"The lesson of 1914-18 was that defense by trenches and other positional measures backed by machine guns had immobilized the old-style warfare of mass movement and maneuver. Such war could only result in total waste of men, national resources and time without possibility of decision—in a military sense. Air warfare promised a loophole; but how to employ it?

"Traditionalists insisted that the

plane was just a new addition to war's arms—that air force was merely auxiliary to either naval or land force. The enthusiasts, as always, made the mistake of claiming everything for air power. Imperialistic growth was predicated on sea power. And veteran seamen insisted that only sea power could control water lines of communication. While army men said that air power could never win wars alone, because you must actually occupy a country in order to conquer it.

"The Italians, misled by the sheer brilliance of General Douhet; the Russians, equally misled by the requirements of their geography and their lack of adequate or efficient surface transportation, foolishly put most of their military eggs in the aviation basket. Neither was fitted by industrial background, engineering or research personnel—Italy, moreover, lacked the natural resources and national wealth—to make this great experiment. Both came to disaster. Both made a too-belated swing to a more balanced concept.

"We remembered there is always truth in tradition. We looked for a middle way; listened more to your General Mitchell than to General Douhet. Mitchell was the first high officer to see that air power was more than a new auxiliary; that it was a genuinely new arm which, to blossom to tactical and strategical fullness, required independence of command and administration—while, of course, submitting to that co-ordination between arms, that unity of supreme command, which is fundamental for national success.

"At any rate, presently we believed we had worked out the answer to the two main contentions of the traditionalists: First, our medium-range bombers to co-operate with submarines in the harassment of enemy sea lanes. Our High Command statistics for this war show that one fourth of the total enemy tonnage sunk by us has fallen to the Luftwaffe; sixty per cent to the submarines; the rest to surface raiders. Second, air power through paratroops *can* occupy a country—thus conquer it. By complete independence of each command, yet perfect co-operation and timing by all concerned, we think we have co-ordinated into one arm a combination of the facilities and effectiveness of three arms—that is, land, sea and air!"

Germany Keeps Her Secret

Aside from her general strategical plans, the preparation and strength—not the existence, which couldn't be hidden—of Germany's paratroops has been one of her two greatest war secrets. The other is the size of her war reserves. Even the number of her planes and her capacity for producing them can be guessed with greater accuracy.

Perhaps the greatest mystery is how Germany concealed from the foreign attachés in Berlin—whose job it is to gather telltale statistics of this sort—her importation of enough silk for enormous numbers of parachutes, for pilots and air crews as well as for paratroops. Yet no one seemed to tumble to the fact that silk for any civil or household purpose was always a rare luxury in Germany, and that silk shirts were always the scarcest item of male attire there—what the well-dressed man couldn't afford to wear.

Since the war began, a humble worker in a factory at Hanover discovered a new material or processing of which the Luftwaffe people will give you no closer description than "It's a kind of silk blend!" At any rate, he was handsomely rewarded and is now operating director of a factory in mass production on parachutes. They are being made also out of flax, and from wool.

EUROPEAN

Germany's World War ace, Ernst Udet, had a large share in the organization and development of the new "air infantry." Now a general in the Luftwaffe, he is shown here in his own sailplane

The origin of parachute usage in warfare is obscure. They were extensively employed in the Great War to land spies and saboteurs. It is also of record that in 1917 General Mitchell tried to persuade General Pershing to permit him to form an experimental troop of parachute fighters. Thus Mitchell was probably the first man professionally to express the notion of paratroops.

Grandstand quarterbacks of all staffs will tell you now that it was an inevitable idea. But the Soviet Union, stimulated by national youthfulness, was the first modern power to do something more than talk about it. During Russia's great surge of air-mindedness in the 'twenties dozens of captive jump towers were erected—the contraption at the New York World's Fair was an adaptation—and parachute battalions were formed, trained and demonstrated. The Soviet airmen nicknamed the parachutes "death roses." There is no evidence that Russia pressed her development very far. France considered paratroops next. However, the French conception early turned away from mass parachute attacks. Instead, they emphasized tactical plans for jumping single fighters, each capable of speaking several languages and thus of operating as secret agent as well as soldier. This was an unfortunate reversion toward Great War ideas. Major André Langeron, foremost French military scholar, wrote of the parachutists as "air legionnaires."

The Germans, studying their neighbors' trials, then harking back to General Mitchell, saw that paratroops must be self-contained fighting units and a major branch of war effort, not casual adventurers. Great War Ace Ernst Udet (you remember his stunt flying at Cleveland and other air races; also in the famous motion pictures The White Hell of Pitz Palu, and S.O.S. Iceberg) probably did most to midwife paratroops in Germany. Udet—short, pudgy, a bachelor who trains parakeets and holds target practice in his apartment, good-natured and full of beano—is known and liked by most American flying old-timers. He sent a sympathetic telegram to Eddie Rickenbacker when the latter was hurt in an accident last winter. He is now a colonel general, in charge of technical procurement and production—next only to Goering in Luftwaffe importance and influence.

It was in 1935 that Hitler ordered Goering to organize paratroops. Goering had his own "house regiment," a sort of glamorous parade troop which he had developed from the police force. With an eeny-meeny miney-mo finger he selected the third battalion of this regiment to be the first paratroop unit.

The officers were startled, of course, but willing. The noncoms and privates, most of them sedate married fellows, needed persuasion. So Propaganda Minister Goebbels was summoned to weave his arts upon the third battalion. He delivered to them an inveigling description, plus alluring movies, of Soviet parachute antics. A professional stunt jumper came along to demonstrate the ease and delights of parachuting. Unfortunately, he broke his collarbone and his thigh, and was carried from the premises of the reluctant third battalion on a stretcher. Nothing more was said about the subject that day.

Next day, however, the third battalion was paraded. Its commander said: "Who wants to volunteer?" Twelve men stepped out. The sergeant major then asked permission to say a few words to the men. It was granted. The sergeant major was a throwback to imperial army days; his brief speech not only came from memorable wells of authority but showed appreciation of history in the making. "The captain and the lieutenants have volunteered," he said. Then, after a dramatic pause, "Parachutists, to the right, march!" he cried.

One hundred and eight stepped out to join the original twelve, leaving only twenty unimaginative souls behind of the third battalion's peacetime strength of 140. Rotterdam, Corinth, Eben Emael, Crete—all were linked by destiny with that morning in 1935.

Stendal, primarily because of favorable climate and terrain, was selected to garrison Germany's first parachute troops. It had a secondary value in being not too far from Berlin's air ministry, yet far enough so that its work would not be under the eyes of the foreign military attachés, the correspondents, the tipsters.

A Jolt for the Attachés

Exactly *eight days later* the initial maneuver was held, with Goering, Udet and other aviation leaders on hand to watch the intrepid third battalion blossom whitely in the sky. Transfer, housing, organization, equipment, training, preliminary tactics—all these things had been accomplished meanwhile. That, your military friends will tell you, was a chore. Progress and numbers of the paratroops was kept more or less confidential for three years. Not until Chancellor Hitler's fiftieth birthday, in the spring of 1939, was there a public demonstration. Then, during a huge military review, to which all the foreign attachés, diplomats and unattached experts were invited, hundreds of specially uniformed soldiers dropped from an armada of planes, shooting with pistols and yelling like Indians as they came down, forming swiftly into bewildering patterns of machine-gun "islands" as soon as they had reached the ground.

The German civil population was taken entirely by surprise. The great throng of unofficial witnesses, once the impact had sunk in, broke into frenzied applause. The effect upon the foreign attachés was quite different. This was no haphazard show, like the famous "jump of the five thousand" at the Russian maneuvers of 1932. Here was a sobering insight into a new and terrible war potentiality. It was said that one ambassador expressed fear that if he forwarded his attaché's report on the matter he would be laughed at.

While General Udet and his aides labored on the purely technical aspects of paratroop development, the general staff worked on the larger problem of fitting the new arm into their plans. The result is what German officers refer to as "plane-panzer" offensive and what the world calls "blitzkrieg." Roughly, this concept divides the major traditional arms as follows: Artillery has been put into planes and on wheels, cavalry into motorcycles, infantry partly into the air but largely into trucks for a follow-up role of mopping and policing. Watch the communiqués from Russia and you will see this clearly expressed.

In descriptions of our United States Army paraschool at Fort Benning, Georgia, certain references to the corresponding German paratroops have been widely published in America. One is

(Continued on page 39)

A SHORT SHORT STORY
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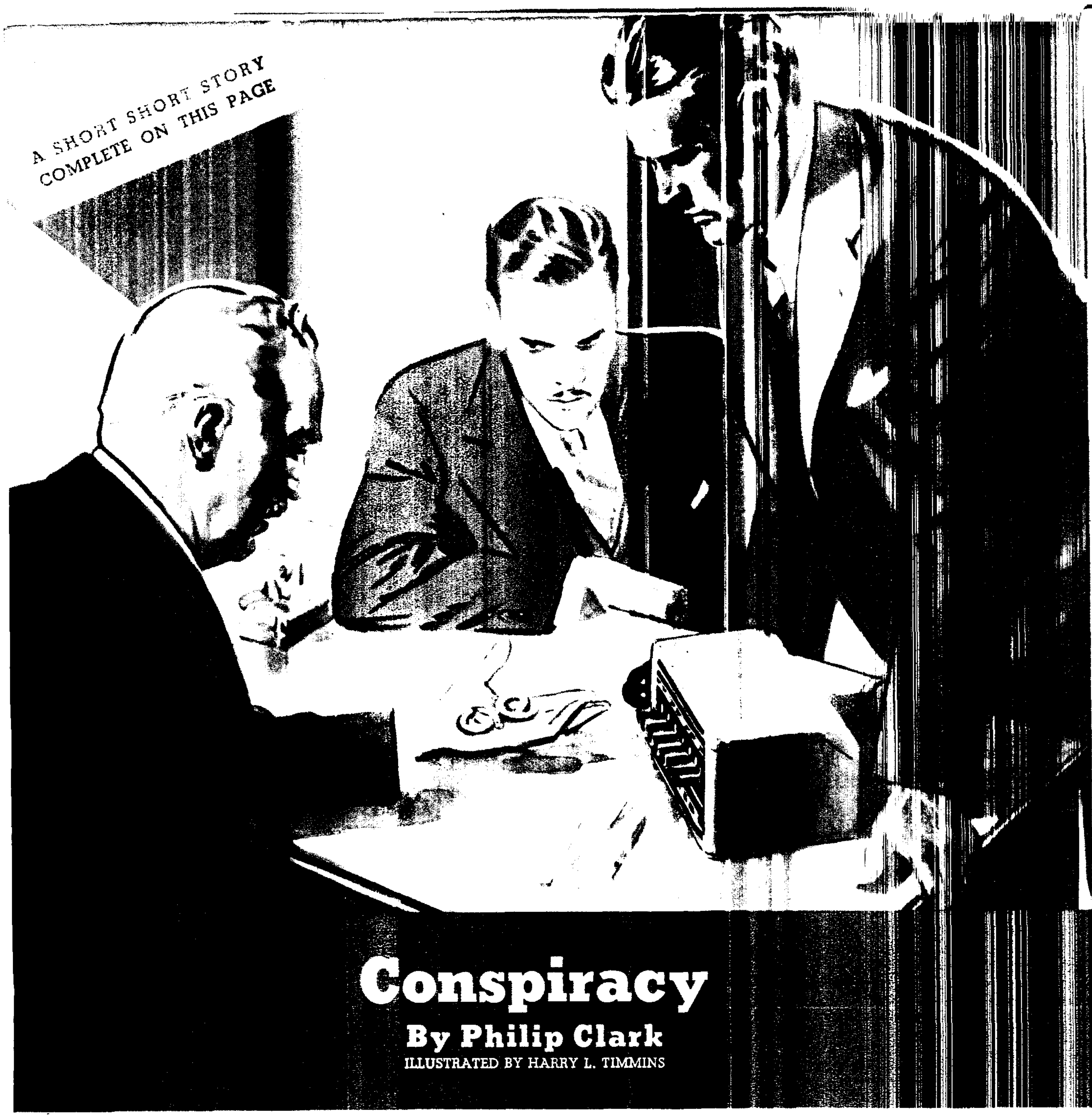


Conspiracy

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"Why, you've done it already," Nelson said. Bateson looked down. The two rings were lying separated on his broad palm. He said, with genuine astonishment, "Well, I'll be darned!'

THE light coming through the big window behind Kurt Bateson's desk was strong and bright. The office was big, simple almost to austerity. Something like Bateson himself—a big man, but not fat; iron gray hair cut neat and close; a straight-clipped mustache.

Bateson leaned forward a little. His big, blunt fingers were patiently busy with two small, twisted, interlocking metal rings. They flashed in the bright Washington summer sunlight as Bateson turned them carefully first one way and then the other. Trying to solve the puzzle. Trying to find the one simple position that would let them fall apart.

The box at his elbow buzzed a muted, respectful note. Bateson flicked a button. His secretary's voice said, "Mr. Cathers is here, Mr. Bateson."

Bateson said, "Thanks. Send him in, please."

He flipped the button again, returned with slow persistence to the problem of the metal rings. He stopped twisting them, but still held them in his fingers as the door opened. He stood up with massive politeness, said, "Come in, Cathers. Come in."

The other man crossed the room swiftly. Bateson watched him. A slender dark man, impeccably dressed, the picture of the keen executive, the hard-hitting businessman. In Bateson's eyes, as he watched Cathers come toward him, there was a hint of the same look of patient bafflement he had given the metal rings. But he reached a big hand in greeting, then gestured to a chair by the desk. They both sat down. Bateson's fingers began playing with the rings again, but his eyes were on Cathers' face. He said agreeably, "It's good of you to come down."

Cathers' smile was thin and quick. He said, "A two-million-dollar order makes travel a delight."

Bateson said, "Sure." Then, a little more slowly, "There's no easy fortune in it. Not in any of this defense work, if I can help it. It's my job to keep production up and profits down."

Cathers said suavely, "I quite understand that."

Bateson said, "Sure. But I'm a production man. I told them that when I took over here. I'm not so good at the ins and outs."

His eyes were on the metal rings now. There was a moment of silence. Bateson said, "Well, you've almost got it."

Cathers said, "Almost?"

THERE was the faintest edge of metal in his voice. Bateson stopped twisting the rings and looked up. He said, "We've got to have those compression pumps in a hurry. They've got to be right, but if we can possibly help it we don't want to wait for tooling up. So we asked for bids and descriptions on a pump that could be produced at once. Yours was closest. It was almost the exact thing we want."

Cathers said, "Then why the 'almost'?"

Bateson looked at him. He said slowly, "Well, for one thing Markey doesn't think you can meet the price without squeezing your labor. We've got enough headaches in that line."

There was rising color in Cathers' face. He said, "Markey's a—"

Bateson raised his hand quickly. "Never mind. We don't go looking for trouble. We want pumps. We'll take that up when we come to it."

Cathers said, "Then what?"

Bateson said nothing. His eyes, fixed on the rings again, still held a dogged, unsatisfied look. He gave the rings a final, exasperated tug, looked up at Cathers and grinned. He said, "Twiddling while Rome burns. I've been fooling with them all morning. It's got me down."

Cathers' politeness was a little thin. But he said, "Let me try. There's always a trick to them."

Bateson said, "Sure. Take a crack at it."

He tossed the puzzle across the desk. Cathers picked it up, his fingers thin and quick. He said, "I've done them. It's just a trick of lining them up."

He was busy for a minute. Bateson watched him, a faint frown creasing between his heavy brows. He looked like a man straining to see through fog. Irritation quickened in Cathers' fingers. He said, "You're sure it can be done? Sometimes—"

Bateson said, "It's no joke. Young Nelson in the specifications office had it. He did it twice right under my eyes, but it gets me down." He chuckled deeply. "I guess he got a kick out of stumping the boss."

Cathers' head was bent. He straightened suddenly. The metal rings clinked as he handed them back to Bateson. His effort to be smooth was very apparent now. He said, "Mr. Bateson, could we get down to business?"

Bateson turned the rings slowly between his fingers. He said, "Why, sure. But it's like the gadget here. It's got to be in line."

Cathers said, "What isn't in line?"

Bateson said with slow frankness, "I don't quite know. It's partly what Markey—"

Cathers made a quick gesture. Bateson's lifted hand cut him short again. Bateson sat frowning at the rings. Then he said, "Well, there's one thing I can clean up."

He bent close to the office phone, flicked the button, and murmured briefly. When he straightened up, he sat looking at Cathers for a long, reflective moment. His face still wore a look of patient, prodding search. There was a slow minute in which neither man spoke. Then the office door opened. Bateson said, "Come in."

He looked past Cathers to the young man standing in the door. For a moment, their faces were almost in line. Bateson's fingers stopped twisting the rings. He looked like a man who stares through fog, and the fog clearing. He stared for a moment longer. Then he said softly, "Cathers, I think you know young Nelson here?"

Cathers' face was motionless, controlled. He returned Bateson's look. "No," he said. "I'm afraid I don't."

Bateson shrugged faintly. Nelson hesitated a second, then came across the floor. His glance flicked briefly to Cathers, then back to Bateson. He said, "You sent for me, sir?"

BATESON smiled slightly and held out his hand. He said, "I only wanted you to do this darned puzzle. It's got me down. It's got the whole defense program down. For Pete's sake show me, and then take it away."

"Why, you've done it already," Nelson said quickly.

Bateson looked down. The two rings were lying separated on his broad palm. He said, with genuine astonishment, "Well, I'll be darned!"

Nelson took the rings in fingers that shook slightly. He said, "It's easy. You just slip them together like this, and then—"

Bateson said, "Never mind."

He was looking at Cathers, and his face was hard. He said, "When I asked if you knew Nelson just now, you denied it without even looking around. A man generally takes a look, just to make sure."

Cathers half rose. He said, "What are you—"

Bateson said, "In line, Cathers. I just put it in line. With what's been bothering me. With the look on young Nelson's face when he came in and saw you here. I only wanted him to do the puzzle, but he didn't know that. And what he didn't know scared hell out of him." Bateson sat back in his chair. He said, "We need compression pumps. We need them like the very devil. But not from a chiseler who fakes his specifications and then steals precious weeks—months maybe—while he tools up."

He turned swiftly, said, "What did he pay you, Nelson? How much did it cost him to get his specifications so beautifully right?"

Nelson said, "But, Mr. Bateson—"

He stopped miserably. Bateson said, "You're out, son." And to Cathers, "We'll be taking a not-quite-so-perfect pump. But a real one. From somebody who plays it straight."

IT WAS quiet in the office again. Bateson sat staring at his desk. The sunlight glinted on the rings. Bateson picked them up, began twisting them again with dogged patience. They stayed stubbornly linked.

"Damn," Bateson said softly, "damn, damn. . . ."

Cream-Puff Sailor

By Herbert Dalmas

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Education of a yachtsman. He knew more about boats than he did about women

I REMEMBER when the racing fleet on Sachem Lake consisted of four very old Mowers, several Suicides, two St. Lawrence One Designs, a half-dozen homemade unclassifiables, and something called a Swedish Square Meter. There was also Gord Lawlor's Class A scow, Virginia, but she was the scratch boat and we never saw much of her under sail, because she was always home and put to bed by the time we got anywhere near the finish line.

Our racing starts in those days were enough to gray your hair. They were always reaching, and the whole fleet would come down on the line at once, whooping for buoy room, violently fending one another off, half of them jibing around the marker and the other half trying to protect their rigging from flying booms. The confusion used to last for minutes, and it looked like a log jam; but after it got straightened out everybody was in a fine state of exhilaration for the rest of the race. We were competing, on a series basis, for a cup we had all chipped in to buy, and nobody in the fleet thought one bit more of winning it than he did of his right eye.

We had no club house, of course. We used to race off the Sachem Gun Club wharf, where they shot traps in the fall; and afterward there'd be a keg of beer and we'd discuss racing.

I used to be sheet man for Wally Hanford. He owned one of the St. Lawrence One Designs, and we took the cup the first year. Hap Berger tended the stays and acted as utility man and roving ballast. Susan Meade was on the jib.

Wally was big, with wide shoulders and no hips to speak of and sandy hair and brown eyes. His hand, which weighed roughly forty-five pounds when he slapped you heartily on the back, was lighter than a dying breeze when it was on the tiller.

He and Susan were the important things on that boat. Susan looked on the jib as an only and delicate child—except that she got more out of it. The thing you noticed first about Susan was her eyes, which were dark blue and usually rather grave. She never seemed to be a knockout as to looks, although when you came to think of it, you saw she had everything. She just never worked at it. I think it was her complete unconsciousness of self that was her greatest charm. She was the only girl in the fleet and as popular as anybody. That tells a lot about her. Wally's boat was named the Susan, and that tells the rest.

Well, one day after this had been going on for a couple of years, we were lying around sunning ourselves and Wally said he thought we ought to organize. There had been a lot of new boats come into the fleet, and we were getting to the point where it behooved us to take racing more seriously.

There was sense in that. After all, we were only the second era of sail racing on Sachem Lake. There had been a golden age some years ago, before any of our times, when the Lake Sachem Yacht Club had enjoyed a fame far out of proportion to its size. None of us knew anything about it firsthand, and to be honest we didn't believe half of what we heard from our families.

But we were proud of the lake, and we respected the traditions even while we were skeptical of them. We used to talk about "the old Atalanta"—never just "the Atalanta" for some reason—and swap secondhand lies about the fabulous exploits of that legendary Class A scow which none of us had ever seen. We bandied freely such names as Bradley, Robertshaw, Withrow, Steuben, Cross and Merton—all great sailors in their day, though they had all gone some place else to live or died before any of us had grown up. We knew how the old clubhouse had burned down and how sailing had somehow died with it, and I guess we felt we had some responsibility to revive it.

WALLY'S idea caught on. We all envied Gord Lawlor's Class A, and that being in the tradition of the old Atalanta, Class A seemed the logical class to push. Susan said she had some money saved up, but if Wally would marry her without a dowry, she'd put it with what he could get from selling the Susan, and they'd buy an A. The Douglas boys, Howard, Lew and Bob, who sailed the other St. Lawrence, said they'd follow along, and that would make three. Three was officially a class.

Wally and Susan got theirs a week before the Douglas boys, and it was a beauty. There was some difficulty about naming it. Wally refused to own any part of or skipper a boat that wasn't named Susan; he also refused to call it Susan II on the grounds that it was misleading, only one Susan being possible. So they just took over the name of the old boat, and Wally said if it wasn't quite regular, it would have to be explained by the transmigration of souls.

We called ourselves the Sachem Lake Yacht Club to make a distinction from the old Lake Sachem organization, but we began with a blessing from them in a way. Justin Withrow, one of the skippers of the old Atalanta, turned out to be a surgeon in Washington, and he donated a cup to be competed for by the A's in a special race at the climax of each season. It was quite a cup too. Capacity about five gallons, very fancy in the older fashion, and solid silver from truck to keel.

But I never got to be in the first race for it. About that time the company I worked for sent me West for an indefinite term, and I had to be satisfied with an incoherent letter from Wally telling me that they had won and that the new Susan was the miracle boat of the world and probably about five times better than the old Atalanta.

Wally was not the letter-writing type, and I wasn't much surprised to hear from him less and less and finally not at all. I still got the club bulletins, though, so I could follow the growth of the fleet. It went up to twelve Class A's, with a dinghy class and a miscellaneous handicap division besides. Also, halfway through the first summer after it had been formed, the club acquired the clubhouse. I had the details of this from my family, but I couldn't place the house they mentioned, so I didn't think much about it.

It was very hard to have to hear about all this at a distance of twenty-five hundred miles, and when I learned that they were planning a three-day regatta late in August of the second year, I couldn't stand it any longer. I was due to make a trip to the home office within the next six months anyway, so I stretched a number of points and timed it for the regatta.

It was the afternoon of the first day of it when I got in, and I hurried right out to the club before I even went home. On the way out I could see the sails dotting the lake; there must have been fifty of them, and it gave me a queer mixed feeling of pride and inadequacy to think that I had helped start what they represented.

And then I arrived at the club. For a minute I just sat there in the car, and I don't think I would have been more dazed if I had gone home to find that my family had moved away. Then I got out and started to walk around the clubhouse with my mouth hanging open.

It had been a summer home—I knew that. It was low and rambling, white with blue shutters and gay awnings at the windows. I went in one of the doors, more or less to see if it was real, and found myself in a bar. Honest. A bar like the cocktail lounge of a small, exclusive summer hotel. I hurried out.

There was about an acre of lawn, with a flagpole near the breakwater, flying the club burgee and a lot of signal pennants. There must have been nearly a hundred people sitting around on the grass or in deck chairs, people I knew, of course, but not anyone that I could remember ever having shown the faintest interest in a sail before.

THEY were all talking or sipping long drinks, and there were two tables of ladies playing bridge. I said hello here and there and staggered over to the rocking-chair fleet in the sun along the breakwater. There were four middle-aged men in faintly disreputable fishing togs there, and in this handsomely dressed crowd I guess I felt that I'd be more comfortable with them.

The man I sat next to asked me if I was a member, and when I said I was, he wanted to know if it was all right for them to be sitting there.

"We came up for some fishing," he explained, "but we saw all these boats and it looked kind of interesting."

I said that as far as I was concerned they couldn't be more welcome. He had a displeased sort of face, but that apparently made him feel better. He handed me his binoculars.

"We've been trying to make out the flag on one of those boats over there," he said.

I looked where he pointed. Three of the A's had anchored across the lake. The rest of the class were spread out far up the lake, but these three weren't in any trouble.

"I can't make it out," I said. "Looks like an inverted cocktail glass."

"What would that mean?"

I had to admit I didn't know.

"Think it would be fun?" one of the other anglers said. He was bald and wore pince-nez with long black ribbons.

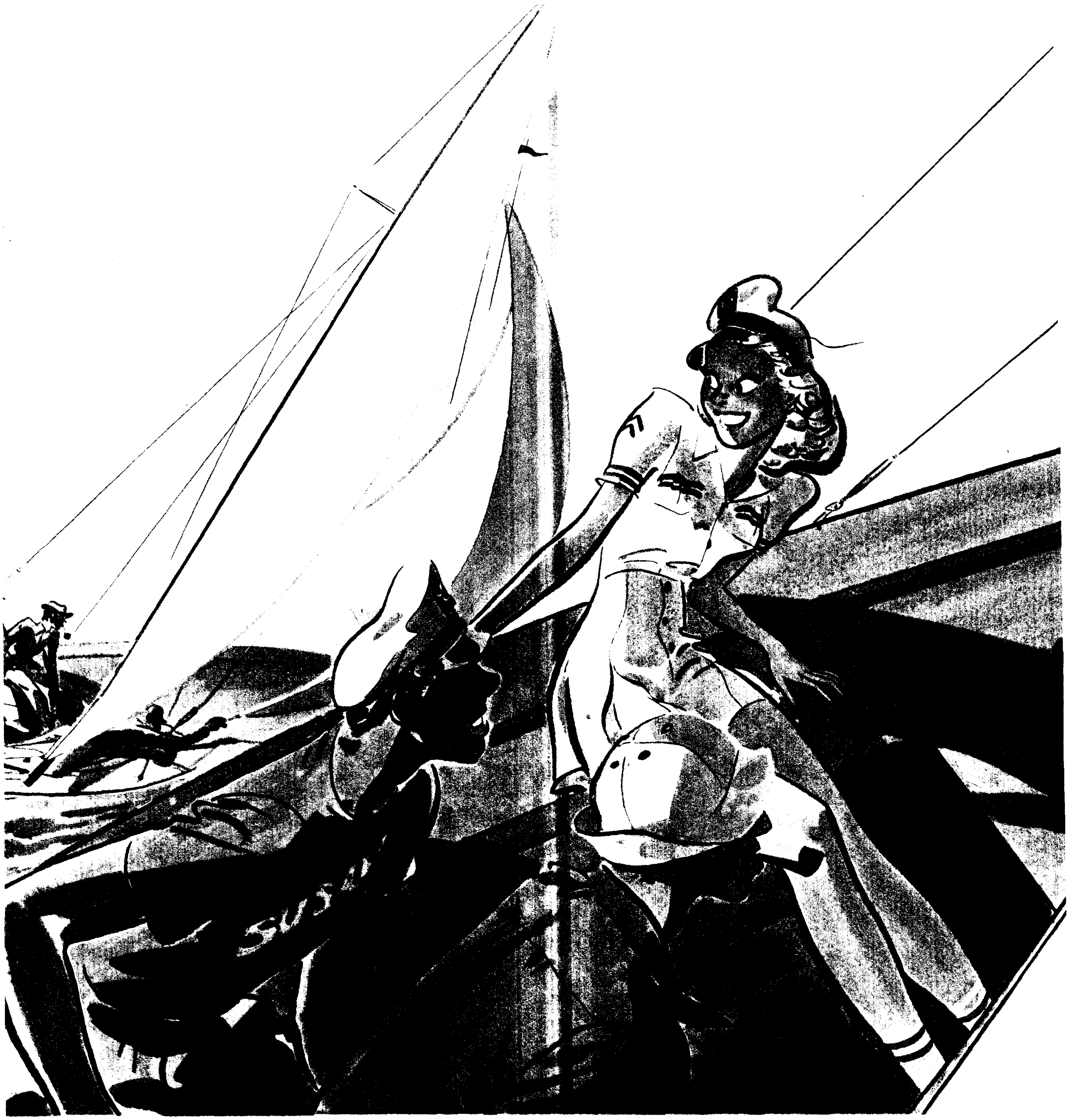
"Looks easy enough," the fat, red-faced man on his left said.

A little wisp of a man at the other end leaned over and said, "Maybe this young feller can tell us how to get in that race."

It seems they'd heard about the Withrow Cup race and having seen the sailing, thought it looked like more fun than trolling. I explained as gently as I could that sailing an A was a job for an expert.

A couple of race committeemen in flannels and yachting caps happened to pass at this moment. My angler friends hailed them and presented their case. They were told that anyone with a Class A boat could enter.

"Trouble is," the displeased man said,



Still the other boat, in our lee, mind you, was outpointing and outfooting us. "Well," said Larain, sitting back. "Those funny old men!"

"we don't seem to have a boat. Couldn't borrow one, I suppose?"

No, they couldn't.

"Well," said the fisherman in the black-ribboned spectacles, "there must be a boat around somewhere. Haven't you a boat yard on a lake as big as this?"

The two committeemen looked at each other, and one of them winked slightly.

"Come to think of it," he said, "there is a boat down here at the boat yard in the outlet. Called the Elvira. If you ask, I know they'd let you use it."

I knew the Elvira, of course. It had been an attempt by a local amateur in boatbuilding to copy the old Atalanta. It had never really sailed. It had always been a cranky old wreck from the day it was launched, and it had lain for years right where it belonged—in the junk section of the boat yard. But one thing is true of these A's. They don't leak when you launch them even after a fairly long haul-out. The Elvira had been in the open; it might not be so badly dried out. It wasn't inconceivable that it might float. But under no circumstances would it sail.

So after the two committeemen had left, I apologized for them and told my anglers the facts. They thanked me.

Then a gun went off on the wharf, and I saw that a class of dinghies was finishing, so I excused myself and strolled out to see if I could find any of the old crowd.

The winning dinghy came about, and I saw who was at the tiller: Susan Meade, and she was alone.

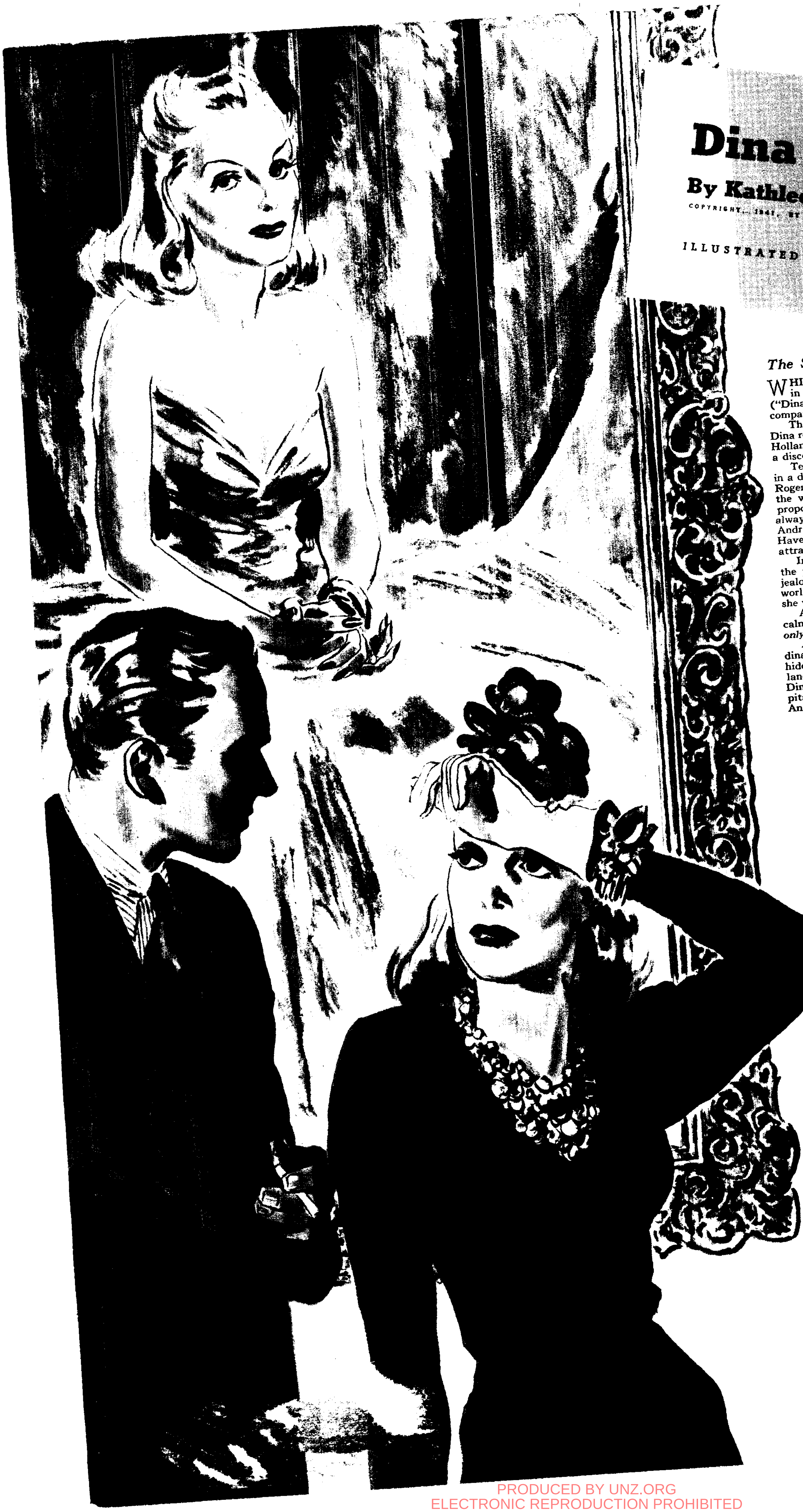
She didn't see me until she had brought her little cockleshell smartly to dock and came forward with her bow line. I leaned down to take it.

"Well, Bill!" she said.

That was all, but it was better than a brass band and a welcoming committee. I hauled her up, and she put her arms around me and kissed me the way a woman does when she wants you to know she'd rather see you than almost anybody else in the world—but only almost.

"Let's go back out and talk," she suggested.

(Continued on page 51)



"It is a good picture," Vere said. "Did it take him long to do it?" "To—to what?" Dina asked faintly

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE supporting her poverty-stricken family by working in a grocery store, not far from San Francisco, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman takes a brief outing in the Sierras. Her companion is the man she loves—Vere Holland, a Yale student.

The outing, a happy one for both the girl and the boy, ends. Dina returns to her home—a shanty at dingy Railway Flats; and Holland goes back to Yale. Then, a few weeks later, Dina makes a discovery: she is going to become a mother!

Terrified, she writes to Vere; his replies are evasive. Then, in a desperate frame of mind, she calls on Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, at his beautiful Burlingame estate, tells him the whole story, asks for advice. He makes Dina a strange proposition: Recently jilted by the woman he loves, and will always love—Aline Pierpont, who has unexpectedly married Andrew Havens, an artist—he is giving a dinner party. The Havenses will be among the guests. Will Dina (an unusually attractive girl) attend the party and arouse Aline's jealousy.

In need of money, Dina co-operates with him. She goes to the party, and when it ends Aline Havens is consumed with jealousy. . . . Vere's mother comes to Burlingame. A spoiled, worldly woman (like Aline) she informs Dina and Holland that she will never permit her son to marry "beneath him."

A short time later, Holland astounds Dina by asking her, calmly, if she will marry him—will become his wife, *in name only*. Desperate, Dina accepts the offer; marries Rogers Holland.

Aline Havens (whose husband, regarding Dina as an extraordinarily beautiful girl, paints her portrait) makes no attempt to hide her animosity toward Mrs. Rogers Holland. . . . While Holland is driving with Dina beside him, a truck runs into his car. Dina is injured—one of her legs is broken. While she is in a hospital (with her leg in a plaster cast) her baby—a girl—is born. And Dina is radiantly happy—*for the time being*.

VIII

NOT proud, I suppose," Rogers said, in a tone as thoughtful as her own, "not proud of doing—anything foolish, but proud, I should think, of the way we pull ourselves out of mistakes, make up for them. Mightn't one be proud of that?"

"Perhaps," Dina said, brightening.

"I remember thinking about Anna—about my first wife," the man presently resumed; "that I'd not played fair with her. I never loved her, and she knew it when we were married. The Farjeons were prominent people but they had no money; Anna knew, marrying me, that it would be a good thing for them. So that when she went into invalidism I felt there was something I could do to make it up to her. I could take care of her. It made me feel better, afterward," he finished simply.

"Perhaps what you've done for me is going to make you feel better afterward, too."

"It was my proposition," he reminded her promptly. "I wanted to impress Aline, to call off a little of her joke—her practical joke on me! Instead of that I don't know exactly what has happened," he added, with an innocent look of bewilderment that made Dina smile, "but I seem to be—as you might say—in the driver's seat. From the beginning she took your being here as a personal matter. Just as everything that touched her used to torture me, everything that happens to you seems to—to worry *her!* She always knows all about you. If I meet her, she's up on all the news; she knew that your mother and father came to see you, and she wanted to know all about them."

"I imagine they were safe with you," Dina said.

"And if Andy really exhibits your portrait in November she'll be wild," Rogers said thoughtfully.

"I don't see why." Dina was talking lazily. Aline's opinions seemed much less important than they had once seemed. The great awakening of motherhood, the lessons of helplessness had changed her values.

"Well, it's excellent! The best thing he's ever done!" Rogers said.

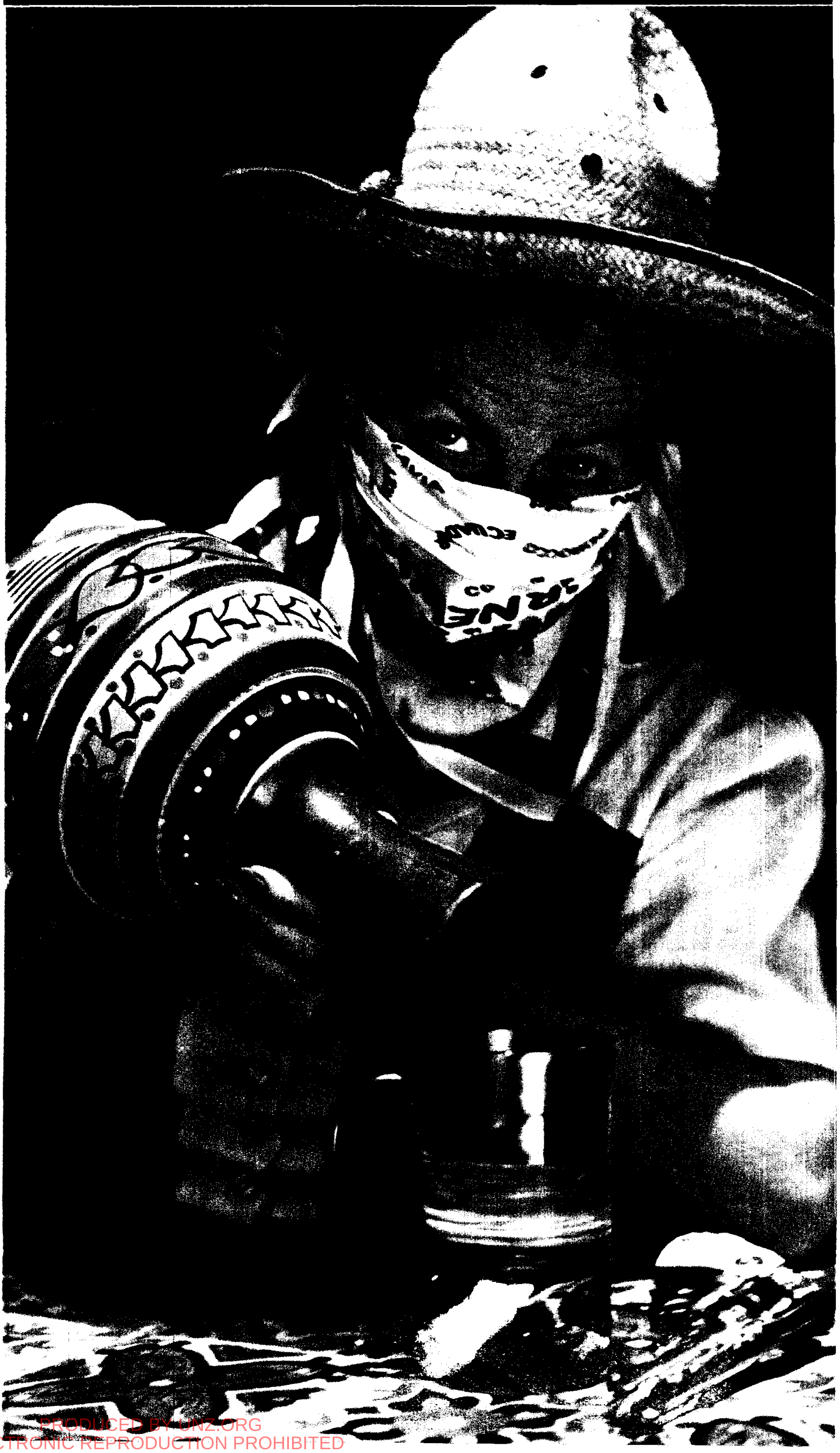
"I suppose," Dina said, "that

(Continued on page 24)

Sing, Gracie, Sing!

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

The lady below is Gracie Fields, the robust darling of London's music halls, whose American and Canadian benefits have netted $300,000 for dear old England, much to Herr Goebbels' indignation



CHARLES KERLEE

THE most highly paid woman in the world—up to and including a certain sultan's favorite concubine (names withheld for obvious reasons)—earning in the neighborhood of a million dollars a year is Gracie Fields. She's the ex-factory hand from Lancashire who is advertised as "England's Greatest Comedienne"—and makes that title stick, just as she does her other royal-granted titles: Commander of the British Empire, Commander of the Order of St. John, Madame Director of The London Hospital. Also, as the snobs like to point out, she is pretty widely known as "The Poor Man's Beatrice Lillie."

"Which," Gracie says, in the abrupt accents of Lancashire, "I'm tootin' proud to be—except maybe fer the pushin'-around I git." Being the workingman's idol entails a great deal of mobs, autograph signing and button losing from which Gracie is now wealthy enough to protect herself—although she refuses to do so. "Ef they want to maul me before and after every show, they got the right," Gracie says. "Wouldn't be fair fer me not to let 'em."

Only once did she deviate from her policy of regularly putting her head on the block of public enthusiasm. That was last November, the night she sailed for America. Knowing that it was goodby to Gracie for a while, the benefit-for-something audience had kept her on stage singing encores for a full extra hour. Then, when some kind soul finally lowered the curtain, Gracie heard that the crowd outside was so large that traffic was stopped in the entire downtown district.

Her boat was to sail in a few minutes, and convoys wait for no one. The only way out seemed to be via the furnace room of the theater, thence into a filthy coal tunnel through which she had to crawl almost a block. Grimy and feeling like conspirators, Gracie, her accompanist and her manager paused under the manhole cover at the end of the chute; listened fearfully to the throng above them. "We want Gracie! We want Gracie!" thousands were shouting in football-crowd rhythm.

Gracie wiped a sentimental tear from her eye. "Well, then," she called with all the power of her enormously powerful voice, "Ef ye want me, git off the lid and lemme oop!"

The fans thought at first that it was some kind of ventriloquism and there was general, baffled laughter. Gracie yelled again and all the manholes in the district—scores of them—were opened and stared into. The lucky people who tore off the winning cover lifted her to their shoulders and bore her triumphantly toward the pier.

In return for the free, if hectic, transportation, Gracie had to sing a song from the bridge of the ship as it moved out into the harbor. "It was quite a little goin'-away party," she says today. "Makes me 'omesick to think about it."

"Like the Statue of Liberty—Only Bigger"

Since then audiences all over Canada, and in New York, Cleveland, Tulsa, Tacoma, San Francisco—and many stops en route—have paid almost half a million dollars to attend her charity performances, the proceeds of which go to the war sufferers of England. Many of them went out of a sense of duty, expecting Gracie to be either dishearteningly cultured and terribly Kipling, or to have a brogue so thick she'd be less intelligible than the village idiot with a bun on.

Very few of her American spectators are prepared for what they get—a good evening's entertainment. When the curtain rises, audiences discover the most monumental woman they've ever seen. As one Middle Western columnist put it, "She looks like the Statue of Liberty with a healthy color—only bigger." Although forty-three-year-old Gracie is only five-feet-five and a hundred and thirty-five pounds, she stands so straight and dominates her audiences so completely with her vivid blue eyes that they think they're watching something terrific in bronze—until she smiles, which is soon, and she becomes good-humoredly, brilliantly, alive.

Each one of the three hundred and some odd thousand dollars—clear—which her solo efforts already have sent back to England's civilians mightily annoys the Nazis. Herr Goebbels' press has taken to referring to her sardonically as, "Little Miss Gracie-Wacie, England's Number One Beggar." One enthusiastic German magazine writer pointed out that Gracie had earned England the equivalent of a hundred sleek new Spitfires (an exaggeration), and should be adjudged a war industry.

At this bloodthirsty computation, Gracie's humanitarian stomach quakes, but she grins mischievously. "I have declared meself an open city," she says firmly. "I'm not a military hopjective in any sense of the word—so please don't shoot, boys."

In the tippy, tippy top of the gallery of a Manchester theater, ten-year-old Gracie Stansfield sat nervously eating her handkerchief. She wore a dress her mother had proudly made for her—one hundred green bows rampant on a field of mud-brown velvet. Also she was wearing complete, mother-applied stage make-up, a fact which a flat-faced, elderly lady behind her noticed with clucking disapproval.

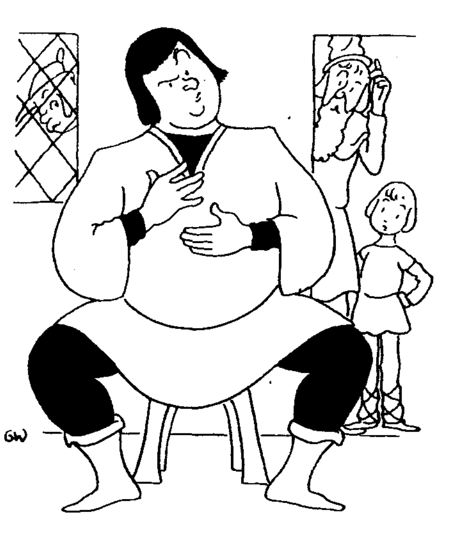
Then, suddenly, Gracie popped up from her seat and took a deep breath. The clucking woman was indignant. "Sit ye down!" she commanded. "Down in front!" Then, when Gracie began to sing a long-range but

(Continued on page 42)

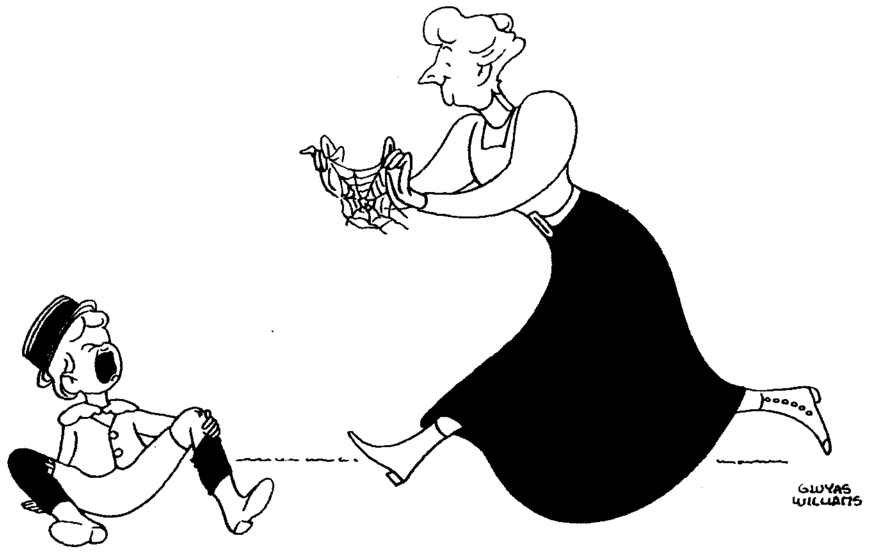
MEDICINE OUT OF MAGIC

By
Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



From wearing a magic amulet it was a short step to eating it



Your aunt knew spider webs were fine for stopping bleeding

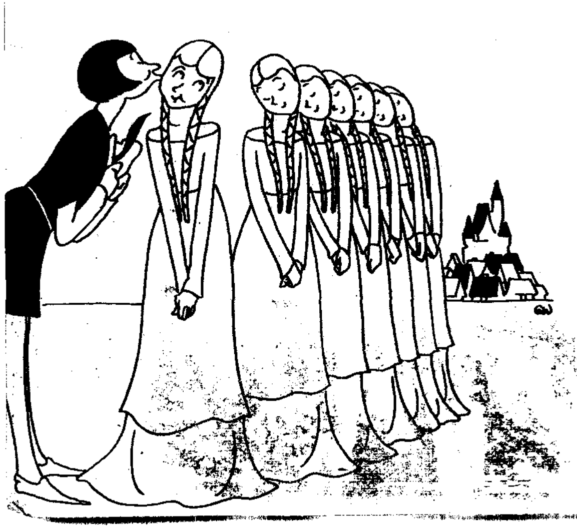
We can trace the beginnings of our science of medicine back to the magical rites of our early ancestors. And even today in many parts of the world superstition and folklore supplant reputable cures for illness and disease

WHEN you anoint your chapped hands with lanolin or rub a little lard on a burned finger it probably never occurs to you that you are in direct descent from those dim ancestors who clustered around the altars of prehistoric gods. While they watched the priests kindle fires under the offerings of sheep or pig or sometimes human sacrifice, they waited to receive a portion of the drippings. It had magical properties, this first salve. It was believed to cure whatever afflicted them.

Did you ever wonder how the early medicine men discovered the properties of the cascara and the cough drops in your medicine closet? Did they eat their way through all the herbs they knew and chart their effects or was their knowledge arrived at haphazardly?

The beginning of medicine was magic. The science as we know it developed along the slow, zigzag course of trial and error. It grew from a concept of disease common to all primitive races: the belief that it was caused by an object lodged in the body or a malicious spirit. The variations were legion. An especially unpleasant version still is believed by natives of New Zealand. When one is ill, they say, the spirit of an infant is living in his body and eating the host's internal organs. The intensity of the patient's suffering, no doubt, depends upon the hunger of the guest.

For scrofula: try kissing seven virgins



In America the belief persists in many forms. The Pennsylvania Dutch blamed Satan for their ailments. His chief joy was to harass humans so he and his bondmaidens, the witches, were eternally on the hunt for someone to torment. These western Pennsylvanians who brought over their superstitions from medieval Germany—they are, as a matter of fact, Germans with a few scattered Swiss, French Huguenots and Dutch—believed also that disease is caused from something foreign in the body. In their nomenclature, for instance, the word for cancer is "krebs," a crab.

How slowly these superstitions are dying one can judge by the weird tales of hexings that occasionally burst into the news. Not many years ago one could buy, at almost any bookstore in Pennslyvania, the books of magic that the hex doctors used and I assume they are still displayed with the paper-backed editions. The two most popular ones were Albertus Magnus: The Approved, Verified, Sympathetic and Natural Egyptian Secrets and The Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses. In them are found charms for everything from testing the chastity of your intended wife to preventing cherries from ripening before Martinmas. One magical practice with a highly romantic flavor, entitled How to Make Your Intended Wife Love You, is accomplished by kissing her with a turtle dove's tongue in your mouth. Another that might be useful at any time is "How to cause male and female thieves to stand still without being able to move backward or forward." All one needs to set up as a magician is literacy, a dollar and access to a bookshop.

Rub Your Rabbit's Foot

All of us have grown up with superstition. You, no doubt, remember people who carried a rabbit's foot, a metal ring or a rattlesnake's rattle for rheumatism, or rubbed the aching joints with angleworm juice. When I was a boy in Pennsylvania the favorite remedy was a horse chestnut carried in the pocket. Well I remember how we robbed the trees in the autumn to find the most perfect one. Not a year ago I met in New York an enterprising young man who is making a tidy fortune out of rabbits' feet.

Just as the original concept of disease had many variants, there grew up several schools of practice. One that had a wide vogue in Europe during the middle ages was the cure by amulet. Strangely enough, from this belief in pure magic springs our knowledge of materia medica. An amulet might be anything from a piece of mistletoe to a dead black spider. The evolution from magic to medicine grew out of the wearer's implicit faith in the healing properties of the amulet. If wearing it around the neck helped, it should be even more effective taken internally. What happened? In rare cases the patient might be poisoned. Most likely nothing happened and he had the benefit of his faith. Occasionally, by pure chance, he might have eaten something that actually benefited him. If that was so, the fame of the amulet spread and gradually it became a household remedy. Then came science to determine the medicinal properties of the amulet.

The spider evolved from a charm in a walnut shell to the modern pharmacopoeia in this erratic way: In ancient times a live spider was worn around the neck as a cure for ague. Finally it occurred to someone to eat the creature. From that time the spider, alive or dead, became a popular remedy for a number of diseases. The germ-infested webs were used to stanch blood. I myself remember, and perhaps you also, when mothers and solicitous aunts ran out to find a spider web to stick on their children's minor cuts. Doses made of pulverized spider and the web were standard remedies for centuries. Finally, about fifty years ago, arachnidin was isolated from the webs.

Ants, too, were prescribed for everything from deafness to insanity. The bites were considered by the Cheyenne Indians a cure for laziness, and boiled ants were used to relieve the French of gout. Quite recently sufferers from arthritis have been treated with the sting of bees, another way of taking formic acid.

Winged ants were especially valued as aphrodisiacs. A few drops of formic acid served in wine were highly recommended by medieval doctors. Now the synthetic formic aldehyde is used as a tonic, more effective, I fear, in healing the wounds of unrequited love than in arousing it.

Medieval pharmacists did a thriving business in love philters. The ingredients were whatever happened to be at hand. In England pig's brain was popular.

Still another ancient practice that science has now vindicated is treating snake bites with snake venom, although it has failed to give its approval to the prescribing of snake flesh for sterility. Brazil and India are the two great centers for making venom. In India the problem is serious, for 30,000 deaths a year are attributed to snake bite.

From time to time native remedies for snake bite have been investigated but none of them have proved successful. I remember one in particular, a vegetable preparation in which its inventor put great faith. He was loud in his claims that the Indian government would not adopt his remedy because of its hostility to native medicine. Finally the director of the laboratory invited him to test his cure. He was to come to the laboratory, submit to a cobra bite and show how his remedy worked. He came but when the lid was lifted and the cobra raised its head, he dashed out of the laboratory and was never seen again.

The Indian government has spent millions of rupees investigating native medicines and has found only one of value that was not already in our pharmacopoeias, kurchee, the spongy, rusty-looking bark of a native tree. As a remedy for dysentery it is good but not as good as other medicines.

Ready-Made Diagnoses

In China the Pekin Union Medical College met a similar situation. It spent a huge sum investigating native remedies and found one only, the vegetable ephedrine, a drug very similar to adrenalin which we extract from the suprarenal glands. There, too, the strong desire to cling to the ancient Chinese teachings has hampered modern medicine. The Chinese physician depends largely upon the pulse for diagnosis. On the two wrists he feels six pulses which among them are believed to indicate the condition of every part of the body.

But for every competent physician in China there are at least a hundred quacks. A favorite method of diagnosis is the one by which you may have had your fortune told in Chinatown. You shake a handful of sticks in a bamboo cup and the priest reads your fortune stamped on the one that pops out—seven children and a venerable old age. Just so the Chinese quack reads the name of the disease on the stick you bounce out of his cup and furnishes you with a ready-made diagnosis.

In the Middle Ages the Chinese were among the world's greatest physicians, but they have not progressed since. Their methods of treatment were often based on sound principles, but became so lost in ritual and symbolism that they are now meaningless cure-alls. Acupuncture, the universal palliative, has some virtue. It is an ancient method of setting up a counterirritation at some point in the body by sticking needles into the flesh. The surgeon had an imposing-looking assortment of needles, some long, some short, some with arrowheads and spearpoints, others round or sharp or blunt. They were made of steel

(Continued on page 32)

Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

THE British take a German agent—Erich Köchlin—off the Bermuda Clipper. A short time later, a man who is supposed to be Köchlin but who is, in reality, an American—Captain James Garrett, of our Army's Intelligence Department (G2)—makes his escape from a prison-bound train in Canada.

Crossing the international boundary line, Garrett—who makes use of various names—Friedrich Römer, Köchlin, John Page, Philip Garfield and Garrett—works his way to Vermont. . . . In Manchester, Vermont, Gail Armstrong, a young widow who lives in Windham, Massachusetts, is preparing to marry Lynn Scovil, a wealthy radical, when suddenly realizing that she *may* not really love him, she jumps in her car and runs away from him. On the road to Windham, she gives a lift to a man (obviously a gentleman) whom she finally drops at Camp Ryegate, a resort that is a meeting place for Nazi spies. *The man is James Garrett.*

Garrett has orders to learn everything he can about the activities of a brilliant German agent named von Weitbrecht. Cleverly he worms his way into the confidence of an American Nazi—a traitor who is co-operating with von Weitbrecht; and presently, comfortably ensconced in the traitor's beautiful Berkshire estate (Pinnacle Manor), he is learning much of value to our Secret Service. . . . *The traitor is Lynn Scovil.* . . .

Gail Armstrong encounters Garrett frequently. She feels sure that he is a dangerous adventurer; but, not aware of what he is doing, she soon realizes that he is the most fascinating man she has ever known. . . .

Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter from New York City, wonders what is going on at Camp Ryegate. Accompanied by Scovil's attractive daughter, Connie (who, disapproving of her father's radical ideas, lives with Gail Armstrong) he motors all over the Ryegate area—watches the toughs who are working for the Nazis. . . .

Von Weitbrecht leaves Detroit, his headquarters, and comes to Camp Ryegate. On the verge of a nervous breakdown, he goes into hiding there. He makes it obvious that he does not thoroughly trust the man known as Erich Köchlin.

In need of more data on Lynn Scovil's activities, Garrett orders a woman spy (who is in the pay of the Nazis) to prepare a full report on him. Then, confident that he will soon have all the information he needs, he awaits developments. He knows that he is in great peril.

VI

TIME was when Sunday at the bookshop had been fun—pajamas and New York papers and feminine chatter till noon, and a pleasant idleness all day. But not today. Connie did her best but Gail seemed to have no conversation and no ears. It looked like a brown study or a deep blue grouch. Was it long thoughts about Mr. Lynn Scovil, the fiancé who kept on not making good, or longer ones about Mr. John Page, the mysterious but distinctly prepossessing pickup? Well, neither one of them seemed likely to break in on it in person—and where was Mr. William Jay, our New York correspondent, whose custom was to spend his idle hours here? Mr. Jay was absent. Our Miss Scovil had to cultivate the pleasures of solitude.

At midafternoon Connie got out from stock a little violet and white checked gingham suit that had caught her eye when it arrived, and tried it on. Bull's-eye! If you could imagine anyone's having Constance Scovil in mind when designing a dress, this proved to be the dress. It was demure—demure with a really wicked gleam in the eye. Posed at a mirror, she candidly admitted that the vista had a certain charm. You could point out emaciation and angularity, yes, but the face was not bad and there were curved areas which the little suit took due account of. Encouraged, she did her hair carefully, put on two-thread stockings and high heels, and, in fact, gave herself the works. She sought out Gail, who was pretending to do accounts.

"This cost us eight dollars," Connie said. "Deduct eight dollars from my honorarium. It's my contribution to research science. What the world needs is more information about the effect of skirts on the male heart."

Gail looked up long enough to say, "If you wear it without a blouse, that way, don't walk past the pool hall."

Connie made out a charge slip and deposited it in the cash register. It was thus that she happened to pick up the revolver she had seen there every day for months—for some reason she found it amusing today. She could tell that it was loaded because she could see the tips of bullets, and that was her total knowledge of firearms.

She aimed it at the bust of Shakespeare. "When the night marauder comes a-prowling do you know what to do? If we had to defend our honor, could we?"

Gail looked up, her eyes far away. "That's a pistol—it belonged to my husband. You're supposed to shoot it."

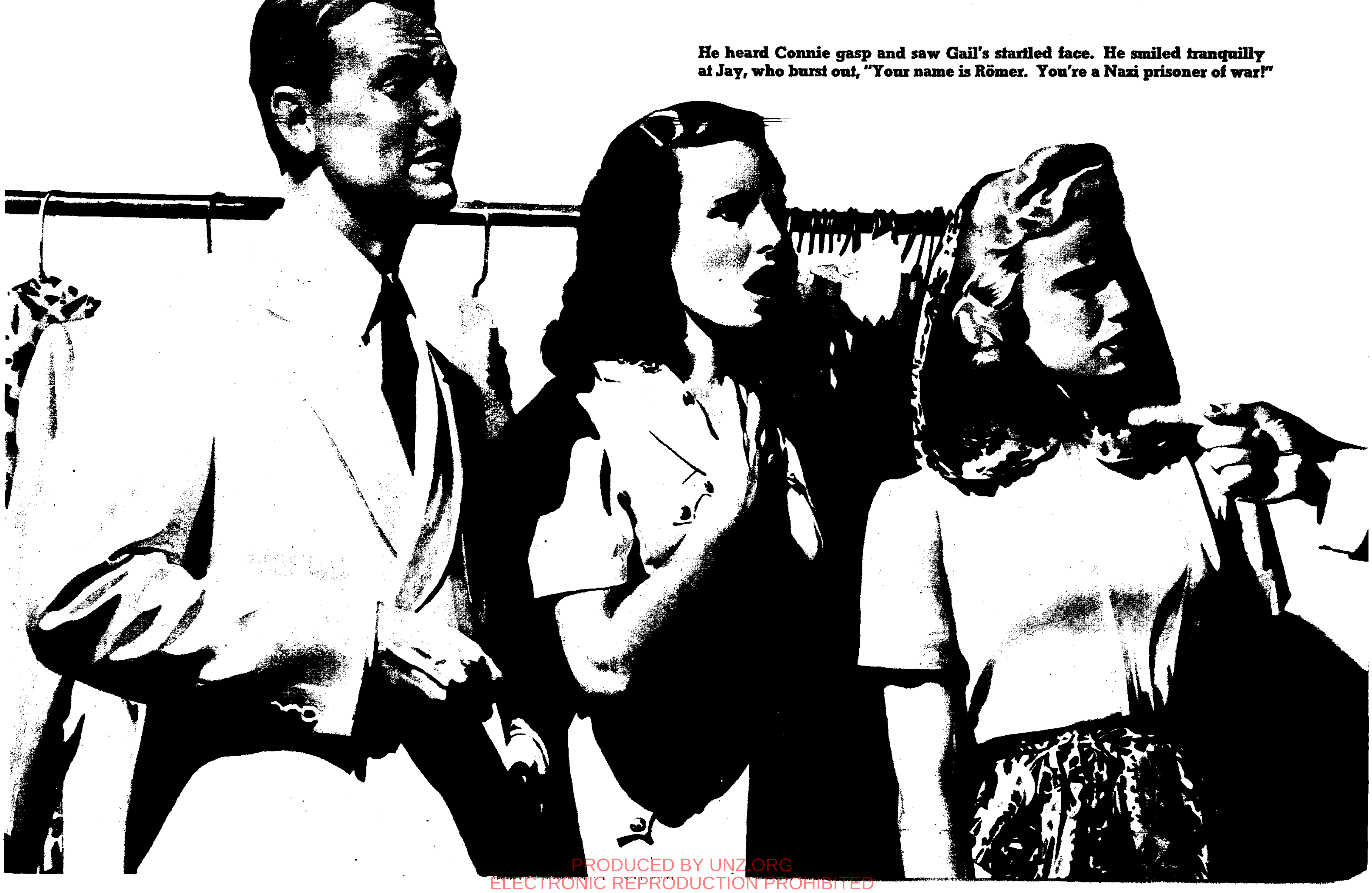
Connie stared at her, said, "I see," laid it down, and went out to the side porch to marvel at the feminine heart. And now the idea was for Bill Jay to come striding up and get all enmeshed in the demureness of the gingham suit. But he didn't come for more than two hours, by which time Connie had worked up a grouch of her own, and he didn't see the demureness at all, for he had a grouch that made hers seem like a passing whim. . . . They were going for a drive, it turned out, but his conversation consisted of some grunts sparingly salted with monosyllables. Connie chatted girlishly, tried companionable silence, produced some deep thoughts. Score: home team, zero. So she got mad again.

"I'd get farther with a bus driver. Is there any reason why I shouldn't use my mad money and leave you to your thoughts?"

Bill said, "Lay off. . . . I phoned the Boston F.B.I. this morning and they had a man in Worcester for the day—heard that Jack the Ripper was there, maybe. I've been to Worcester. He said he had work to do and had I thought of writing radio continuity?"

Bill drove off the valley road, down a lane that ended by the creek. He got out and Connie followed, and he stood there looking down at the water. It was

(Continued on page 33)



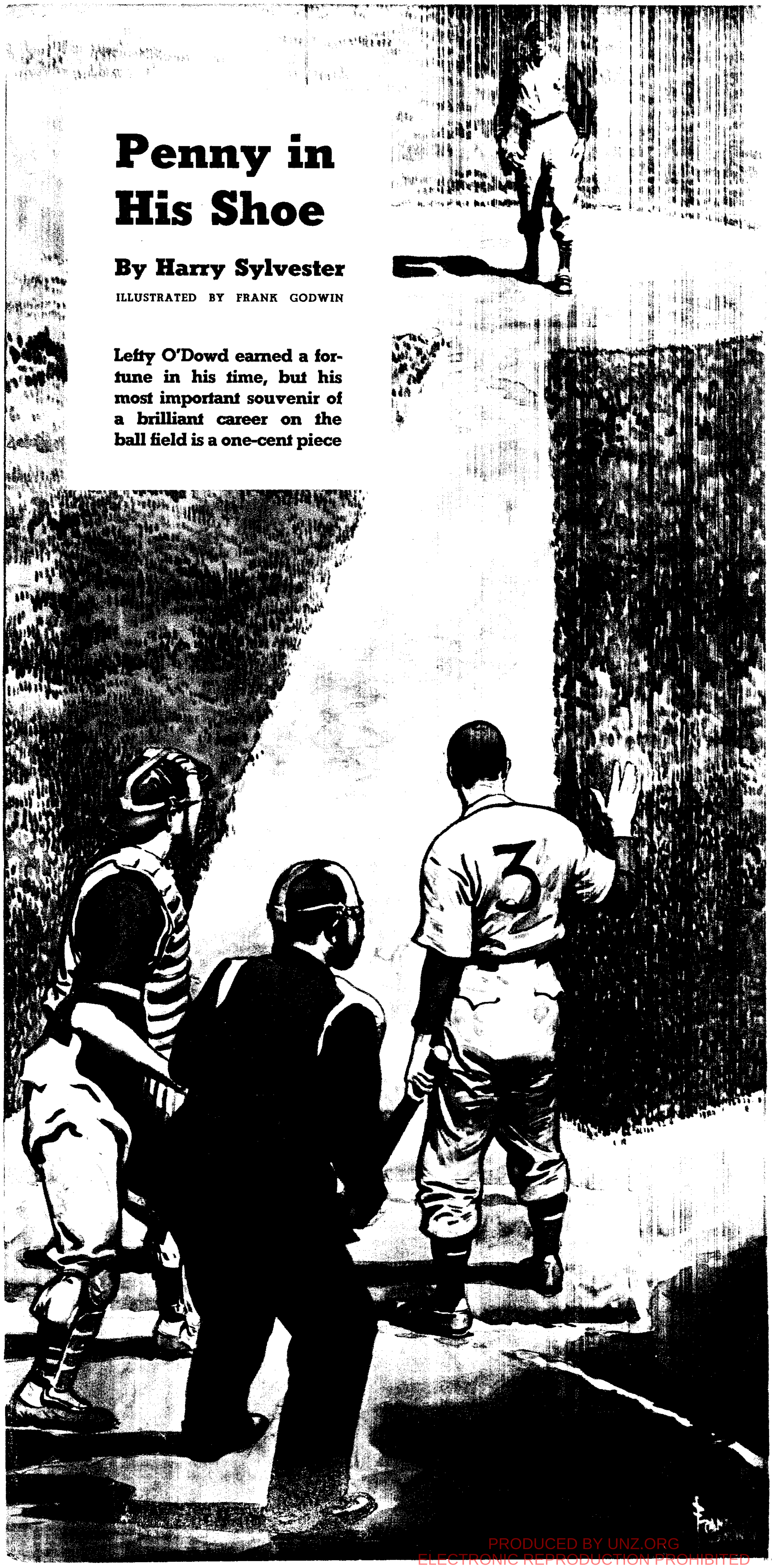
He heard Connie gasp and saw Gail's startled face. He smiled tranquilly at Jay, who burst out, "Your name is Römer. You're a Nazi prisoner of war!"

Penny in His Shoe

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Lefty O'Dowd earned a fortune in his time, but his most important souvenir of a brilliant career on the ball field is a one-cent piece



"I walked him purposely to get at you, Lefty," Willie said. The bench hooted in loud derision and Lefty told Willie what he thought of him

HE STOOD in the vestibule of the Pullman, smoking a cigarette and looking aimlessly at the platform. For the moment he could not see the men near him and only now and then could he hear the scuffing and shouting of the crowd upstairs in the station.

He thought of the letter in his pocket from his wife. She wanted him to quit and go back home to the coast. She wanted a house of her own. She never said so, but it was in all the letters. Now she was worried about his maybe being made to quit and not knowing enough to get out while he was still good. She was saying that, he knew, and she meant it. But what she meant more was that she was tired of following him east each spring and then, like as not, to some baseball school in South America in the winter when they should have been at home, if they had a home.

An assistant station master came down the stairs and glanced hurriedly around the scattering of men on the platform and in the vestibules before going toward the man in the green suit.

"Would you mind coming up and showing yourself just for a minute, Mister O'Dowd? We've got the gate closed and we're bringing any late passengers in through another entrance. But the crowd won't go away and they're crowding against the grilling up there and we're afraid they'll push through it and fall down the well of the stairs."

The man was concerned and a little frightened and his voice was louder than he had intended it to be. Round them a little hush had fallen.

When they saw O'Dowd coming the crowd began to howl. It was almost midnight and they had come over from Brooklyn and would have to go back and they would have to go to work the next day. They were sweating and most of them had no ties on and there were a few women among them, their hair wild and their voices separate from the men's in the noise. They had been yelling in unison, "We want O'Dowd!"

He stood on the top step behind the grilling, and his smile was natural because he was pleased even in his tiredness. He held up his hands and motioned them back. They took it as a sign for silence, and even he was startled at the way the quietness, starting in those nearest him, spread backward.

It shouldn't be, he thought again, that anyone should be able to affect people so. He had never taken himself seriously and now that he had seen what just a motion of his own could do he was dismayed and even displeased. I am just a washed-up outfielder, he thought with more frankness than he had intended, and they think I am the President or someone.

"Moider them, Lefty," someone yelled. "Moider them Cub pitchers!"

"You guys are going to come through that iron," O'Dowd said, smiling, "and someone's going to get hurt."

THEY moved back and were suddenly serious. The clock in Penn Station said four minutes before twelve.

"Bring that pennant back, Lefty," an uncertain voice that had waited for silence said. It didn't start them off again.

"We'll bring it back, all right," he said, and the yelling began again, lower, but with no surging, and stopping quickly as he kept talking. He didn't know what he was saying. Meaningless words about what they'd do to the pitching in the West. The clock said one minute of, and he told them he'd see them in two weeks at Ebbets Field. They were yelling again, but quieter, as he went down the stairs.

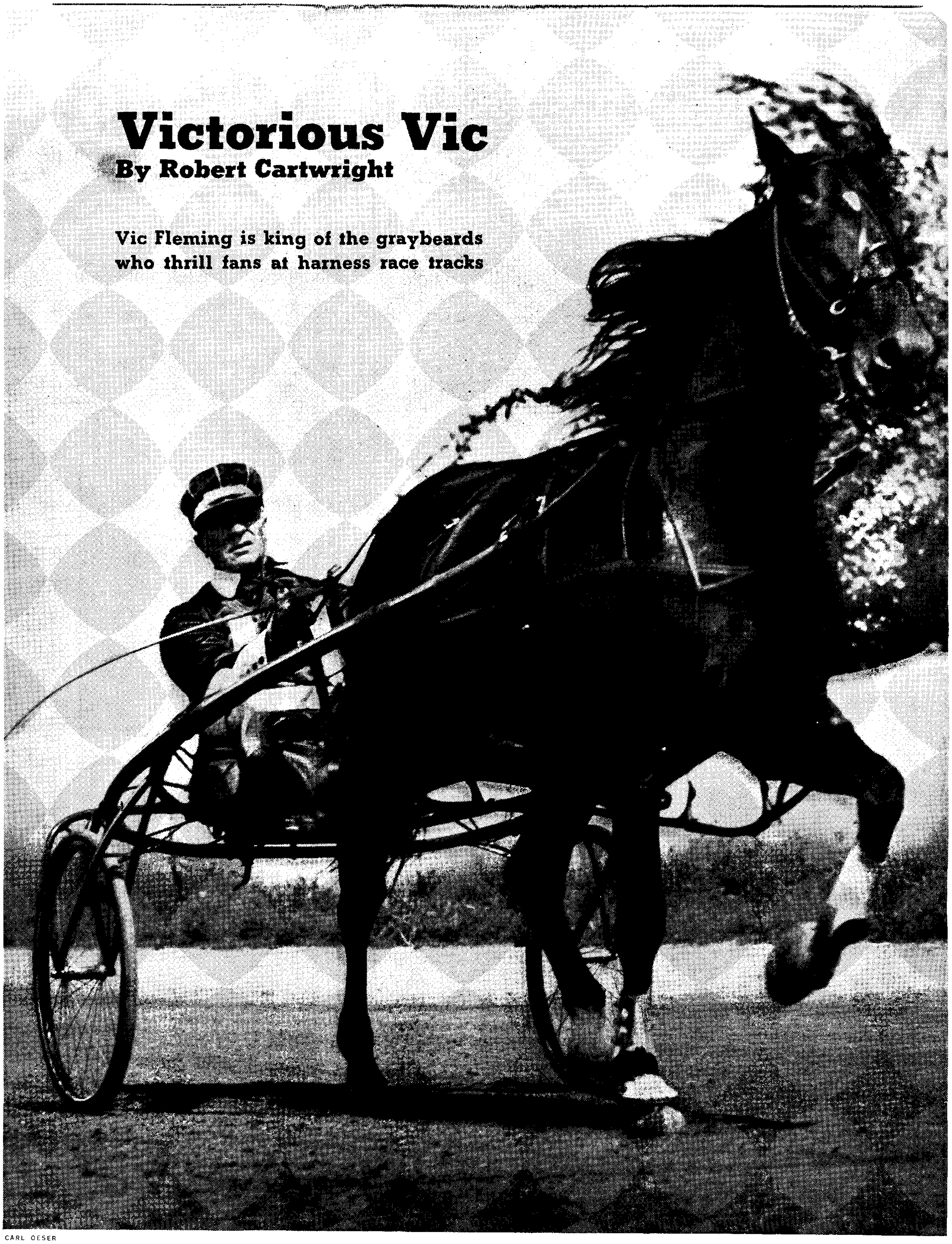
He felt eyes watching him as he entered the vestibule again. Carson, the manager, had turned away but the newspapermen were watching. He felt they even knew what he was thinking: how it was strange that on a team of now better players and because he was the only great hitter on it, he should still retain the crowd's affection and even come to symbolize this team that only looked good, that was going West only three games out of first place, that was riding a long winning streak, and that would blow up in their faces any day.

He undressed, sitting on the edge of his berth, and, in the August heat, rolled over naked onto the sheets, pulled the curtain to and lay there. Usually sleep came quickly to him. But now, tired and with his wife waiting for him in St. Louis and with the pressure on in the summer heat, sleep did not come with its usual ease. He could hear the kids, restless in other berths. The first- and *(Continued on page 46)*

Victorious Vic

By Robert Cartwright

Vic Fleming is king of the graybeards who thrill fans at harness race tracks



CARL OESER

Master of every trick of the driving trade is fifty-one-year-old Vic Fleming, here behind Dusty Hanover

VIC FLEMING of Syracuse, New York, has driven more horses to world's records than any other living driver. He has trained and driven each of eleven horses a mile in two minutes or less. His greatest accomplishment is Billy Direct, fastest harness horse ever bred. Billy went a mile in 1:55, a quarter-second faster than the great Greyhound.

Two of the younger Flemings, twenty-eight-year-old Will and twenty-five-year-old Charley, are world's record holders on their own. The youngest boy, Jimmy, aged twenty-two, is expected to be the best of the bunch as soon as he gets his growth. That's really carrying the ball in a sport where the stars are gray-haired old men and youth is more a liability than an asset.

It is the unpredictability with which Vic goes around unconcernedly breaking harness racing records that gives the sport crowd appeal. On September 28, 1937, for example, Sep Palin had promised Lexington he would shoot for a new world's trotting record with Greyhound. The oldest Fleming was driving Billy Direct in a three-year-old race directly preceding the Grey Ghost's scheduled assault on time. He won the first two heats and the third at once became simply a race the crowd had to watch while awaiting Greyhound's appearance.

Fleming, though, didn't look at it quite like that. He knew his colt had plenty of speed and had decided this was a good time to find out how much. Suddenly, he shot Billy Direct far out in front of the pack. The crowd set up a howl. "Push him, Vic!" it yelled.

"Push him, hell!" intoned Fleming from behind the big bay. "We're flying now!"

Thus Billy Direct, unexpectedly and without previous fanfare, rushed under the wire in 1:58 flat to become the fastest three-year-old pacer that ever lived.

Vic (for Victorious) Fleming is a big, rawboned, handsome fellow of fifty-one who looks about twenty years younger. His tall frame, topped by full-flowing silver-gray hair, is as straight as a whiffletree. Tanned and windburned from his life in the open, his skin is as tough as the hide of the horses he drives. A neat but not flashy dresser, he allows himself one extravagance in jewelry, a large, diamond-studded horseshoe stickpin. The boys have smaller ones.

Stars Out of Plugs

On the race track, Fleming is a glamorous figure. He combines ability to attract and hold attention with rare insight into the character of the standardbred horse. Given to slightly overtraining his charges, he makes up for this by being the master craftsman who gets every ounce of speed possible. Many drivers have had fast horses, but mostly they're foaled that way. Only Fleming can take a fair-to-middlin' performer and make a star out of him.

The Flemings came to American racing from Canada. One of Vic's boyhood chores was to drive around the Canadian countryside collecting milk from farmers. He made the trips behind a young mare furnished by his father. One day he discovered the little horse could pace. Henceforth, he whooped it up through the country lanes lickety-split.

Like most farmers, Fleming's father had a fast horse or two himself. Each year he entered his best in the races at Dundas, Ontario. One day a race failed to fill. Young Vic rushed home, hitched up the little mare and got back when officials had about decided to call the race off.

In those days, harness men raced until one of them had won three heats, even if it took all day. Fleming's father took the first two, another driver the next pair. Young Vic, trying to drive a cautious race, wound up far back in each. Then he got mad. Driving like a dervish, he surprised everyone, including himself, by winning the race in three straight heats.

"I guess I was pretty inexperienced then," he recalls. "But it was a start and I just kept right on going."

Only seventeen then, Vic scraped together enough money to buy a string of horses. His father tossed in the little mare and the youngster set out alone for the west coast of Canada. He rode the boxcars with his horses.

Out West, he sold the horses for a handsome profit, raced the mare and won several good purses. He sent the money with a message to his girl back east. She hopped the next train and they were married.

"I did all right for a young fellow," Vic says now. "I stayed around the tracks for a couple of years before coming back to settle down on the farm."

But farm life and venturesome Vic didn't jell. After Charley, Jimmy and Jack were born, Fleming decided the races were his dish. He had heard of American's Golden Grand Circuit where the horses were fast and the purses big. He made up his mind to try his luck. So far, it has been good.

First of all Fleming's record holders was Grattan Bars, a colt he brought with him from Ontario. Together, the pair swept around the Golden Grand, winning purses wherever they went. Grattan Bars, overnight, became the world's biggest money-winning pacer. In 1928, he won all his eight races, including three $25,000 stakes. An injury ended his career at the end of that season.

Vic hit the racing jack pot again with Calumet Evelyn, the world's fastest double-gaited horse. She was a pacer who needed hobbles, a leather straplike contraption stretching from fore to hind legs, to keep her in stride.

At Lexington, Vic paced her a mile in 1:59¼. Five days later he had one of his inspirations. He took the hobbles off, put rubber pads between the shoes and forefeet and entered her in a

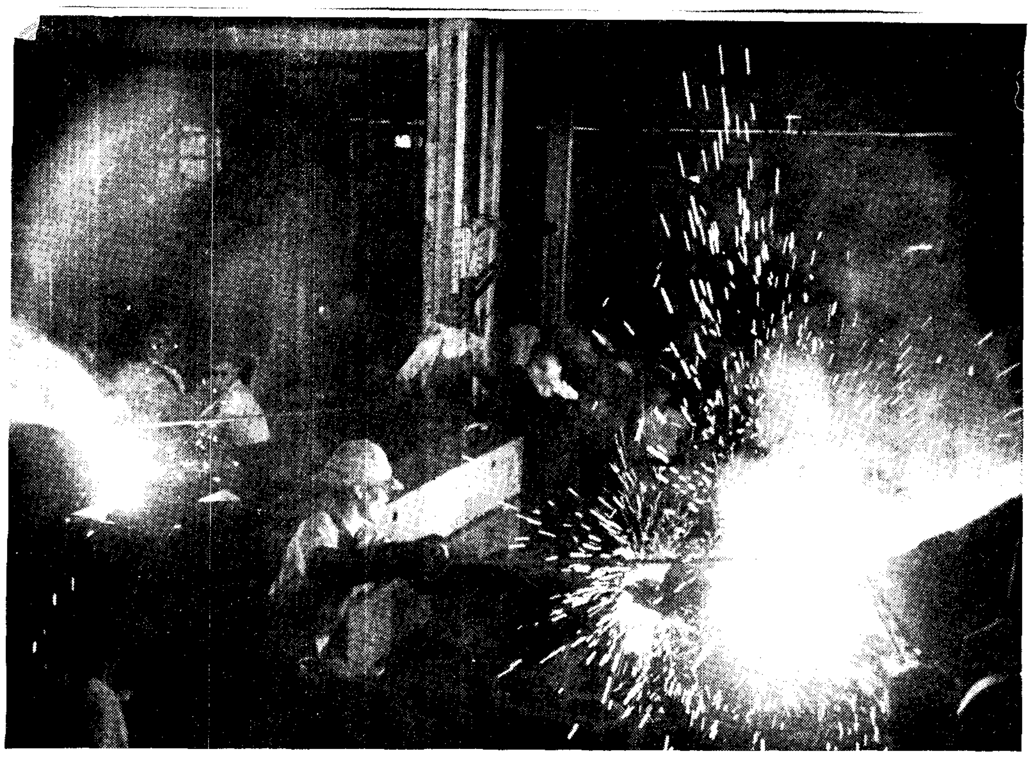
(Continued on page 53)

Singapore Scenario

By Martha Gellhorn

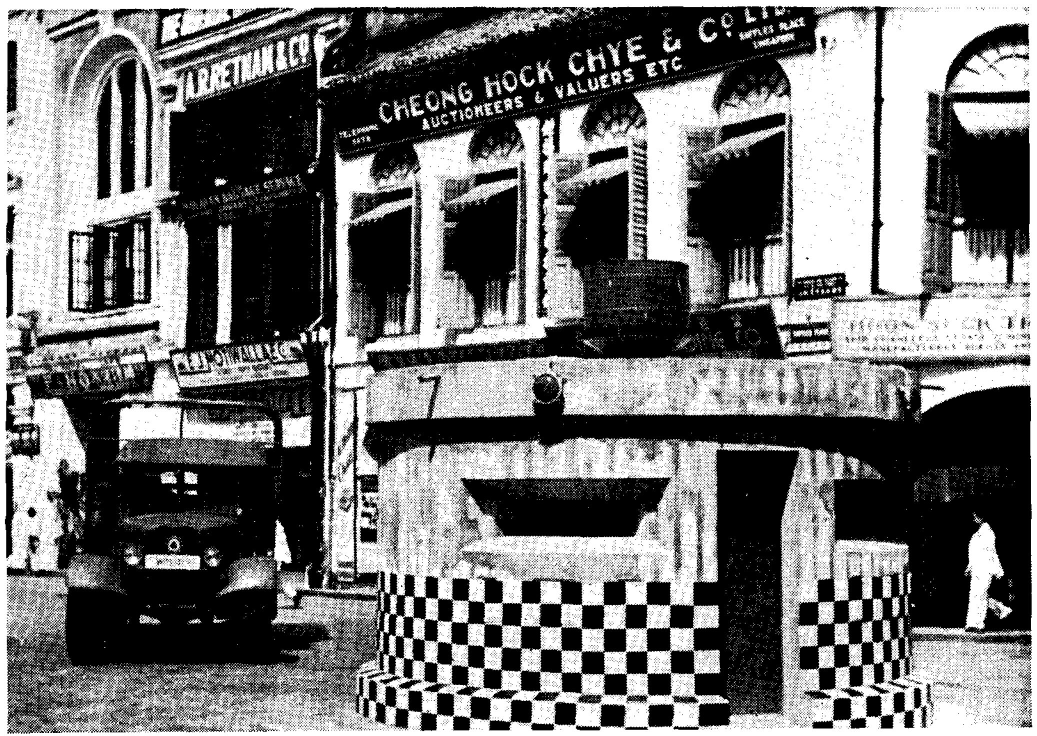
It looks like a Hollywood set out of De Mille. Singapore, bristling with pillboxes, planes and uniforms, lives in an atmosphere of parties, gin slings, gossip, intrigue and easy money—and a possible war. And if the worst comes to happen—well, there's always the United States Navy

British and Indian officers (right) plan operations at a fire-control post hidden on a rubber plantation. It's part of the defenses of the naval base


BLACK STAR

Britain, the U. S. and Holland once supplied Malaya's steel needs—now Singapore foundries (above) work 24 hours a day to keep up with the great demand

Australian troops and tank corps will have the job of defending Singapore and its great naval base if war comes. Singapore enjoys its rowdy Aussies' jokes



HARRISON FORMAN

Singapore is ready for anything, from inside or out. The island is literally ringed with guns, and above is a pillbox in the center of a business street

SINGAPORE is like a movie about itself. It has everything: the deadly heat, rickshas and Rolls-Royces, the native kampongs, Chinatown, low dance halls, the country club for white gentry, beautiful houses, Indian officers with beards and bright turbans, Australian troops in rough-rider hats, English officers like actors impersonating English officers, Chinese taxi-dancers, elegant milky-skinned ladies, planes zooming overhead, Malayan royalty, orchids for five cents a bunch, tropical trees, pahits, gin slings, gossip, intrigue, parties and a possible war. Not long ago a seventeen-foot python emerged from the drains in Raffles Place. It was not an unusual event. This is just about like catching a seventeen-foot python coming out of the sewers on Park Avenue, near the Waldorf. Such odd and exotic features are perfect for a movie. And the British Empire angle makes the whole thing both timely and important. All that is really needed is Miss Marlene Dietrich in the role of a water-front siren, vamping the army, navy and air force.

The theme song of this movie is: "I am not at liberty to reveal." Every official in Singapore is choking on red tape but, if not actually speechless, they are apt to give you the old refrain: "We're at war here. Of course you understand. I am not at liberty to reveal . . ." It is a theme song that sounds as bad in any language. After a while the suspicion grows that there is very little to reveal. Hush-hush, obstructionism, a harsh censorship and oppressive red tape are usually the signs that all is not well.

If you relax and decide you are a part of the movie, an extra perhaps, you can have a wonderful time. You can dine in magnificent homes (only houses in movies look as rich and ornamental). You are waited on by the legendary silent-footed Oriental, and Singapore is one of the few places left in the world where you can still eat fresh caviar. (Every luxury is on sale in Singapore, from perfume to champagne. Life is expensive but the upper classes have plenty of money.) The ladies, in the wonderful houses, are as elegant as women were in Paris when Paris was French. The male company, augmented by the young English lieutenants, is mostly in uniform and extremely gallant. There are very few white women in Singapore and each one is a queen. The conversation, considering that this is 1941, is startlingly unreal. It could have been written by Noel Coward on a day when he was not writing as well as usual.

Or if you tire of nightly dinner parties, you can visit the young gentlemen in their barracks. At Changi there is a great handsome yellow stucco barracks and two Scots regiments are stationed here. Just at sundown, and just before cocktails, you can drive out and listen to the bagpipes playing Retreat, in the barracks square. It is a picturesque and moving ceremony, and the bright, hot, colorful uniforms, with wool kilts and all, must be a horror to their wearers. After this you follow the gay throng, the pretty ladies and the visiting officers from other regiments, to cocktails in the officers' mess. The officers' mess is a large, cool building, with a billiard room and a well-furnished lounge, and from it you move on to the Tanglin, which is a lavish country club where a no-good orchestra plays dance music all evening for members only. If crowds of pale, well-dressed women with perfect hair-dos and good-looking officers and civil servants who are lordly, well-paid and all waiting for their retirement, finally tire you, you can dine in one of the two small, chic, very European restaurants, or drive out to the Gap and watch the moon rise over Singapore harbor and all the tiny black islands on the flat, moonlit sea. There was even a fair at Johore, to vary the pleasures. The only thing was that it rained all afternoon, a true flooding tropical rain, so the fairgrounds were more than ankle-deep in mud. The common people plowed around in the mud, and the Australian soldiers drank beer and had a fine time, but the gentry—staying mostly inside the royal enclosure of the sultan of Johore—ruined their shoes and were pretty bored. There were English games to play in the various booths, and native handwork to buy, and a dance pavilion where Malayans danced to their own monotonous music. The wealth of Singapore came, at one time or other during the evening, and retired covered with mud. The fair made $6,000 for the Bomber Fund.

Things You Mustn't See

A part of the movie has of course been cut. Singapore has about 600,000 inhabitants, and 82 per cent of these are Chinese. You do not spend any time in the Chinese section of the city, where the Chinese live as usual, ten in a room. You do not see the tin mines nor the hovels where the miners live. You do not see the kampongs of the rubber plantation workers, you only drive on fine roads past the neat, unending trees. You do not realize that this wonderful, rich movie is racketing along, gay and glittering if somewhat heat-struck, on a basis of 50 cents-a-day wages for most of the population. This would be a grimy note and spoil the scenario.

The plot of the movie is: "There's a war on." In fact, the war in England is farther away from Singapore than from New York. During one tense week the war became terribly real, because some ships bringing English cigarettes were

ACME

sunk and there was a tobacco shortage in Singapore. Meantime, the war they are preparing for in Singapore is a war against the Japanese. All the stupidity which attends any actual war, the pompousness and paper work and nuisance laws, are in Singapore in force: but there is no war. When you are in Singapore, deep in the movie atmosphere, you do not feel there ever will be a real war and the preparations seem rather like the extras being herded around in order to stage a battle scene.

There are some very good modern airfields on the island of Singapore itself. As every taxi driver knows where they are, and as one of them is the regular commercial field, it appears futile to forbid the press to mention them. There are a certain number of Brewster Buffaloes, Lockheed Hudsons, English pursuit and bomber planes, Australian trainer planes, and they are getting some American PBY bombers. How many planes there are is a secret, naturally, There are new airfields, scattered throughout Malaya. They have been made in the jungle and most of them are unreachable by any other means than the air. Their location and number is a secret, again naturally. None of this preparation is surprising or new: and by now (considering that the whole world is either fighting or getting ready to fight) it is not even particularly interesting. The air force flies a patrol over the waters surrounding Malaya, as is to be expected; pilots are being trained and promoted; and in various maneuvers the air arm co-operates. Despite the false air of mystery of Singapore, and the comic solemnity of the censorship, there is nothing more to it than that.

From the point of view of invasion by sea, there are only certain spots which are feasible. The west coast of Malaya is a vast mud shallow with two good ports. To invade the west coast, the Japanese fleet would first have to pass Singapore, an unlikely operation unless the Netherlands Indies was already overrun. If that can be done, Singapore is lost anyhow. The defenses are therefore logically concentrated around Singapore island itself and the few places on the east coast which are open to attack, and on the border between Thailand and Malaya. It must be remembered that Malaya has its own natural Maginot line of jungle, and where there are no roads an invading force would simply find itself stuck in jungle which kills off all people who are not specifically trained and armed to survive in it. Sand bars block the entrances to the sluggish, coiled rivers. But there are a few points of entry on the east coast and at these troops have been stationed who are trained in jungle fighting and who have themselves built the beach defenses. The defenses, again, are just regulation; machine-gun pillboxes and barbed-wire blockades. The roads, leading back to Singapore, are similarly organized. If you have seen the same type of defenses at Hong Kong, Singapore makes a rather feeble impression, by contrast.

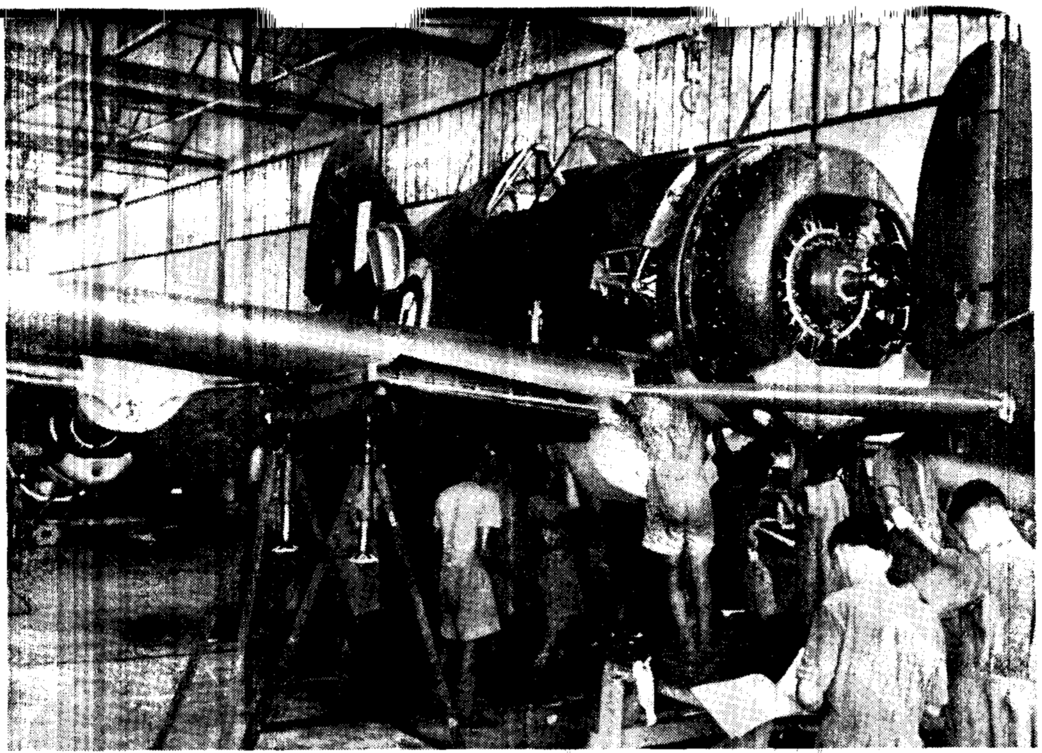
Singapore is, as everyone knows, one of the greatest naval bases in the world. It has practically no ships now, but that is temporarily unimportant. The island is literally ringed with guns, counter-bombardment and coastal defense guns. All military points are protected as well by antiaircraft guns and, of course, by the air squadrons stationed on the island. Around Singapore, scattered as if they were thrown out like a handful of gravel, are dozens of small islands, mostly uninhabited. They are of great strategical value because they break up the field of operation for enemy battleships. The waters around Singapore are mined and the lanes must be swept every day. A few commercial ships have hit the mines and their masts, sticking up above the water, bear testimony to the efficacy of the mine fields.

Consider the Young Lieutenant

There are a great many soldiers in Malaya now. There are Scots and English regiments, Indian regiments, Australian divisions, Royal Artillery and Royal Engineer regiments, a Malayan regiment and airmen from every part of the empire. They are all colorful to look at and they have fine regimental fighting records. They all wish they had something better to do than wait for a war, especially in this climate.

I was talking to an Englishman who had been an officer in the last war and is now a rubber planter. We were talking about the young lieutenants. The young lieutenants are all over the place and very charming. You can be a lieutenant if you come from the right school and the right family after a nine weeks' training course. At one time in the British army no training course was required. Nine weeks is not a lot of time in which to learn a highly technical trade like soldiering. (We had our own ninety-day-wonders, in the last war.) Fortunately, back of every lieutenant there stands a sergeant who did not go to the right school and whose family is socially unknown, but who has been in the army for ten years or more. I was pointing out with irritating civilian logic, that it would seem more sensible simply to make the sergeants into lieutenants. So the Englishman explained to me, "The troops will follow those boys when they would not follow the sergeants. They have confidence in them, and they will trust them and obey them. You can only judge when the real fighting begins. And you can be sure of one

(Continued on page 43)



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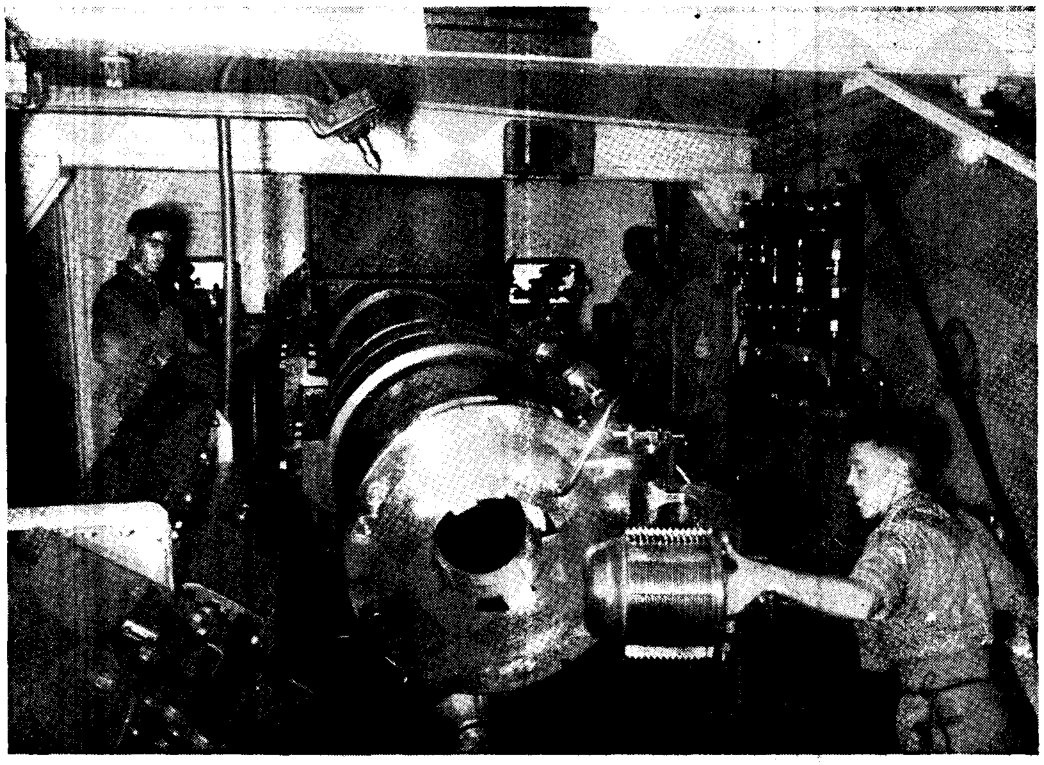
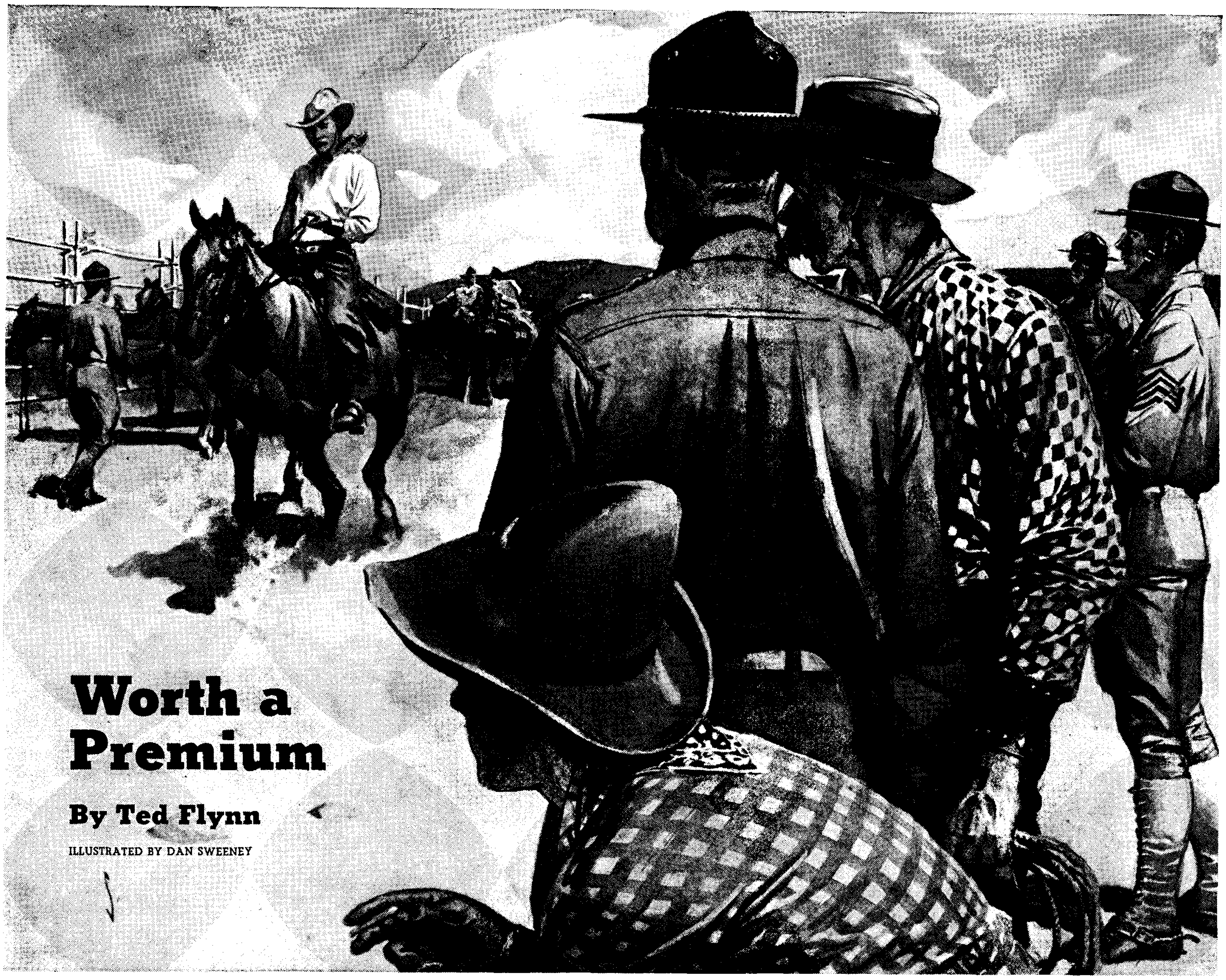
Brewster Buffaloes, American-made planes, are assembled at an R.A.F. station. They are flown by British pilots, many of whom have fought Nazis over Britain



One of the medium coast-defense guns points toward the China Sea, a unit in the air-, land- and water-defense network built around the naval base

BLACK STAR

Singapore's crowded Chinese districts are especially vulnerable to air attack. Here native air wardens are learning how to extinguish incendiary bombs



Worth a Premium

By Ted Flynn

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

"He's all I've got," the kid said. "There ain't enough money in your Army to buy him"

The kid figured Smoky would make a good Army horse; the horse didn't agree. So it was a good thing the major recognized soundness when he saw it

MY TEMPER would have been worse than Major Clive's, the way things were going.

"Once more, gentlemen," the major was saying wearily to the crowd of Mexicans, Navajo and Apache Indians, homesteaders and ranchers. "We won't buy mares or paint horses. Or gray horses. Or anything under five years old. We want a definite type—"

Just then this grullo horse and rider came in at a fancy gallop and the rider pulled up short. A bad cinch let go. Whoops and laughter came from the crowd as the rider slammed into the dust almost at Major Clive's feet.

A leather-faced cowhand yelled, "He flies prettier'n a young buzzard!"

"Corporal Kinson, move that horse back!" the major snapped at me.

A cowhand already moving to the grullo's head stopped warily at a dry warning from an elderly rancher:

"That's the man-hating grullo who crippled Skin Higgins. Better watch him."

"*And* we won't buy vicious horses," said the major in a voice that made Captain Bell lift an eyebrow at Lieutenant Fortner.

"Smoky's gentle. We come better'n sixty miles since last evening an' he's fit to go back. Ain't a better horse in New Mexico."

The kid was grimy, gaunt, shabby, as he came out of the dust. Maybe he was seventeen, yellow-haired, knobby, awkward-looking as he caught the grullo's reins and turned back to pick up his ancient saddle.

The major gave him a hard look. "You've just ridden that horse sixty miles?"

"We laid up a little in Cold Water Canyon last night," the kid said. "Didn't hear about this horse-buyin' till near sundown yesterday."

The same prosperous-looking old rancher volunteered: "Bud Shumlin there's been with Patricio Garcia all winter and spring. I'd make Garcia's place closer to seventy miles by the canyon."

"We won't look at hot horses. Cool him off for an hour or so," the major said, turning back. "Next horse."

Here in Three Forks we were seeing the finest bunch of hammerheaded broomtails in northern New Mexico. Twenty-five dollars out here would buy a saddle horse. When word went out that the Army would pay a hundred and fifty up for good horses at Three Forks today, they cleaned the ranges.

THE major was in uniform, like the other officers. But he was all Army, all hard-boiled cavalry. He knew horses, knew what he wanted. He was rejecting nine out of ten horses offered and getting more exasperated and particular. When this kid, this Bud Shumlin, finally edged up on this smoky blue that the Mexicans call grullo, I had a hunch that the major was going to make short work of him and his horse.

"Walk him out a hundred yards and neck-rein him back," the major directed briefly, and showed no interest while Captain Bell and the lieutenant closely sized up the grullo's looks.

I was a little surprised that the kid was allowed the next step.

"Trot him cleanly about two hundred yards and bring him back fast. Get some wind on him," the major ordered.

That little trot and gallop put many a good-looking horse out of the running.

The grullo looked a little heavy-footed on the trot; but when he busted back at a gallop, he stayed low and stretched out, coming fast. Captain Bell waved his arms for the kid to pull up short before them. But the grullo went past before the kid got him stopped.

"Got a hard mouth, has he?" Major Clive snapped.

"No, sir," said the kid, patting the grullo's neck. "I was afraid that cinch'd let go again if I pulled him hard."

The major grunted like he'd heard that talk before. "Get down and take the saddle off." And it was the major himself who put his hand over the grullo's right nostril and his ear to the left nostril to catch the breathing, and then reversed nostrils.

I could tell by the way the major went after distemper sign back up under the jaw, and went over legs and hocks, that he was ready to throw the grullo out for half an excuse.

"So he was a bad actor," said the major ominously, and I figured this was the pay-off.

The kid hesitated. "He's gentle now, mister look at him."

(Continued on page 50)

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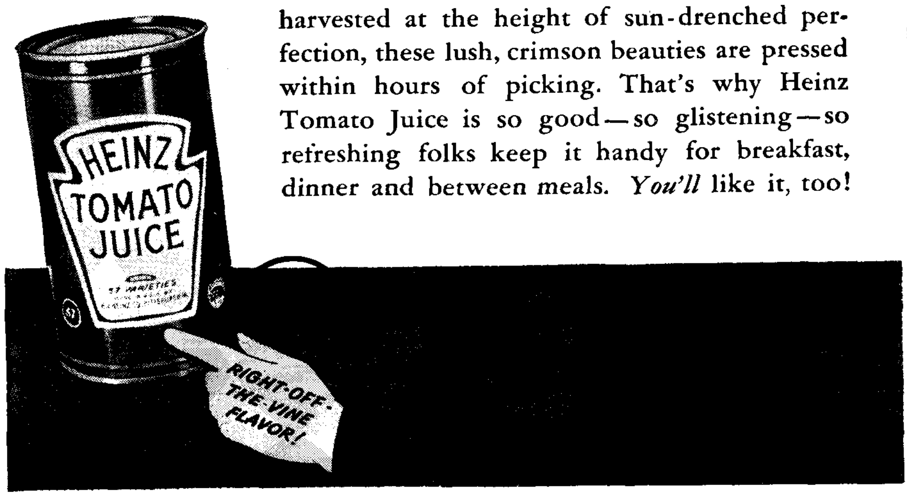


Dina Cashman

Continued from page 14

the reason people go on having their portraits painted is because they're always so flattering."

"And then nothing looks so important over the mantel as a painting of Great-aunt Louisa."

She laughed delightedly, said:

"I suppose not. Everyone agrees it's one of the best portraits Andy's ever painted, and if he wants to show it, I should think Aline would realize that it's his business; it's important to him. Why didn't he have his exhibition in May, Rogers, as he was going to?"

"Too busy painting. He's had five commissions, I believe, and he thinks you brought him all his luck."

"You did, you mean. I never would have thought of such a thing."

"WELL, if I did, it was to spite Aline," Rogers confessed smiling. "Lord, Lord," he said under his breath, "but she is the spoiled baby!"

"The day he came to change the hair in my portrait—the day of the accident—you and she had a talk, didn't you?"

"Yes, downstairs in the drawing room. He proposes to exhibit only two portraits of her, and another in which she is only part of a group, and this one she doesn't like. It's of some well-known musician, a 'cellist I think—forget his name—and Aline is only a minor figure. I think that's part of the trouble."

"You say you think she's spoiled?" Dina smiled.

"Aline? Spoiled from her birth! Her mother and father spoiled her, Pollock let her do anything she pleased and Rosenstirn spent money on her as if she were a princess—jade necklace and chinchilla coat!" Rogers' tone was fond, amused. "That quiet little mulish way of hers—" he mused. "But she is fascinating, Geraldine," he roused himself to say interrogatively.

"Oh, she is!" If Dina's tone lacked heartiness he did not discern it.

"I *have never*," Rogers went on thoughtfully, "I have never seen her as charming as she was on Wednesday. She was down on the terrace, in that blue outfit—"

"Beautiful clothes!" Dina put in, as he paused. "That hat!" She went into a reminiscent ecstasy.

"But it wasn't only that she looked lovely," Rogers went on. "She was in such a sweet, gentle sort of mood. And she told me—well, things about herself that I never understood before. She's always been trying to help people, ever since she was a little girl, and—as she said herself, laughing, she's always made a mess of it. She married Pollock because he said he would kill himself if she didn't. 'Oh, I know,' she said, "he mightn't have. But I loved his mother and she'd been good to me and I thought there was nothing else to do.' "

"They had children, didn't they?"

"Two. They're with his mother now."

"And is she still devoted to his mother?"

"The mother took his side in the divorce. No, I don't suppose she is. She was awfully funny telling me how she'd tried to be an influence for good and how she'd come out! You know, wherever she goes, men make it terribly hard for Aline," Rogers said simply.

"You mean they admire her so?"

"All of them. *All*," the man answered. "In Europe, on trains, in theaters and hotels, men are noticing Aline, trying to get to know her. For instance, she says that at cocktail parties and dinners in New York, the men would gather around her, and Pollock would naturally be furious."

"And Doctor Rosenstirn, was he jealous, too?"

"Worse!"

"A woman as beautiful as that doesn't have so much fun," Dina conceded after thought. "She can only marry one man—at a time, that is. And getting out of a marriage, arranging for a divorce, must be such a fuss!"

"She suffered horribly in this last divorce. She says that's what made her ready to jump into marriage so quickly with Andy. She was dizzy with freedom, down there at Palm Springs, having a glorious time, and she lost her head."

"Then she thinks marrying Andy was losing her head?"

"Think of what she gave up when she married him! Rosenstirn was paying her fifteen hundred a month!"

"Whew! She *did* lose her head," Dina exclaimed, impressed.

"That stopped at once, of course. I don't know exactly what she thought they *would* live on," Rogers added, "but it was characteristic of her that she didn't stop to worry about that! It seems that her father had a portrait done of her in England when she was a girl, in the dress she wore at the drawing room, and she had an idea that artists got ten and twelve thousand apiece for portraits. Some of 'em do, of course."

"Then her people had lots of money, too, Rogers?"

"Her father was one of the richest men in the country until the crash came. Then he put it all into some oil scheme and lost most of it."

"So that she and Andy really haven't much, now?"

"Nothing. She says he hasn't the slightest idea what becomes of his money. For one of these portraits he was paid in advance and that's gone, and one of the others hasn't paid yet and doesn't seem inclined to pay."

"Shaky," was Dina's thoughtful comment.

"Shaky! And she is beginning to feel that she wasn't fair to Andy, in marrying him in the first place. She's extravagant, she knows it. The other night, she tells me, she called up a friend in Newport and talked for fifteen minutes. 'I ought to be shot. I never thought what it would cost,' she said."

"SO THAT marriage may not be a success either?"

"It's a success as far as their liking each other goes. She says she'll always respect him as one of the finest men she's ever known. But—no," Rogers admitted slowly, "I don't believe it will go on for very much longer. Their backgrounds are too different. Aline doesn't belong in a country studio, with just one old Chinese doing everything, and a bathroom that Andy's friend built in himself of old boards and secondhand plumbing. Things done in that slapdash Bohemian fashion don't fit her somehow."

"But if she divorces him, Rogers, then she'll have to marry again."

"Yes, I suppose she will. No trouble there!" Rogers said with a short laugh. "She was telling me that when she's in New York she always has dinner or lunch with Frank—Frank Pollock, I mean. He'd be only too glad to have her come back to him."

"You'd think she might because of the children."

"The children have been her first consideration all through," the man observed. " 'I could have had them two months a year,' she told me, 'but I wouldn't upset them by dragging them to and fro over the country. Far better to leave them quietly with their grandmother and their schools. They have the first right!' "

Dina was not as deeply edified by this instance of maternal devotion as she might have appeared. She regarded Rogers steadily, making no comment. She was as aware as he of the fascinations of Aline Havens if less affected by them. She knew that Aline had seen fit to be gracious to him of late, affectionate, confiding, appealing. Rogers was basking at last in the favor for which he had hungered for years. Dina could tell, not only from what he reported to her, but by his changed manner, that he felt happy with Aline at last.

INCURRING no blame at all from the group in which she moved, Aline could divorce Andy. Beauty and position like Aline's were a law unto themselves; nobody would blame her.

"Suppose—suppose she wanted to divorce Andy, and Andy objected?" Dina asked.

"She would never do anything to hurt Andy. She feels that possibly—oh, she wasn't talking of today or tomorrow—but she said that if ever she thought she was standing in Andy's way she would gladly free him."

"Andy mightn't see it that way." But Dina felt a half-angry, half-jealous conviction that he would. She had seen him twice since the beginning of her long imprisonment; once when he and Aline had called, and he had peeped into her room only for a half-minute, and again when he had sat with her for half an hour.

"Rogers," she said now, out of profound thought, "I never was brought up in any religion. We went to Sunday school for a while, Art and I, but we didn't have any real religious training. But it seems to me queer to feel about marriage the way Aline does."

"Well, I was brought up to go to church, and I know what you mean," Rogers answered, his head tipped back against the cushion of his chair, his pipe in one relaxed hand, his narrowed eyes on space. "But Aline has been unfortunate. She never should have married Pollock, although they stuck it out for eight years and had children. The Rosenstirn marriage was a little different. He's quite a big shot in his profession, and she adores power. I think Aline really was deeply in love with him for a while. When it ended she was miserable. She was saying the other day that she'd rather be a man's mistress if she loved him, than live with a man she didn't love. She told Rosenstirn so, frankly. He saw it. He didn't try to stop her. That's her idea of honesty."

"But after all, she did say 'For better, for worse,' didn't she? I know it made me feel very serious when *we* said it. And yet ours wasn't the—the usual sort of marriage at all."

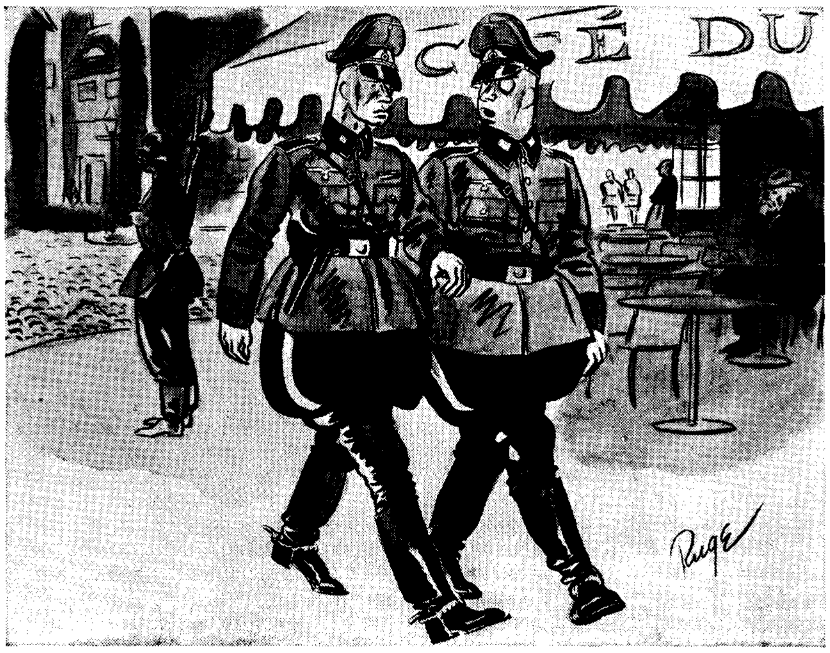
"I suppose she said those words. But perhaps later she found she didn't feel them. As for the Havens marriage," Rogers resumed, "that never seems to me like a marriage at all! Aline as fine and chiseled and rare as a Chinese porcelain and this fellow like a big puppy rollicking around her! She's quite a bit older than he, for one thing. No, she'll not do anything hasty," he finished, "but one of these days I think they'll talk it all over and come to some agreement."

Dina made no comment. She wondered what her own position would be when that agreement was made. If Aline really was tired of love experiments, worn out with passion, then she might be glancing at the security of the position of Mrs. Rogers Holland with more than an impersonal interest. Between what she had guessed and what Caroline had told her, she must know that Dina's marriage was no real marriage; she must know that Rogers' generosity had served its turn, and that Dina and the small child, who was now secure of her name, who had been protected and made presumably legitimate, might go their way.

Well, if that was the verdict Dina could not protest. The understanding from the beginning had been that she should supply a counterattraction to Aline, make herself a foil and she had apparently succeeded. Dina sighed, feeling suddenly tired.

She had come to feel that life in the somber, heavy old house might be complete and satisfying. Rogers was more than twice her age, but they were companionable. They loved to talk, to play games; he laughed at her; he was brighter and better for having her with him. With the baby for an added distraction and delight, with her health completely restored, with Mrs. Bucket to play grandmother as well as guide, philosopher and friend, Dina's life was sheltered and remote; she need see few outsiders; she was not anxious to see anyone.

If she wanted to visit her mother, she had thought, it would not be hard to take the car and the baby and Ida and drive up to Stockton any day she chose. The Cashman family had moved in April; all the reports that Dina had had,

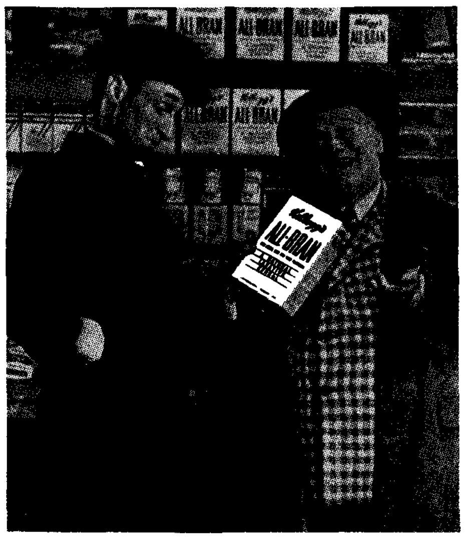


"I don't understand why they call it 'Gay Paree'" JOHN RUGE

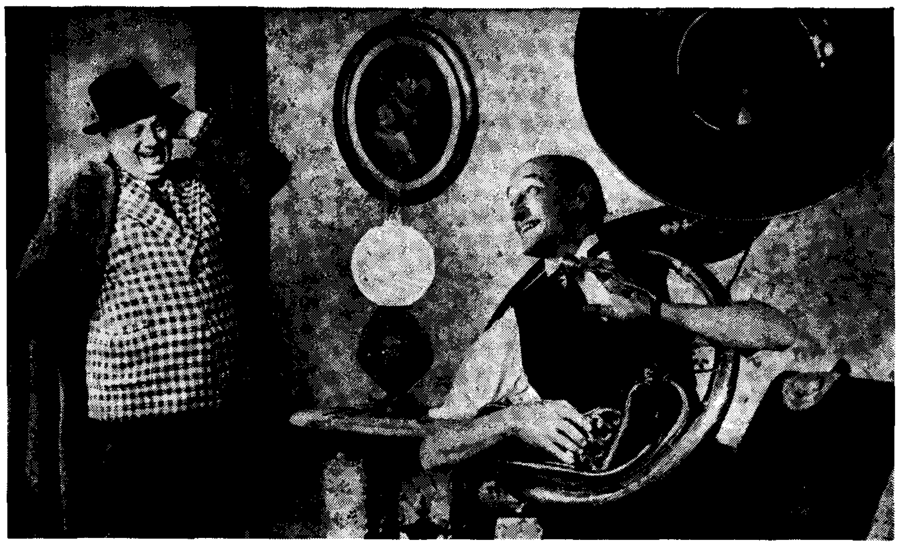
Mr. Indigo Blue and Mr. Beamish Bright

MR. BRIGHT: A glorious morning, Mr. Blue! I feel as joyful as a skylark!
MR. BLUE: And I feel as sad as a crow. All I know is trouble.

MR. BRIGHT: Here! Here! my lugubrious friend. Cheer up! There's Springtime in the air! Come walk down to the grocer's with me.
MR. BLUE: It's not springtime inside of *me,* Mr. Bright. If you only *knew* how many pills, purgatives, salts, laxatives and cathartics I've taken. Life is just a vale of tears.



MR. BRIGHT: (at the grocer's) Here's a present for you, my woeful one, that may show you the silver lining. Instead of *dosing* constipation why not try to get at its *cause?* If yours is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of the proper kind of "bulk" in the diet, crisp, toasty KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN may be just the ticket. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter.



MR. BRIGHT: (sometime later) Well! Well! If it isn't the old king of the glooms. Isn't that "Happy Days" I heard you playing?
MR. BLUE: And happy days it *is,* Beamish, since you told me about ALL-BRAN's better way.

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

and her two calls, had confirmed her impression that never in their lives had her own people even dreamed of felicity and pride like that they had felt upon taking possession of the yellow cottage. She had found in them a change that had made her more than a little thoughtful. She had wondered how many other forlorn, slatternly women like her mother would turn housewifely and brisk and ambitious under such a change of prospects and environment as her mother now had? How many self-declared failures like her father would have risen as he had to the responsibility of a steady job? How many pretty, frivolous little sisters like Myrna, transplanted to the dignity of a room to herself and a home with a real parlor in it, might grow up overnight to a sense of fineness and character?

At all events the effect of the transplanting had been miraculous on the Cashmans. The kitchen now was only a kitchen and the big back parlor a family sitting room, comfortable with lamps and rugs and old-fashioned chairs and table, where the younger children could gather for homework every night. Myrna's and Art's friends used the front parlor for their card games or radio entertainments. "And we go out in the kitchen and cook things," wrote Myrna, in an enthusiastic letter to Dina, "and there aren't a lot of kids and dirty dishes there. Gee, we have fun!"

NOW she found Rogers' words vaguely disturbing. If Aline once were free again, and in this new mood of tenderness and confidence toward him, then what would her next plan be?

"She's worried about something and she wants to lunch with me and talk it over," Rogers was saying. "So I may go into town tomorrow and see what it's all about."

"I go downstairs tomorrow," Dina told him proudly. "I can sit for one hour on the terrace!"

"Walk downstairs?" He was pleased.

"Walk downstairs. I'll take my time. But today I walked into the nursery and out on the porch and wasn't a bit tired."

"You're well again," he said with satisfaction. "You know I may go off with Salter on his yacht over the Christmas holidays?" Rogers asked.

"I heard you and Mr. Salter talking about it the night he was here. Remember he came upstairs here and spoke about it?"

"You wouldn't mind that? Being left alone?"

"Oh, no! I never have a minute to spare. And over Christmas, Rogers, I was going to ask you if I could take Margaret and go up and stay with Mamma for a few days."

"Could they squeeze you in there, do you think?"

"You don't know the Cashmans! Margaret's little crib goes along with us, and Ida'd board in the neighborhood. And I'd take them all presents," Dina said, her eyes shining, "China for Mamma—she was so excited over a teapot and cups she got for her tea coupons that I thought I'd give her plates, and for Myrna a sports suit with a hat. But Pop—he's hard. He really needs everything!"

"Tires for his car are always good," Rogers suggested, pulling on his pipe.

"I thought maybe an overcoat." She fell into a dream of the delight of it. To arrive with her nurse and baby before Christmas, to take her old place, to hear all the news—ah, it would be fun!

"How about my getting back some of my own, Dina?" Rogers said, glancing at the card table upon which a backgammon board was set. And as he moved it toward the bed he added, "I wonder if your father would wear an overcoat of mine? It could easily be fitted, and it would probably be a better coat than he could get in Stockton."

"How he would feel!" Dina echoed in light scorn.

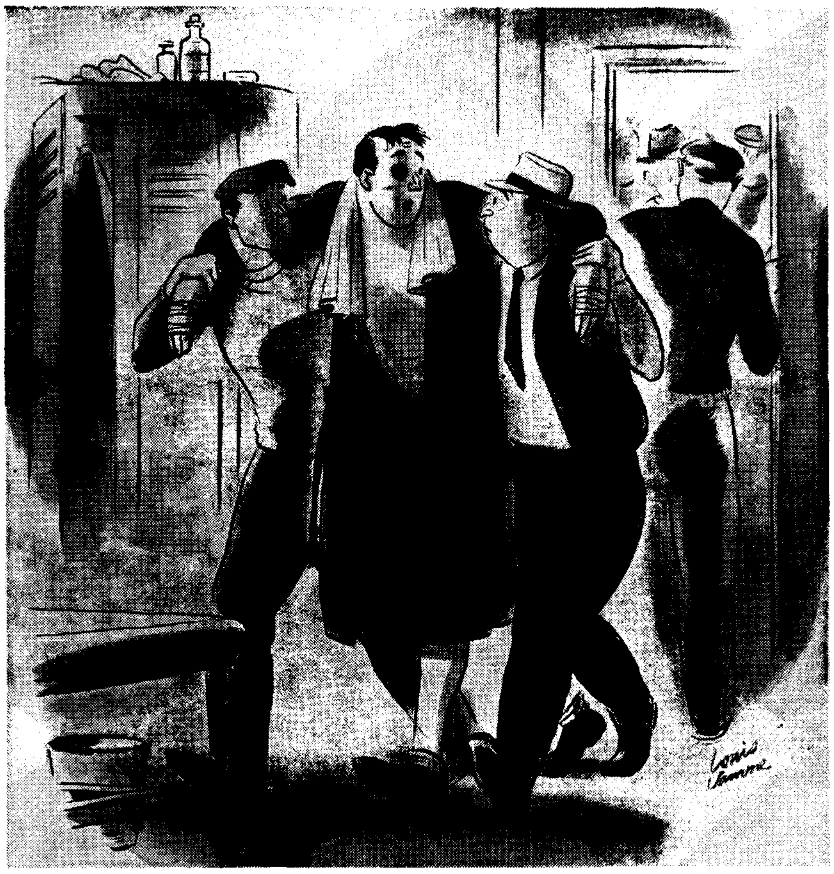
"You mean he wouldn't mind? I have one or two that I'm not wearing. One's too small for me."

"My father," Dina said soberly, "would be extremely grateful, and so would I."

"I could fix up a box of things," Rogers said. "Two six; I don't like it; I double."

He threw a two and a six again, scowlingly considered his play. Dina looked about the big room, pleasant in soft evening light. She knew its every angle and contour now; she had lain through many a wakeful night studying the patterns shadows made on the walls, the old-fashioned wallpapers of trellises and roses, the gold and brown cornices from which the curtains hung. If Aline wanted her place here Aline would get it; Dina would have to go away.

She played, leaned back against her pillows watching Rogers' face. It was as fat, as owl-like and froglike as it had been a year ago when first she had seen it. But one could come to like an owl's face, a frog's face with strong glasses, when that face and those prominent eyes had never expressed anything but kindliness and interest.



"All I can say is, he's one guy I wouldn't want to start anything with!"

LOUIS JAMME

"I love him the way a daughter might love him, I suppose," Dina mused. "I never can pay him back for what he's done for me. But I have paid him back a little. He's happier; he's more human. He's taking the chairmanship for the Community Chest Drive; he never would have done that before. And Aline likes him better than she ever did, even the times when they were engaged. But she shan't have him! I'm not going to let her wreck his life!"

"Your play. What were you thinking about?" Rogers asked.

"Nothing," Dina answered with a smile.

"YOU knew Aline had left me?" Andrew Havens asked.

Dina brought startled eyes to his face.

"Left you!" she exclaimed.

"Last Sunday. Yep," the man said briefly.

Her own interest in this situation touched Dina with a first premonitory finger of fear. She turned and went to a great leather bench and Andy sat down beside her.

THE little gallery was flooded with November sunshine, and deserted except for themselves. It was ten o'clock in the morning; other visitors would trickle in to see the Havens portraits before noon, and the afternoon would find a smart crowd there, talking, drinking tea, studying the canvases that lined the walls. But it was empty now.

There were seventeen portraits in all. Ten had been loaned, and sent on from the East; four were of local patrons, and three were of the artist's wife. These last were a full-length presentation of Aline dressed in a sheath of white Chinese brocade with the famous jade-and-pearl string encircling her throat and caught in her ivory hands, a crayon portrait in white and scarlet and black; and a large canvas not quite finished of a man with a violoncello, a standing girl with a violin, and a woman glancing over her shoulder with her hands on the keys of a concert grand.

The woman at the piano was Aline. The other musicians were the great Marinkoff and his daughter who had been at Palm Springs when Aline and Andy had first met each other there. It had been Andy's idea to paint the famous man and his equally gifted daughter with their instruments; the absence of their accompanist had given Aline the additional inspiration of taking his place. Not that she played more than a few pieces on the piano, remembered from childhood. But it would be such fun!

Everything had been fun for Aline in this halcyon time. After several years of marriage to a man who had consistently expected her to be everything, as a wife, that she was completely unfitted and unwilling to be, after a long dearth of compliments and spoiling and flattery, after a dark Eastern winter of snows when she had been ill, and an unsatisfactory hot summer in which she had attempted to get hold of her children whenever their father made it difficult, and felt them an embarrassment and a burden when she did, Aline had blossomed in the atmosphere of the southern California resort like a plant languishing from long abuse.

The bland sunshine, the gently waving palms, the pleasant people, so many of them famous, the enchanting cottages with their lush foliage and patios, the stimulation of rides and walks, tennis and golf, swims and bridge, laughter and friendship had transported her to a world free from unpleasantness and responsibility. In that world one was always lovely and admired; one felt young and free and giddy; one wore enchanting daytime frocks of white and scarlet, white and French blue, evening gowns of Oriental beauty and splendor.

To be on terms of cordial friendship with Ivan Marinkoff and Olga, to have the handsome young painter following her about with undisguised adoration had set the world right again for Aline. And Caroline had been there, aiding and abetting! She had laughed at Andy for a week or two. Dear, silly boy, didn't he know that she was ages older than he, and had two unsuccessful marriages behind her and two children rapidly growing up!

Apparently he did not. Before the picture could be finished the Marinkoffs had gone and Aline had been more and more fascinated, teased, tortured with the idea that it would be quite simple to drive to Reno one day with Andy, and again be an adored wife.

So perhaps "Morning Trio" never would be finished. Even as it stood it was the finest work Andy had done; the old maestro, a commanding figure with his wild gray hair and his poised bow, was complete. Aline's portrait was complete; he had had leisure to work on that on a dozen mornings since. The background of sun-flooded room, the chintz curtains and even the subdued figure of a Chinese boy dusting the dim book shelves were finished. But Olga's hands, the important and beautiful hands of the artist, were only vaguely sketched in, and Olga's mouth was a mere smear. But the critics praised the work, and it was reproduced in the art journals nevertheless.

DINA'S portrait, however, was the one most admired and most studied. It had behind it a story that all these audiences knew. That was Rogers Holland's wife. The mysterious girl, ages younger than Rogers, who had suddenly appeared in poor Anna Holland's vacant place. They had a baby now, too; she had been in a motor smash and the miracle was that both she and the child hadn't been killed. She'd been laid up for months—the murmuring, milling crowds in the afternoon told one another—but she was all right again. She'd been in, opening day, with her husband—a very pretty girl and apparently terribly fond of him.

Now Dina was in the gallery again with Andy. Her morning in town was as usual filled with engagements; she was having a session with her dentist, she must get Margaret larger dresses, she was to meet Rogers for luncheon and there was a symphony afterward which they were to hear from Billy Salter's box. Billy had been away from California for years; now he and his yacht had anchored once more in San Francisco waters, and an old intimacy with Rogers had been resumed with great enthusiasm on both sides.

This circumstance, too, with all the others, had helped to reinstate Rogers in his own and public estimation. Billy, with his bachelor apartment, his social

"Imagine a Debutante getting chummy with me—"

1. I'm rollin' along at a free-and-easy 35 when —Zip!—this gal in the snappy blue roadster breezes by. I notice her right rear tire looks mighty soft so I lean on the horn and let out a yip. But all I get is the icy stare.

2. That burns me up—but a mile further on I laugh. She's stopped—gazin' under the fender—and boy! is that doughnut flat! But courtesy is *law* with us—so I pull over and get out. "Somebody put the fire out?" I ask with a grin.

3. Now she's burned up. "Why you—you gorilla—" she begins. But I cut her short. "Now wait a minute, lady. I stopped to give you a hand, not an argument. Where's your tire jack?" "Oh!" she says, kinda surprised, "I'm sorry—I didn't know—."

4. "That's OK," I say. "Lots of folks *don't* know. In fact—some treat us like trucks spread the measles. Yet thousands know from experience—in case of trouble—it's smart to flag the first truck you see. And—trucks help in lots of other ways, too—"

5. "Fact is," I tell her, "nearly everything you eat, wear or use comes faster and cheaper by trucks." I go ahead and change the tire and by the time I'm through we're right chummy. "I did have you truck drivers wrong," she apologizes. "Thanks a million . . . and so long!"

6. Well, back in Chicago a coupla days later my boss calls me in. "Hey, Pete," he says, "old man Bannfield just telephoned. Says if you're good enough to handle that daughter of his, you're good enough to handle his freight, too! I'm on my way over there now, and when I get back *you're* getting a raise!"

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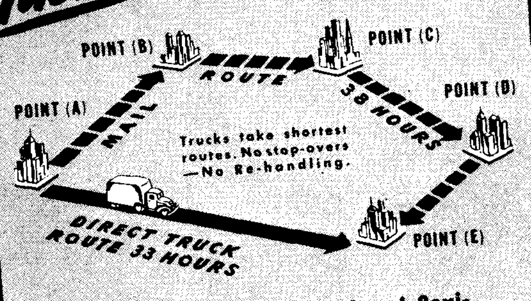
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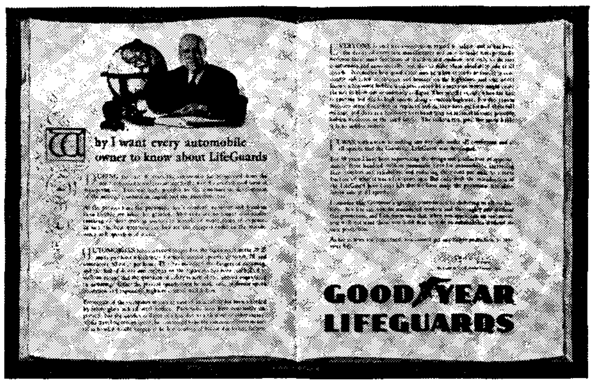
AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Report and Recommendation to American Motorists



Why I want every automobile owner to know about LifeGuards

GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS

THREE years ago we announced what I consider the most important of all Goodyear's contributions to motoring. This was the Goodyear LifeGuard, the tire within a tire that prevents sudden collapse from a blowout or other injury.

At that time, in a published statement, I said: "For 40 years I have been supervising the design and production of approximately three hundred million pneumatic tires for automobiles, increasing their comfort and reliability, and reducing their cost per mile to a mere fraction of what it was a few years ago. *But only with the introduction of the LifeGuard have I ever felt that we have made the pneumatic tire absolutely safe at all speeds.*"

That was a strong statement. Now, three years later, I can tell you how LifeGuards have lived up to expectations.

The Report

Since this statement appeared, hundreds

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

TAKING THE DANGER
OUT OF TIRE BLOWOUTS
WITH
LIFEGUARDS
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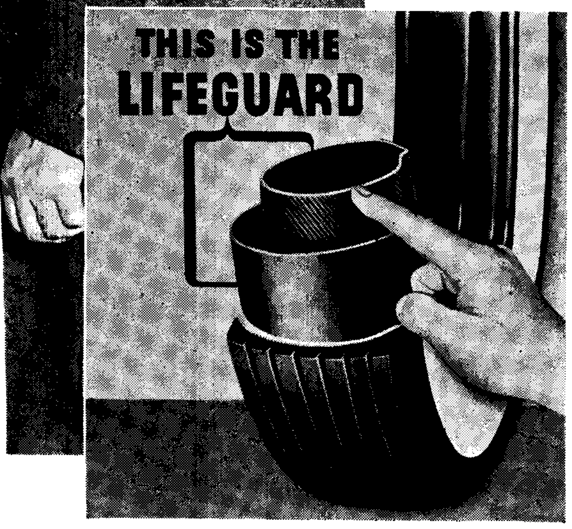
How the LifeGuard functions is explained by P. W. Litchfield to some of the thousands of visitors to the exhibit of Goodyear products for national defense, recently shown from coast to coast.



of thousands of cars have been equipped with LifeGuards.

I am proud to report that in countless millions of miles of highway travel there is not a single recorded case of a LifeGuard failing to function in an emergency.

A great many people have written us, saying they owe their lives to the LifeGuard because it carried their car to a safe stop after a tire failed at high speed.

Thus have LifeGuards fulfilled the promise that they would make any tire safe at all speeds and under all conditions — *for the full life of the tire.*

The Recommendation

Today the emergency confronting the nation provides a new reason why the use of LifeGuards is important. It is to help America conserve rubber.

To quote again from the original LifeGuard announcement: "The older a tire gets, the more liable it is to sudden failure. For this reason tires are often discarded before they have performed their full mileage, and there is hesitancy to retread tires for fear of weakness in the cord fabric."

But now American motorists *must* get full mileage from their tires. They should retread — to save rubber.

Therefore, I want to recommend that you equip the tires now on your car with LifeGuards. With their protection, there is no need to discard tires when the tread wears smooth.

If you have LifeGuards, tires may be driven far longer than normally — without danger from blowouts. And when treads wear off, there is no need to hesitate about having tires retreaded, if the carcass is sound. For with the same LifeGuards inside, a set of retreaded tires can be safely driven nearly as far again.

Thus, apart from conserving rubber for national defense, the use of LifeGuards contributes to economy.

Those who equip their tires with LifeGuards now, will make sure of getting maximum mileage and useful life from every carcass. And most important of all, as we have often said before, *"you can't get better protection to save your life."*

P. W. Litchfield

Chairman of the Board
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Too many cooks spoil the breath—with their highly seasoned concoctions. That's why so many folks carry a pack of breath-taking PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. They sweeten your breath, aid digestion, and taste swell!

Five different flavors, ladies and gents! A handful of dee-licious, dee-lightful fruit flavors in each and every pack. FIVE-FLAVOR LIFE SAVERS—wild cherry, orange, lemon, lime, pineapple.

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Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Choice of 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere, 5¢.

connections and the yacht, whose hospitalities were famous, was an important figure in this particular world. He and Rogers had been close friends as younger men, had drifted apart, were now intimates again.

And Billy liked Dina, had accepted her not with mere politeness but with great formality. He had given her a dinner in his apartment, given a second dinner. He had been a sort of auxiliary host when Rogers had returned the dinner. Other social leaders had taken the hint; Rogers and Dina could discuss their invitations at his late breakfast table now, and decline them all, and yet feel the better for being asked. Rogers had long ago had his fill of dinners before coming-out parties, dinners with bridge to follow. Dina was afraid of them. Once again they agreed perfectly upon their policy.

TODAY Dina had had an interval between engagements that had given her an opportunity to slip into the gallery and see her own portrait again. Like everyone else she thought it was beautiful. "The way I'd like to look, Andy," she said. It was flattering of course, and yet the serious face, the shadowed eyes, the firmly clasped young hands on the chair arms were all Dina, too, and youth and youth's eternal questioning incarnate.

Coming into the gallery she had found Andy in conversation with the proprietor of the art store of which the gallery was part. When old La Motte had said what he thought of "A Portrait of Mrs. Rogers Holland" and had departed, she and Andy had gone the rounds discussing the various pictures. He had broken in upon a talk of art and art work in Paris and his experiences there, with the flat statement of Aline's desertion.

"But Andy, what *for?*" the girl said.

"I don't know." He sighed, crossed his arms and leaned back, his lips pursed for whistling, his narrowed eyes on space.

"Quarreled?"

"Nope."

"She's just—tired?"

"Guess so. I don't understand her. She says I never have. We moved down to Bill Cutter's place at Los Altos in June, you know. I thought it was swell down there. Everything blooming and warm, and we had Bill's old Looey Koo to run things. We couldn't go on in town; it was costing us more per week than I make in a month. Orders had stopped and after old Bowen died, the estate refused to pay for his picture. I didn't have anything in writing and the daughter said she understood I had asked her father to pose as a favor to me.

"Well, in August Aline said she wanted to go east to see her children. Your sister-in-law was going and she wanted to go with her."

"My sister-in-law? Oh, Caroline? Yes."

"She wanted money; she didn't know how much; a couple of thousand. Of course I didn't have it. That fussed her. Where could we get it? I said we couldn't get it anywhere. Afterward she told me she'd tried to borrow it from Rogers, but he said not while she was my wife. Then she said she was sick of the place and of me and she was going to stay with—oh, someone, Mrs. Clyde, I think. She went off to the Rogue and to Lake Tahoe, was gone about six weeks. When she came back she began to talk about divorce."

A silence. Then Dina said timidly, "How do you feel about it?"

For answer he put his head down in his hands, his body doubled over his knees; he rumpled his hair and groaned.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Dina said. "I know how you love her!"

Suddenly the man sat erect and looked at her with bright, angry eyes under his tumbled hair.

"No, I don't love her; I suppose I never did," he said definitely in a hard voice. "I was carried away as she was. She is one of the beautiful women of all time; I was flattered; it was all drinking and dancing, moonlight and cocktails—I don't know what happened. But it breaks me up to—I mean I'm all mixed—it doesn't make sense!"

"She wants to marry Rogers," Dina said calmly.

"She'd throw him over at the drop of a hat if she got a better chance. She has twice," Andy answered moodily.

"She may not get a better chance this time," Dina observed. The man looked at her curiously.

"Rogers is married," he said.

"You needn't tell me!" Dina answered with a mirthless little laugh. "But he's been in love with her all his life."

"Who said so? She told me that. But she says that of lots of men," Andy said skeptically.

"Oh, but this time it's true. He admits it."

"Rogers?"

"Yes, and if she'd look at him he'd jump right through rings," Dina said, too much in earnest to pick her words.

"But he's—he's married to you!" Andy stammered.

"Yes, but I'd never refuse Rogers anything he asked of me," Dina said, her voice dreamy and her eyes far away. "He's been too wonderful to me; he's done too much for my people—"

"But if you love him, my God, I'd not give him up to anyone like Aline!" Andy protested. "She's shown him twice what she thinks of him. She did love me," he went on; "we had some wonderful times together at first. But she's never loved him."

"You see there are twenty years between Rogers and me, Andy, and it makes what he feels for me, and what I feel for him, too, more like what a father and daughter might feel," Dina began with some difficulty.

"You've got a child!" the man countered, bewildered.

"Yes, yes I know."

"You don't mean that you and Rogers might separate so that he and she could get married?"

"Well, there's no plan," Dina said hesitatingly, "but he has loved her all his life."

"Well, for Lord sakes!" Andy ejaculated under his breath.

"WHAT will you do, Andy, if she sues?" Dina asked a little timidly. "Will you contest it?"

"Certainly not. If she wants her freedom, she can have it!

"No," he went on after an interval, "I'll go back east. You see, Dina, I don't belong here; I belong there; I did all my studying there. I was working along at the league and eating about every third day when a fellow I knew asked me to donate a portrait to some charity bazaar; that's how it all happened," he went on. "I had a lot of spare time and he said he'd pay for the paint, so I agreed. Well, the girl who won the raffle happened to be that Marion Sloat who was all over the place—remember? Debutante or Glamor Girl Number One or whatever she was. So I went down to their place at Huntington to paint her. A lot of her pals came in to see the work going on and we all got friendly and from that I did—oh, five or six more. So one thing led to another and I took over the studio of an old French artist who was going back to Paris.

"Work kept coming in and I thought I was made. I came west to Hollywood last year and went to Palm Springs for the Christmas holidays, and there I met Aline; Bill Cutter offered me his studio at Los Altos, I had lots of commissions, and the future looked rosy. But I've found out in the last few months, I'm not anywhere nearly as soundly grounded in portraiture as I thought I was. I've a lot of hard work to do, and so I'm going back to study with a pal of mine—Emilio Bernasconi—in New York."

"Oh," she said, regret in her voice.

"If Aline and Rogers are really planning anything," he presently added, "I'd like you to know— What is it?"

For Dina, suddenly pale, had got to her feet and turned so that her back was toward the entrance to the gallery.

A young man and a middle-aged woman had entered—the one, a tall blond young fellow in well-tailored clothes, an overcoat over his arm; the other, a fashion plate in furs, white gloves, trim small hat.

"That's—that's Caroline—that's Mrs. Holland—" Dina said hurriedly. "I have to go—come with me—"

The room was small; it was inevitable that the new arrivals should see them. They were all face to face. Andy was the first to speak:

"How do you do, Mrs. Holland? Aline told me you were back."

"How do you do?" Caroline Holland repeated. She faintly inclined her head. "Geraldine," she added briefly.

The skylights and the floor and the pictures in their gold frames began sickeningly, slowly to reel together. Dina blindly put out one hand and steadied herself by gripping the back of a leather seat.

"My son, Andy," Caroline said. "You remember each other at Palm Springs last year?"

"Oh, hello, Vere. Glad to see you again," Andy said.

"Hello, Dina," Vere said, clearing his throat, speaking in a low tone. She gave him her hand; it was cold as ice.

"Vere." She had to say it twice to make herself heard. She stood looking at him while he held her hand.

"ANDY'S been doing some pretty swell painting, hasn't he?" Vere said.

Dina could not hear him. All that she heard was the remembered voice, the voice that had been the only one in the world to her once. Vere was with her again, tall and broad-shouldered, with that husky, unforgotten note in his voice, and those eager eyes on hers.

"I wanted to see your portrait," he told her. "Everyone's—everyone's talking about it."

They moved toward it, leaving Caroline and Andy conversing.

Dina had turned from the others in an instinctive need to keep them from seeing her face. Now, still clinging to the back of the great leather davenport for support, and fighting to the best of her power the vertigo and weakness that enveloped her, she blindly indicated the picture.

"It *is* a good picture," Vere said. "Did it—did it take him long to do it?"

"To—to what?" she asked faintly, swallowing.

"I mean, have to sit for him a lot?"

As if that really mattered, as if that was what they two had to say to each other!

"Oh, no." Her voice, thank goodness, was audible at last: "He came to the house to paint it, six or seven times, I think."

"It's beautiful. That's the library, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's Rogers' mother's picture, that little bit there in the corner. He wanted that in."

"You live down there now, don't you?"

"We have, right along. We've always been at home, Rogers and I."

He mustn't ask for Margaret, not her little Margaret!

"Home, huh?" he echoed. And then, awkwardly: "You were awfully sick, weren't you?"

"Never dangerously. We had a smash when Rogers was driving me in to town one day, and I broke my leg. And that same day Margaret was born. But it was never dangerous."

"Lord," he said.

"I don't think it looks very much like me, but it is a lovely picture." Dina was regaining her self-control. She was many, many years older in experience now than was this boy with whom she had danced at Cotta's a year ago. He could not reach her. She was safe in another world.

"Dina," Vere said in a low tone, "will you let me tell you something?"

"But this is the picture everyone thinks is so fine," Dina said hurriedly. She nodded her head toward Morning Trio. "That's Andy's wife at the piano," she added.

"I know. I was at Palm Springs when he was painting it," Vere reminded her. "That's Aline; all she can play is The Happy Farmer," he added scornfully.

"Andy thinks it is the best thing he has done."

Vere studied the rest of the canvas. "He's smart, all right," he conceded.

"He's wonderful," Dina agreed.

"It sounds funny to me to have you call Uncle Rogers' place 'home.'"

SHE had steered him away once from dangerous ground. She fenced again: "Have you the time, Vere? I'm supposed to be keeping a twelve-o'clock appointment."

"Weren't you laid up most of the summer?"

"From July twenty-third until—well, about three weeks ago. I came downstairs then. But I'd been getting up for about two weeks."

"You've had a rotten time, haven't you?" Vere said.

Dina looked up at him squarely.

"I didn't mind it at all. I had puzzles and books and everything I wanted. I have to go; I know I'm late. Andy," Dina said, breaking away deliberately from Vere and interrupting the painter's conversation with Caroline, "we have to go now."

Her hand to all appearances was laid lightly on his wrist. But he felt the fingers close like a vise.

"We're late," she told him, and there was warning and appeal in her glance. "Goodby, Caroline. Goodby, Vere. Andy," Dina murmured, taking his arm, propelling him toward the door, "we said quarter to twelve, and my dentist's at twelve—oh, get me out, stay with me!" she whispered when they were out in the gallery; "come with me, Andy!"

"I'll go with you anywhere!" he said bewildered, holding open the door, accompanying her as she went hurriedly into the street. "What's the matter?"

"Don't—don't ask me!" Dina breathed. "Just stay with me. Let's turn here—anywhere. Let's walk—fast."

"What the deuce—?" His big hand was under her elbow; they were racing along together blindly, hardly noticing where they were going.

"Yes, let's go up to Chinatown," Dina said. She looked up at him and tried to smile. "I'm all right now," she went on, slackening her pace and beginning to breathe more normally. "But I—I was afraid I was going to faint or something. What a comfort you are to me!"

"I gather you don't like Caroline," Andy observed, "but he seems a nice boy. He was down at Palm Springs, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"You'd met him before today?"

"Oh, yes."

"I feel that I am going to buy you something, Dina. Something as a souvenir of the day you came to my

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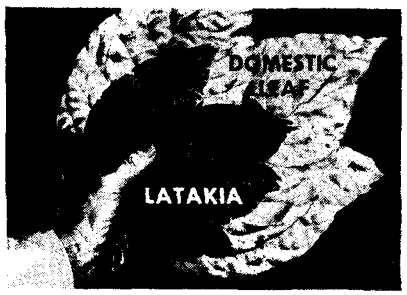

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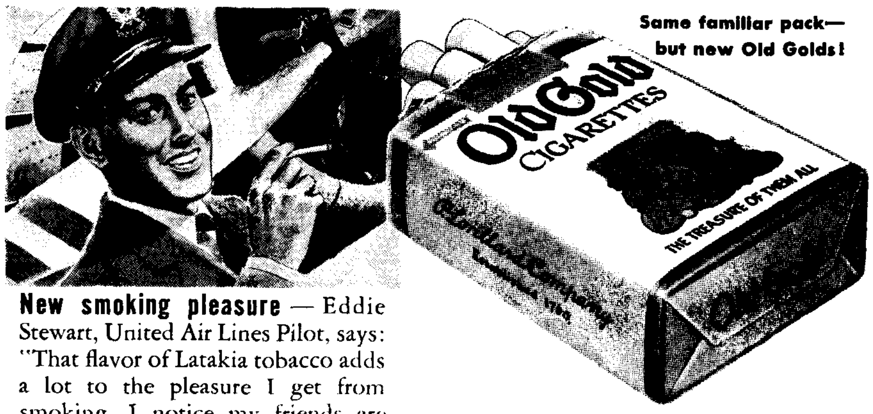

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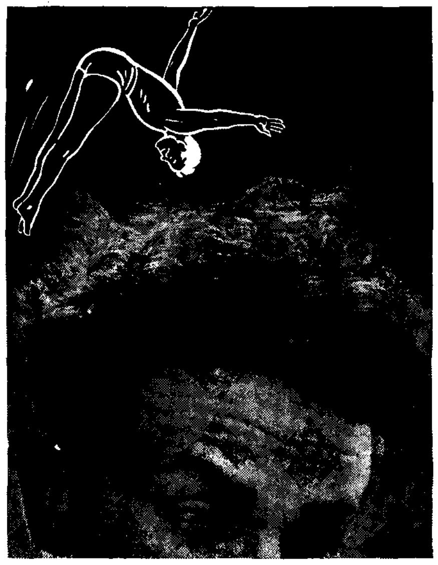

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exhibition. What would you like?"

"How—how high would you go, Andy?"

"Say thirty-five cents."

"Oh, well, then, one of those bowls. Come on, I'll show you where! Here in the window down the alley, see?"

"I see ducks that look as if they had been strangled, and ducks apparently composed of grease, cockroaches and black string," Andy observed.

"Yes, that's the place! See the bowls in the window. Those; one of those. They're twenty-five cents."

"But that leaves ten cents over," Andy observed.

"Well, then we can buy some honey and flaxseed candy."

"What horrible fancies you get, Dina. Which bowl? The red one? Squaw likee red bowl one chop," said Andy.

DINA laughed shakily; tears came into her eyes; she did not look at him.

"This one is a quarter," said the young Chinese.

"I think I'll send my mother some of these," Dina said, her voice still unsteady. "They were eating oatmeal out of the weirdest collection of saucers I ever saw, when I saw them in Stockton. You deliver?"

"In the city and in the Bay counties, Madam."

"Stockton?"

"There'll be a small extra charge for shipping."

"I don't like your belittling my present by sending your mother eight of it," Andy objected; "it's what's called making small of me. I'll send your mother this elephant."

"You will not!" But still she could not trust herself to look at him. "It must weigh fifty pounds! It's supposed to stand in a garden."

"It weighs about twenty-one pounds, madam," said the clerk.

"Why didn't you tell me they'd all been to Harvard," Andy said in an embittered undertone.

"Because I love your Indian dialect!"

She put down her money and wrote the address in a long account book of folded soft pages. The clerk began to wrap one red bowl in tissue and newspaper.

"Yes, we take that one and you send the eight. Well, nothing else I think, *this morning*," Dina said.

"Are these oysters?" Andrew asked respectfully.

"Dried oysters, yes."

"Dina," he said in the street, "what with those soft yellow cakes that looked like folded-up wool socks and those rotted oysters, and the strangled ducks, how does it happen that all these Chinese aren't curled up in spasms of cramp from dawn until dark?"

"Perhaps—perhaps they *are* from dark until dawn, when we don't see them?"

"Here's the church. Want to go in?"

"No. I'm afraid I might cry."

"I bought all my Christmas presents here last year. They made a hit, too," Andy said conversationally.

"Everyone in San Francisco does."

"Feeling better?"

"Every minute, thank you, Andy. I have missed my dentist appointment, haven't I?"

"Yep. It's twenty to one. I don't like things to upset you, Dina."

"Neither do I!"

"Caroline Holland has been catty to you."

"She doesn't like me, but I don't blame her."

"Are you lunching with me?"

"I can't. I'm meeting Rogers in twenty minutes."

"May I suggest a short session in the dressing room with powder and lip red or rouge or something? You look somewhat like a young weasel coming out of retirement after a long winter."

"I'll fix up. Andy," Dina said, clinging to his arm as they walked down the hill, "you are terribly good to me. You've been awfully kind. I—I needed you terribly then."

"I don't suppose you know," Andy said, in a tone suddenly strained and low, "exactly what it means to me to be needed by you."

(To be continued next week)

Medicine out of Magic

Continued from page 16

or copper or, if the surgeon was affluent, of silver.

It is amazing how skillful the early surgeons were in avoiding a vein or an artery. For that matter, it is amazing to watch the quacks perform the operation wholesale in the market place today. I have often seen one lay out his needles by a bowl invitingly placed for coins and heard him exhort the crowd in the best manner of a side-show barker. I have watched him stick needles agonizingly close to an artery or deep into the head. Between operations he wets the needles in his mouth and cleans them on his hair or filthy robes. He punctures for everything from colic to leprosy.

In spite of the disrepute into which acupuncture has fallen, it is based on the principle of the Biers hyperemia treatment and in a way is a forerunner of diathermy. Instead of needles Biers used a tight rubber band. Both methods drew blood to the afflicted spot. And the blood, the body's greatest repair force, helps rid the joints of collected poison. In the 18th century the English and French became interested in acupuncture. One English physician used it successfully in treating sprains and chronic arthritis.

The medieval Chinese were also good herbalists. So were the gypsies. Recently I came upon a small book written by the son of the tinker Petulengro whom Borrow immortalized in The Romany Rye and Lavengro. From his mother, a Rumanian Zingara, Petulengro learned the gypsy formulas that had been handed down by word of mouth for many generations. They treated blood pressure with the common stinging nettle, eczema with a liquid made from birchbark, colds and lung diseases with a cherry syrup, stomach complaints with hops and rheumatoid arthritis with ash leaves. The list of flowers, roots and berries is extensive and many of them have a place in our modern pharmacopoeia.

On the whole we owe a large debt to the folk cures of those dexterous priest-healer-sorcerer-jugglers, the ancient medicine men. Many of the remedies we now use are in direct descent from them. Among those that come to mind most readily are mercury, cascara sagrada, tannic acid, gum Arabic, hops, asafetida, apiole from parsley, aloes and papain from papaya.

But lest you think all medieval medicines were disagreeable you might find this prescription enjoyable: *Kiss seven virgins, daughters of one mother, for seven days in succession.* This is recommended as a cure for scrofula but I believe you would find it equally effective for deafness, a sprained knee or Bright's disease. Or what have you.

Advance Agent

Continued from page 17

pleasant here, cool, no sound of cars, blue and gray shadows, the sweet murmur of the stream. Poor Bill! His shoulders were dejected; his drama had leaked out at the seams.

Connie was touched. "I'm sorry he wouldn't play ball. Tell me about it."

They sat on a rustic bench and Bill looked angry, sheepish, and obstinate. "Very superior young man—Harvard man, doubtless. He said a thug, even a thug with a record, had a legal right to buy beer. He said if there was one at Camp Ryegate, maybe he just liked to fish. As for midnight at the crossroads, if in fact I was sober, hadn't I ever heard about changing a tire? Did I know that truck lines employed inspectors, who stopped trucks to check up on them? And the U. S. government kept pretty busy these days, though always glad to talk to the press."

"What did he say about your escaped aviator inspiration?"

Bill looked at her sullenly. "I didn't mention it."

Incredulously, "What! But that's your banner head—the rest is just filler. Why leave out the leading man? Why didn't you tell him?"

He threw her a queer, half-desperate glance, and got up and walked down to the creek. He picked up a handful of stones and started skipping them, one by one. Connie watched him in bewilderment; the last one skipped eight times and maybe that was a triumph, but just why? But, when he turned back toward the bench, for no reason she felt an odd kind of haste in her pulse.

It *was* desperation in his eyes. He stood opposite her, positively glaring. "That's a damned pretty dress," he said accusingly.

Still bewildered, she stood up and spread out the skirt. "Your orders. You said pants were out, so pants are out. A wistful hope went with this suit."

He was scowling at her. "You're a damned pretty girl," he growled. Then he snorted. "Pretty! My God, you're beautiful."

She didn't know what was happening but exactly at this moment the haste in her pulse became turbulence. "Does that make you see spots?" she asked. Then, "Trying to undermine my will power with flattery, are you?" Then, getting better control, "Some day you'll call me beautiful in front of a third party and you'll find yourself trapped into a shotgun marriage."

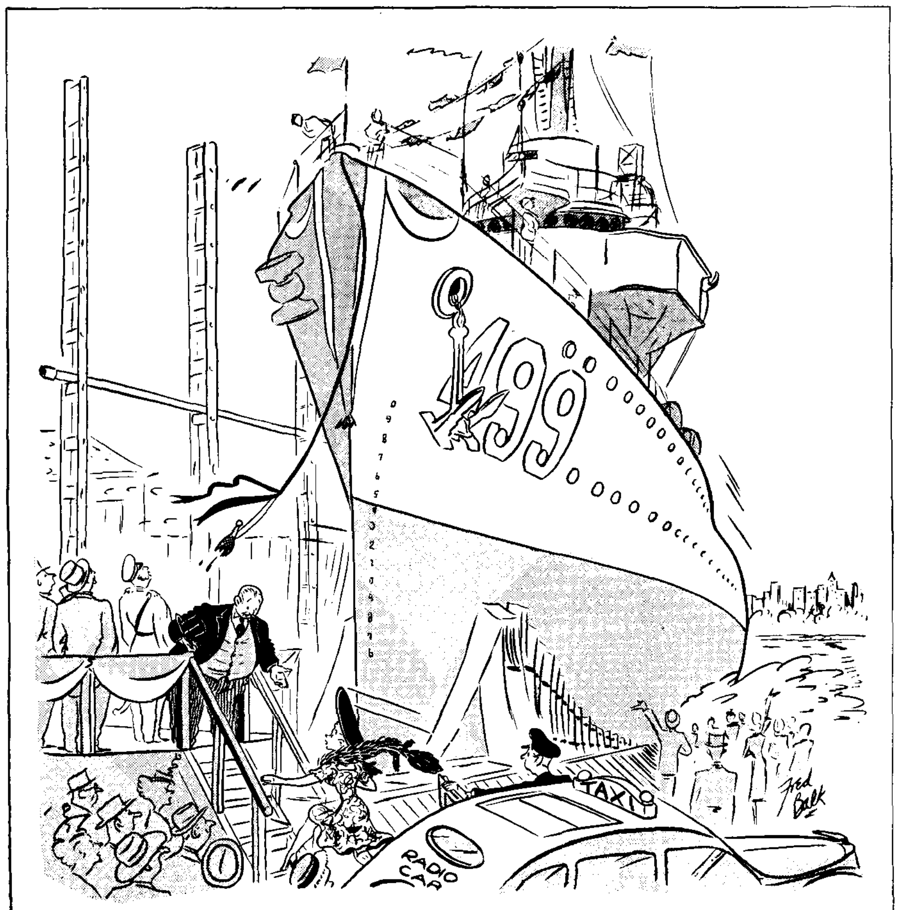
He was beating one palm with the other fist. "Shut up!" he said furiously. "Have you always got to be making wisecracks?"

NOT a bit of this made sense, and there was a roaring in her ears, and she needed a lot more self-control. "Look here!" she said. Her breath lasted just two words. She took a deeper breath. "Are you trying to see if you can make me bawl?"

His voice was agonized: "I'm crazy about you!"

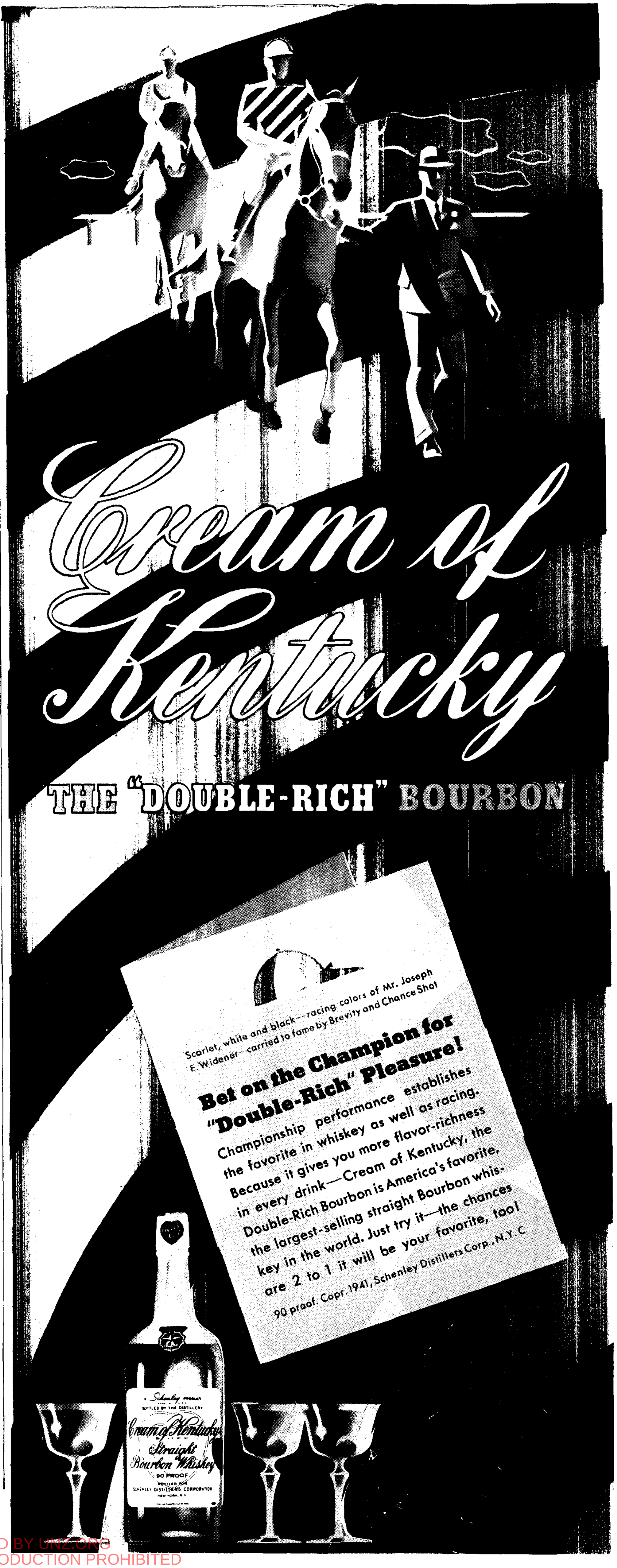
How many times had Constance Scovil, Martha Case College, '43, mooning by herself, tried to imagine him saying just that? With no warning, spoken as if he hated her like the devil, here it was. It could be a hallucination. Her own voice sounded frightened: "I thought I heard you say that!" He said, "I'm crazy about you—you're wonderful—I'm always thinking about you." The trees by the water were all confused and Bill was just a blurred outline, and she said, with a gasp, "Why don't you do something about it?" And Bill looked helpless and said, "Do something?"

The power of motion was gone from her legs—but not altogether. She said, "Like this," and contrived to take a couple of steps. And those were his



"Sorry we couldn't wait, Miss Hotchkiss, but stick around—we'll have another one ready for you shortly!"

FRED BALK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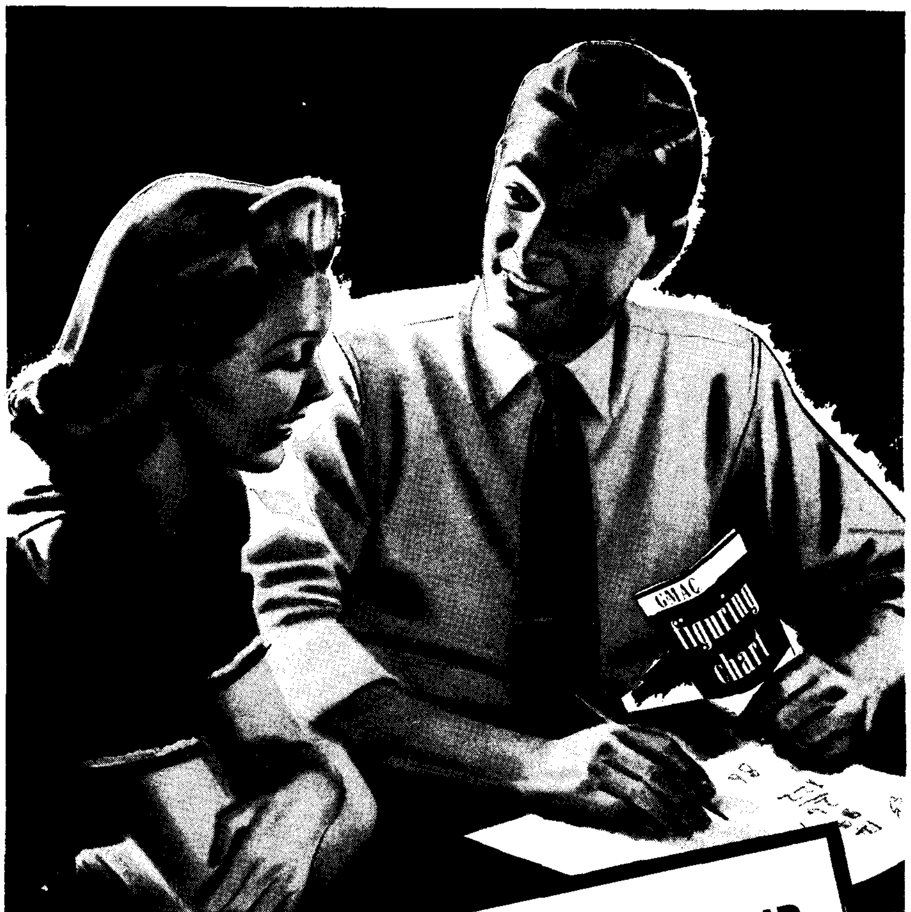

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arms around her and Bill Jay was kissing her at last. She couldn't believe it yet and then the great wave broke over her and it was true. She pressed against him and there was nobody else in the world and no place but this little circle of trees. After an eon or two he started to drop his arms, maybe to look at her, but she whispered, "No, you don't," and held him tighter. He whispered, "Connie, there are tears on your cheeks," and she said, "You know what to do about them." He said desperately, "You really mean this—you really like me?" She could only say "Darling" and really sob.

They sat on a bench and her head was on his shoulder and he had both her hands and kept saying idiotic things. He actually thought that she had just now made up her mind—she had to keep telling him that he hadn't had a chance from the beginning. He said, "It won't turn out to be just a summer crush—you'll really marry me?" She said, "In this dress!" and the best of all was laughing together. And talking in whispers, even though there was nobody else alive. "I kept on throwing myself at you and that was always me sprawling on the ground where you let me bump—you've lost a lot of time you didn't need to lose." And Bill, turning her face up, as if she hadn't had the same idea, and whispering, "Lost time can be made up."

LATER on, blue dusk had made the trees indistinct and the brook murmurous and a great calm had settled on them. Infinitely long ago they had started out for a drive, grouchy, with no notion of a thunderclap to come, and now they were going to be married, they were two people in love, and it simply wasn't the same world. What had the world been like before the thunderclap?

"Let's see," she said dreamily, still holding his arm around her with both hands. "Where were we when you made that inflammable remark? You called me pretty—so look what happened. I know! You were going to tell me why you left out the scarlet thread in your movie script. Why did you?"

Her fiancé muttered something and his arm tightened around her. And then she knew. When you're in love, when someone is in love with you, you don't have to be told.

She sat up. She saw things in the clearest light, and only half the world was glory now. "I see it," she said quietly. "You were in love with me. I guess that's how you found out you were. If you're right about him, my father is involved."

Bill said, "That's right. I'm in love with you."

"That means you're absolutely convinced it's true." A ghastly thought constricted her throat. "Bill, did you—is this—oh, Bill, it wouldn't just be that you feel sorry for me?"

"I'm crazy about you. You don't have to be told."

No, not when you're in love. She took his arm away from her waist. "Let's get it said. You think my father is mixed up in something. You really do."

Clearly and slowly: "Making peace speeches for headlines is one thing. Harboring an enemy is something else. That's a Heinie, that's the aviator who was in the news. And there are queer smells. Winkler—somehow I can't like rich people who have no particular country. Maybe it was just thugs at Booker's camp, but the Heinie was there too, so maybe it wasn't just thugs. It comes under the jobs I've done, darling, I'm supposed to understand the kind of setup this can maybe be."

But it meant . . . yes, there were her own long fears, and bit by bit you could assemble the most damning suspicions. *But it was treason!* Against the United States. She was cold and sick, trying to imagine the terrible unknowns.

"You don't know anything," she said, "you just suspect."

He nodded. "That's exactly true. But anyone who suspects—well, I ought to try."

Connie stood up and went down to the creek. That was what Bill had done just before the thunderclap. It was nearly dark now. She stood looking at the water, not seeing it. She turned back. Bill got up from the bench.

"If you're right, they would be pretty bad people, wouldn't they? I mean, it could be dangerous?"

"Escaped prisoners, enemy agents—they don't come any tougher."

"That's what scares me, not what you think," she said softly. "Maybe you get it now, darling, I'm crazy about you, we're in love." She would not let her voice break. "I can't stand it if you—look, everything we've been up to now has been without each other, but now we're going to get married. . . . You don't need to consider me, Bill. Not about my father, I mean. Anything that might happen to him—well, it would be things happening to you I'd have to live through, not him. . . . Do whatever you want. Whatever you think is right. But I've got to be near enough to keep touching you."

He took her hands. He said, "I'm crazy about you." She said, "Then kiss me." In a world grown treacherous with the unknown it was more than ever glorious to be kissed. By Bill.

"That's settled and we're settled," she whispered. "So—oh, darling, take me to dinner. We've never had an engagement dinner up to now. Tomorrow you can be the boy detective all day long, but tonight we're in love."

"Where shall we go?"

She laughed and tears were stinging her eyes. "Do you suppose we could find some little place where they sell beer?"

GARRETT said, "You seem to feel a strain, *Fräulein*."

Mathilde nodded. "It was bad enough *before I came here—the shock of these* raids. One would think that your success in getting here would make up for that. But there is too much tension, Erich, too much delay, too many cross-purposes."

With an almost humorous detachment, he speculated about Mathilde Winkler. She might be nervous but she was resolute. She looked fragile and seductive, and she might shudder if she had to shoot someone with that automatic in her bag, she might faint after she had shot him, but she would shoot. And, whatever amusements she liked in her leisure hours, her mind was cold, and clear, and sharp. Beside her, Scovil's rhetorical intoxication was mere stupidity.

"I had not expected to stay here so long," she said. "Certainly I did not expect to have to keep you and Lynn from each other's throats."

"I think he is quite mad, and you have reason to be apprehensive. Maybe, *Fräulein*, you had better tell me what you are holding back."

No doubt about the coldness of her mind. "What do you mean, Erich?"

"I don't know, Mathilde. I do know you are withholding something."

"In the face of that?" She glanced at a little packet of papers.

She had obeyed his instructions of last night completely, and he now had material enough to send Scovil to Leavenworth a dozen times over—and far more detail about the coming peace offensive than G2 could possibly have. It was invaluable—and it was still irrelevant. Von Weitbrecht had not been reached.

"Yes, in the face of that." She stood

his scrutiny; he could not read her thoughts. "Well, you will decide for yourself—I trust, not too late. There are forty-eight hours left."

"What does that mean?"

"Just this." He assumed the steel of the *Nachrichtendienst*. "You are quite right. Time has been lost, our situation is desperate, and Scovil is—too visionary. We make no progress toward von Weitbrecht." He had, in fact, decided that more was known about von Weitbrecht than had been told him. "I will wait twenty-four hours more for him to report to me—till this time tomorrow evening. If he comes, we will begin there. If he doesn't, *Fräulein,* I can wait no longer."

"What can you do without him?"

"Why," he said, calmly, "you will summon everyone at the Forwarding Company who knows anything about our plans, and everyone else who can get here by car or plane before Tuesday noon. We will have a little meeting, determine who is to blame for mistakes and accidents, and then work out the best way of repairing them and preparing to do the job without von Weitbrecht." Mathilde was appalled. "You would call a general rendezvous? Here? Erich, nothing could possibly be more dangerous."

"Yes, it is unfortunate. It is also unfortunate that von Weitbrecht has failed us. Those are my orders—and do not mention them to Scovil."

IF HIS guess about von Weitbrecht was right, she would have to tell Scovil at her first opportunity. . . . He was taking the offensive, bringing on action, precipitating an unknown climax.

Mathilde was watching him narrowly, and he saw a slight quiver in her fingers. "In any event," he said, "neither of us will be here after Tuesday night. . . ."

"I think Booker is downstairs," she said. "Maybe he has brought news of von Weitbrecht. Or—" more slowly. "You know, he suspects you of being an American."

He took Mathilde's arm and said, "If I am not too critical, when you choose helpers like Booker, could you not look more closely for intelligence?"

Scovil, in good humor but his eyes glittery, was filling three cocktail glasses. Booker got to his feet when they came in—and looked surly. An ugly brute, a true squarehead. So typical a Nazi that he seemed a caricature.

Garrett called the houseman, "Bring another cocktail glass." He nodded to Scovil. "Don't stand on caste—Booker would like a drink." He gave one of the filled glasses to Booker, and said, "Now as for my being an American, just what—"

Booker nearly dropped the glass. His low forehead creased, his eyes were first startled and then vindictive. Garrett glanced at Scovil, who was clearly embarrassed by his subordinate's stupidity. "Why not?" Garrett said, "It is not bright to hold a suspicion past its proper time. But Booker was certainly right to suspect me." He turned to Booker. "Drink your cocktail! Tell me what is on your mind."

The thug was no menace when embarrassed. His swart face got darker, and he muttered, "I thought I had seen you somewhere."

"Where?" Booker moved his massive shoulders and had no answer. Garrett waited, then said, "You are a *skimeister?* Were you ever in the Sierra Nevadas?" Booker shook his head. "You could have seen me there ten years ago. Where did you practice your trade in Germany?"

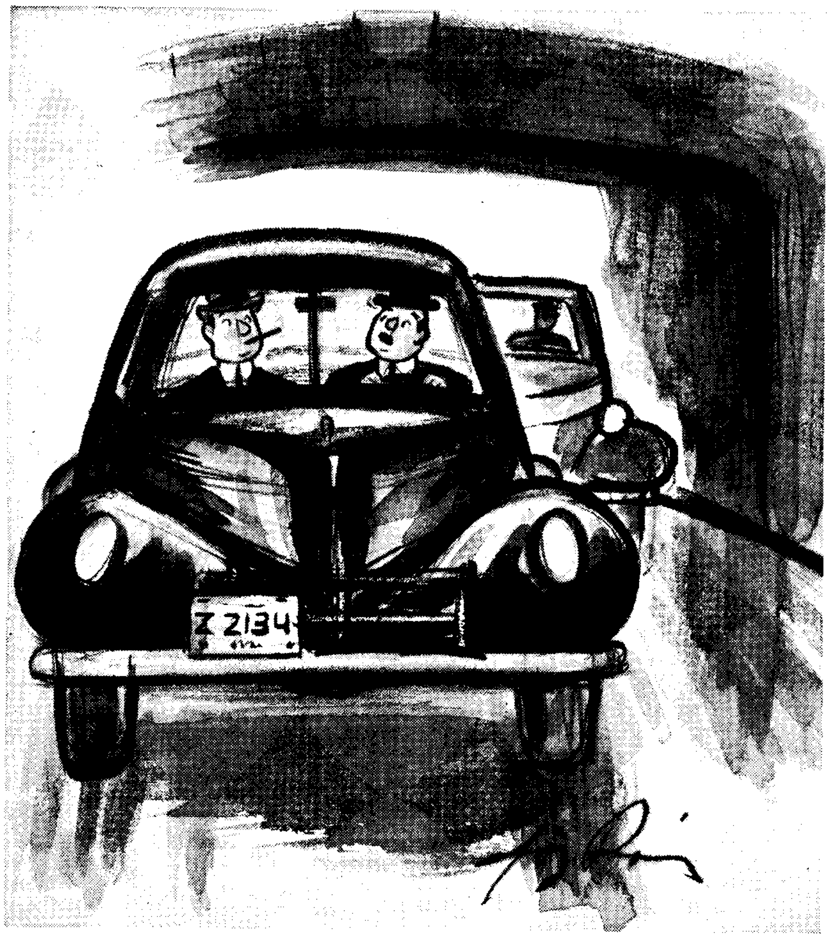
"In Austria. Arlberg."

Garrett said carelessly, "Perhaps you have seen me, then. I first went to Arlberg in 1932. I've been back many times."

"1932!" Booker growled. "That year there were many Americans."

That year, in fact, there was even a team composed of Americans studying at German technical institutes. It had done surprisingly well. And a member of it named James Garrett had placed several times and scored one first.

"I believe there were some Germans



"I finally persuaded my wife to put out her hand on taking a turn. I bought her a diamond ring"

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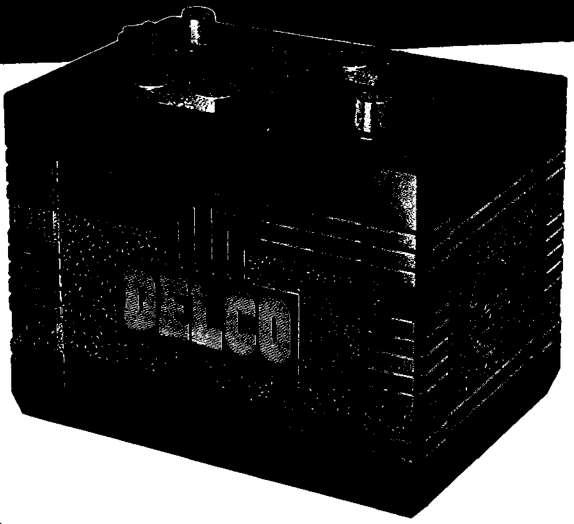

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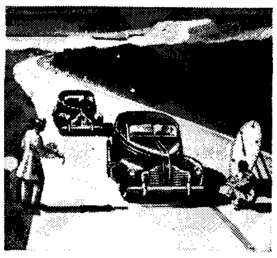

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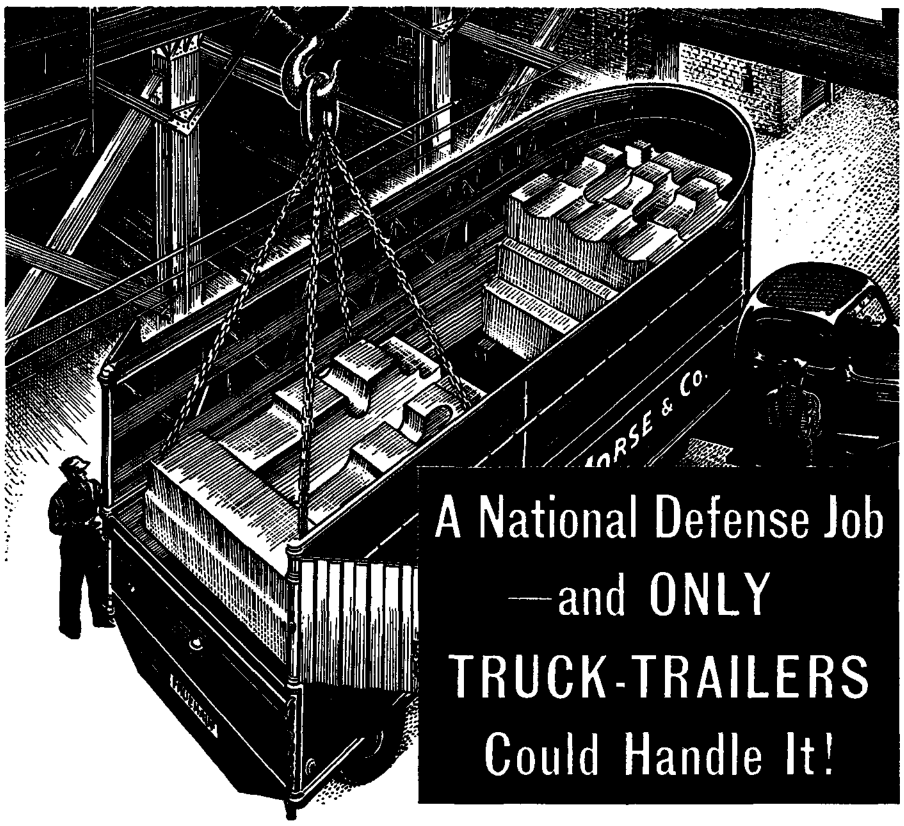
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too," he said, and turned to Scovil. "We can use men who remember a face nine years. But Booker means something else." He stepped nearer Booker. "The truth is, you think I am from the *Gestapo*."

He had made the shot at random, merely to embarrass Booker more, but at once saw that it had got home. Instantly he followed it up: "You do not like having the *Gestapo* near. It would be comfortable to get rid of it—and what better way than framing me as an American spy?" He made the most of the inch or so by which he out-topped Booker, stood close, spoke with controlled harshness. "I may well be from the *Gestapo*. You have only to obey orders. Obey them. I will do with you what I see fit."

DISCIPLINE was a handy thing. The reflexes of Carl Booker—Karl Bucher of Arlberg—were trained to obedience and he would never again suspect Garrett of being an American.

"Now, leave us." Booker made an about face and strode away, but Garrett halted him. "Wait!" With the greatest suavity. "You are at the disposal of all three of us, *Fräulein* Winkler, Mr. Scovil and me. Understand, however, that I command. If anyone's orders should conflict with mine, you will obey mine."

When the door closed behind Booker, Scovil said, "Word from von Weitbrecht reached camp this afternoon."

"Yes?" he said imperturbably.

He scrutinized the dark officious face for a motive—deception, policy, canniness, but nothing was legible. "By wire. We reported your arrival and he will doubtless come to the camp. He should come sometime tomorrow, or by tomorrow night's truck, or at the latest, Tuesday."

If there was any clue, would it be a trace of surprise or possibly doubt in Mathilde's eyes? Well, he would stand pat. "He would find it convenient to report to me tomorrow. I will not wait past Tuesday."

After dinner, Scovil went away. The breeze had fallen and the still night was humid. He was afraid of this pause, for when tension was released one risked getting careless. But tonight he was buoyed up and confident exulting in his progress toward the goal. The improbable, the all but impossible, was coming true. The long chance had been worth taking. He had converted accident into good fortune, failure into success, and the all but forbidden end was coming near.

Mathilde crossed from her chair in deep shadow to sit beside him on the steps leading down from the terrace, and took his arm. "You are thoughtful, Erich."

"I do not enjoy inaction, Mathilde," he said.

"Heaven knows you have had action enough for most men." She was whispering, and her hand made a small, premonitory pressure on his arm.

He stood up. "You will forgive me if I leave you for an hour or so?" She rose in a single sinuous movement that brought her hair very near his face, and softly breathed "Erich!" He said, "I have hard thinking to do. I think much too irrelevantly when I am by your side, *Gräfin*. I will drive for a while."

"You can't mean to miss the broadcast?"

"Or do you think, like Booker, that I will get in touch with the Americans if you are not watching me?" Her hand made a gesture of denial which allowed it to brush gently across his. "I promise I will not betray you to the enemy tonight, Mathilde. But it is sound sense, it is a very needful sanity, for us not to be alone together. There is too much likelihood of forgetting my errand."

Done with a spade! But it succeeded and, with a sigh, she let him go. No one at the garage objected when he took a car but, a mile or so past Scovil's gates, there were again persistent headlights in the mirror. Mathilde had not had time to summon Booker, and probably Scovil had not ventured to disobey his orders. So Booker was doing this on his own. Either he had not been convinced at cocktail time or he had been convinced too thoroughly. Suppose Booker had turned feral? Easy enough to drive up beside this car and dispose forever of an American agent or a *Gestapo* agent with a single shot. There must be guns at Scovil's, many of them. At any cost, by any expedient, he must lay *hands on one tomorrow.*

But it was a different disquiet that shook him when he drew up at the bookshop. All the many follies of this impulse, all the private and official disasters that might turn on it, were quite clear in his mind as he sat for a moment before going in. He understood them perfectly, and he had no will to prevent them. Between dark and dark, for a half-hour seized from necessity, a man must be himself.

Gail answered his ring. She stood in the open door and was neither angry nor glad. "I admitted I couldn't stop you," she said. "But I hoped you would do what I asked."

He stepped past her into the hall, went into the bookshop that was so like a library, and stood looking at her. "Still," Garrett said, "you put on a charming dress to welcome disappointment in."

THE full force of his folly was apparent, for, grave and troubled, darkly beautiful, she stormed his senses with the sudden, overwhelming realization of how much was denied him. Rebellion rose in him in a great tide; he was struggling not to take her in his arms. . . . She looked back at him, without coloring, without turning her eyes away. She gestured toward a deep chair, and sat down across the room from him.

"That's true," she said. "I called myself a fool but I wanted to look my best so that you would be glad of me. Day by day I've come to be more afraid of you, and tonight I could hardly bear waiting for you. It must not be, John."

The shameful alias heightened his rebellion. "Too many things must not be. I must not remember your eyes smiling, or driving with you late at night, or how it is to kiss your mouth. What is there to do? I do remember."

Her gaze fell; she looked down at her crossed ankles. So he could let his eyes fill with her hair, her shoulders, her knees, the tenderness of her lips. She looked up again. "When are you going to tell me the truth about yourself?"

Yes, that was how the knife had to twist. Never. And already he was paying high for his folly in coming here. Only a desperate levity could serve him, "God knows what the truth about any man is, my dear, when any woman asks that question."

She ignored it. "There is something desperate about you, John." Her breast rose in a long sigh. "Oh, I don't mean what you think! It's nothing to me that you called yourself a thief, or that you did not seem to know Lynn Scovil when you came to the town he lives in. I forgot all that when . . . when something happened to us. But there is some terrible alertness in you. As if you were in the midst of deadly enemies. Or, God help me, as if the shadow of death was on you. You are like a steel spring bent too far. You seem to be always looking past my shoulder, watching for your mortal enemy. It terrifies me—I've got to know what it means."

More of the inexorable price set on folly. In an honest man's life this disclosure would have been sheer ecstasy. Since that moment on Wednesday evening when he had first touched his cheek to her hair there had been something electrical between Gail Armstrong and himself. Some spark that flashed when they met and carried across the gulf that separated them. It had enabled her to pierce the impersonation that had completely deceived everyone else. She was as innocent of the evil world he labored in as she was ignorant of his history—but she had come, in the heart's knowledge, to the edge of his secret.

The trap closed on him and what lie could help him out? He smiled. "That's a fairly romantic description for a drab metallurgist to fit." For a single moment his tone brought a dimple to the corner of her mouth. It vanished when he said, "I hadn't suspected you of a gift for melodrama." She shook her head and her eyes reproached him. He got out of his chair, went to a window, stood looking out. The unpredictable and the incredible swirled in his mind. Washington — Detroit — Scovil's little nest of snakes—the antlike creatures of von Weitbrecht scurrying in darkness.

He turned back—and had to pass a desk with a cash register. And good God! There was a revolver on it, a loaded revolver. But he had decided that there was only one way to answer Gail—to divert her from the unanswered question. "And you trouble me, Gail," he said. "There is Scovil—you must not marry him."

She had the dignity of complete defenselessness and complete honesty. "It can't make any difference to . . . what we're saying. But I won't, John. I couldn't. Not possibly. Not now."

SO THAT much of the price was relaxed, and whatever else might come from this hour, one vileness was removed from her. But he had been swept out into a current far stronger than the St. Lawrence he had fought against. There was the curve of her lips, and for one moment in the midst of war a man might be himself.

She stood up, shrinking back. "Don't touch me, John!" she whispered.

He stopped short. "My name is not John," he said hoarsely. "I won't touch you if you tell me not to. What do you say?"

She gave him the dismayed tenderness of her eyes. She said, syllable by slow syllable, "I can't care what your name is."

His moment was fulfilled in the touch of her lips. . . . If there were no war, if he were an honest man, if he had no job to do. She raised her face again. "You said all hell would be brought down on us if there were a third time," she said. "This is the third time. It isn't hell yet." He said, against her cheek, "It will be. Nothing can come of this, Gail."

"Then I'm right. You'll tell me what it is . . . now."

Her image had been in his eyes through the deadliest of days. Trust, loyalty, and surrender were in her kiss. She stood in his arms, and in ten seconds he must find some final harshness that would alienate her forever and some despicable lie that would scar her forever.

Voices and footsteps on the porch. Gail stood away from him—and no one could look at her cheeks or her eyes, or doubtless his either, without knowing that a love scene had been interrupted. But the two who came into the bookshop were hilariously excited, too concerned with themselves to observe anything. There was a girl with blond curls and a lively face, and close behind her a young man whom Garrett noticed only vaguely.

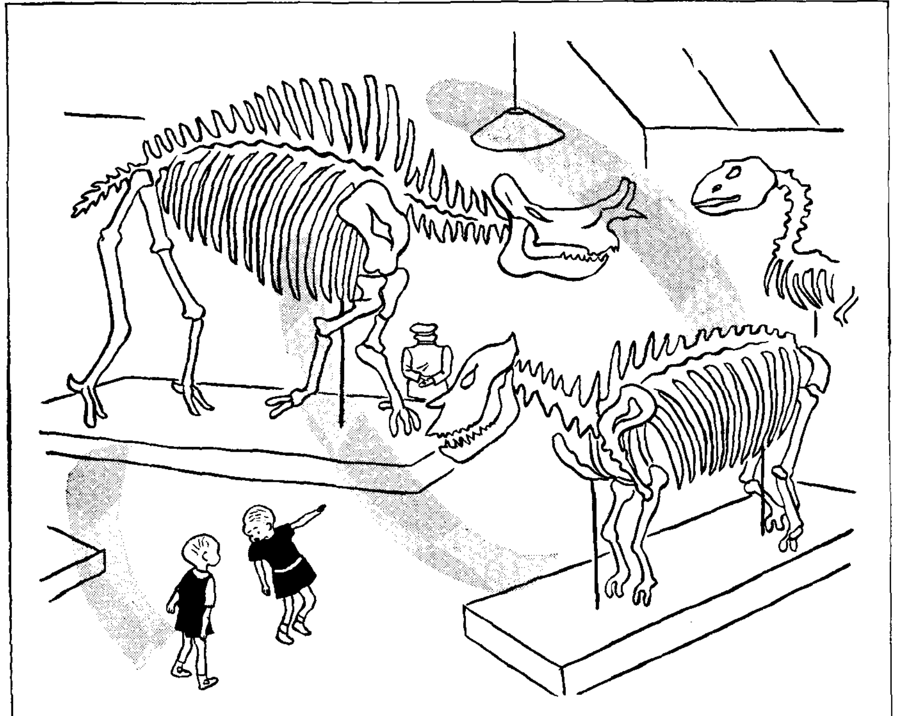
"Gail!" the girl said breathlessly, "Gail, you've got to listen! Richmond has fallen—Martha Case College in the stretch—all of a sudden he just crumbled and it's true, it happened, we're engaged . . . Oh!" She had seen Garrett. Her voice broke off, gaiety went out of her face, she looked first startled and then apprehensive.

Women had their own discipline. Gail was poised and graceful, as if no emotion had been interrupted. "This is Constance Scovil," she said casually, "Lynn's daughter. And Mr. Jay, Bill Jay. John . . . I mean, Mr. Page."

Garrett bowed to Scovil's daughter and turned to Jay, holding out his hand, aware now of a homely face, a tall, spare frame—and, unexpectedly, eyes that were hard and hostile. The young man did not take his hand but said, "I saw you at Pinnacle Manor, the night of the dance."

Garrett's full alertness roused to the unmistakable antagonism of Jay's manner. He said easily, "Yes, I'm staying there."

"Yeah." It was unmistakable hostility that was written on Bill Jay's face. He had no clue to it. A glance at Connie showed that she was tense. Jay said explosively, "I've seen you somewhere else, too. Camp Ryegate." He hesi-



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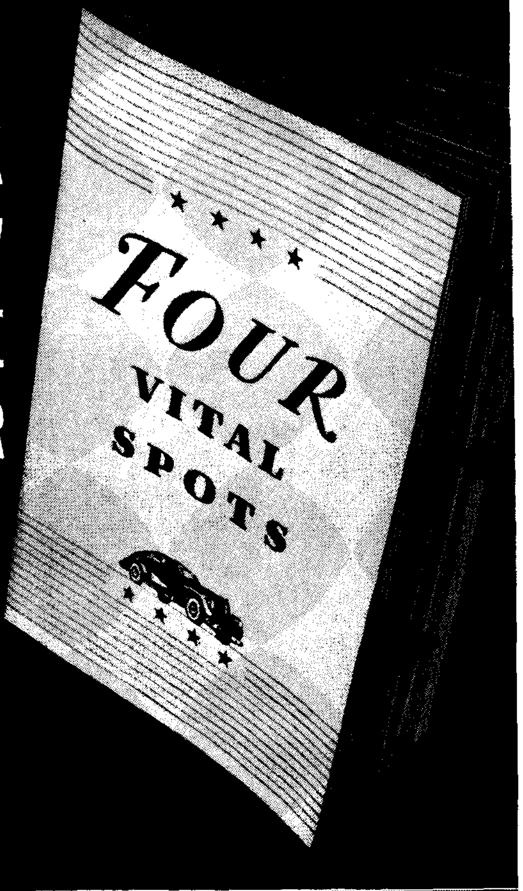

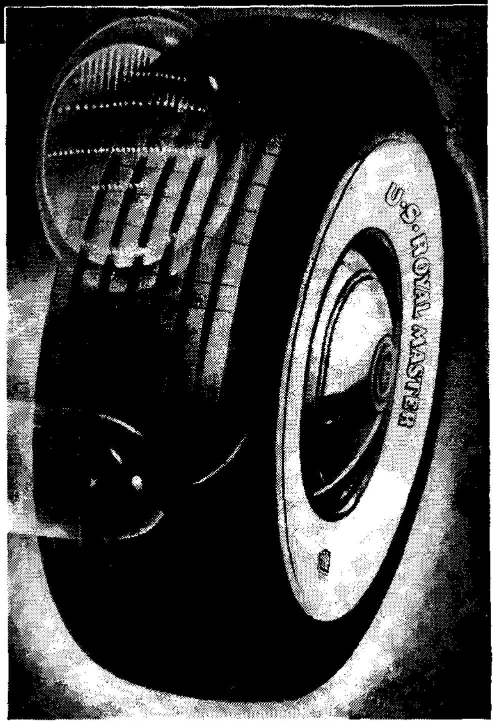

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tated for a moment, then plunged, "How much longer do you think you can get away with it?"

He heard Connie gasp and saw Gail's startled face. The dice had fallen wrong and an emergency was here. He smiled tranquilly at Jay, who burst out, "Your name is Römer. You're a Nazi prisoner of war."

So it was a total emergency—and in a quarter where it could not have been expected or prepared for. There was no possibility of flight. The thing had to be handled here. Handled here, handled now and handled right.

Connie had said "Bill!" in a frightened whisper, and Jay was leaning forward from his toes. The tableau held. Garrett broke it by sitting down and saying conversationally to Gail, "Is your friend connected with the theater?"

Gail too sat down, not gracefully. Connie said thinly, "Those were the beans spilling, Bill—the whole jar." Bill Jay nodded and seemed about to paw the ground. "I'm going through with it."

"Yes?" Garrett said, "What is it you're going through with, Mr. Jay?"

"Sorry, Gail," Jay threw her an apologetic glance. "I don't like being pushed around. I was pushed around right after I saw you at Camp Ryegate. You were with Booker. At the halfway house, the cabin at the bottom of the ski tow."

Never deny what could be established! He nodded. "That would be Thursday. A little before noon."

"I'm a newspaperman—I've formed a habit of looking into things. I was looking into the Taylor Mountain ski run. I got my jaw socked."

Garrett said thoughtfully, "I can understand that."

"Yeah. But who does it tie you up with? Just thugs, I thought at first. Thugs seem to like Camp Ryegate. There's a truck that comes by every night toward midnight, and gets met. Somebody hangs out at the cabin on top of Taylor Mountain—people who mustn't be seen. I get knocked down when I start in that direction."

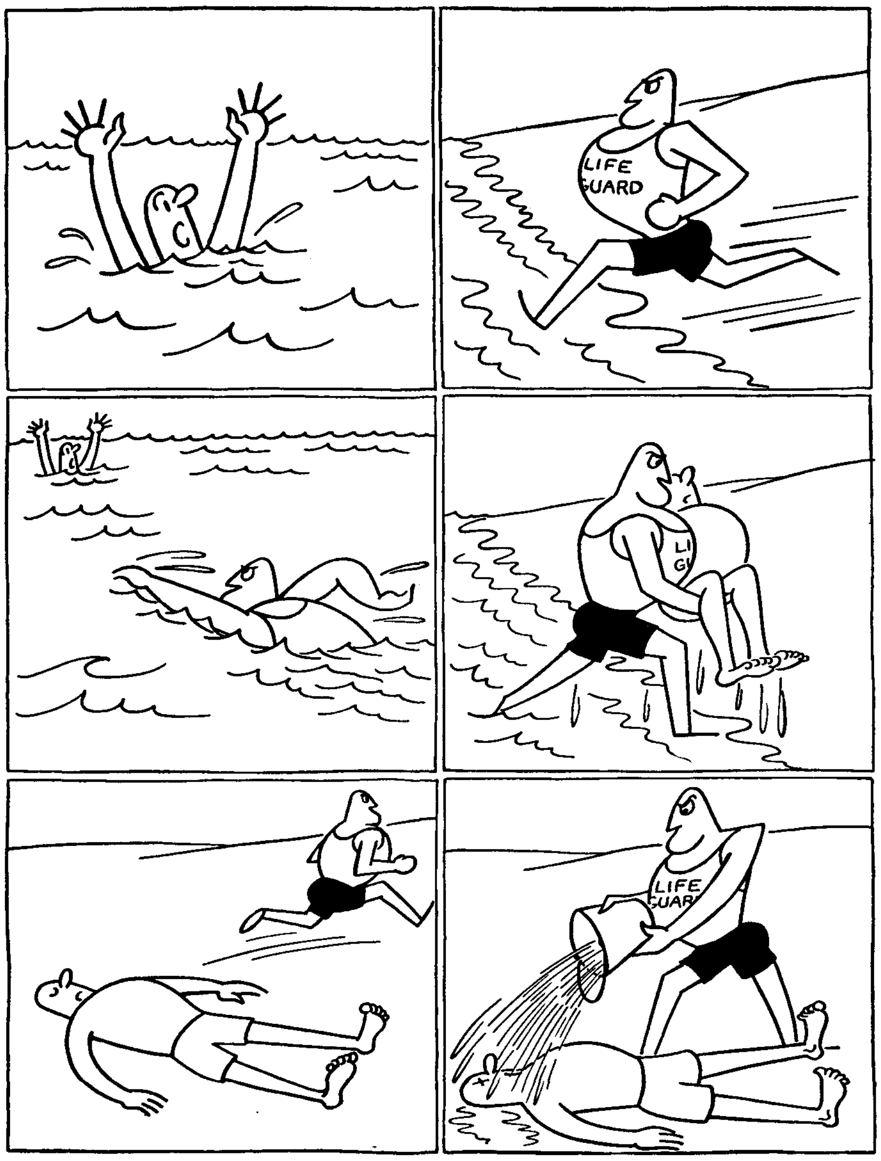
Mr. Bill Jay was certainly a newspaperman! He had located the line of communication. More than that, he had learned something which Garrett had not been able to—someone was in hiding at the top of the ski run. Mr. Jay was a good man, much too good a man. He must be stopped.

JAY rushed on: "The hell with that! When I saw you at Scovil's, after seeing you with Booker—well, I got on the job. You'll find this is a funny country, brother—we get the news. Who unloaded from a car of prisoners in Ontario? Who got shot at on the bank of the St. Lawrence opposite Cornwall? Who broke into a lunch counter north of Malone? Who stole an automobile up above Saranac Junction and drove it into Vermont and abandoned it just north of Manchester?"

Garrett's mind flashed to that revolver at the cash register. No. This crisis could not be eased by shooting. Could it be eased by anything? "I don't know," he said evenly to this best of all newspapermen. "Is there some idea that I did?" It was his luck that both Jay and Connie kept their attention fixed on him. They might have seen Gail's face. He saw it.

Jay launched his final accusation: "Who did Gail pick up at Manchester just about the time the car was abandoned there?"

Gail made no sound. Garrett said, "Gail picked me up at Manchester—though it's an ungraceful phrase. That was late Wednesday night." Only he knew what her eyes meant when he turned to her. He made his cast. "Was there some suggestion that I had abandoned a car there, Gail?"



OTTO SOGLOW

It was the most despicable act he had been called upon to perform in a despicable trade. Her eyes died but she said calmly, "None whatever. And no suggestion that you had stolen a car or that the police were after you. Bill, this is unforgivable. You're making some grotesque mistake."

HE FELT a bitter and intolerable exultation. He had counted on her, betraying her, and he had been right to count on her. He roused himself to the advantage. Jay shouted, "I know what I'm talking about!" Garrett said scornfully, "I admire your talent for fantasy and headlines—but watch out that it doesn't get you into trouble." But, unexpectedly, it was Constance Scovil who took charge.

"Wait, Bill!" Her thin, pale face had an intentness as deadly as Gail's. "We can be wrong. Maybe you could be seeing things backward—from some bad angle. Look at him! If you're right, he's got nerves made of steel. Nobody has nerves like that. No escaped aviator looks down his nose at you—why isn't he through the window and out into the night? Something is very screwy—it could be us. Mr.—Mr. Page, will you please tell us who you are?"

He said, "No, not on compulsion, Miss Scovil." But Gail said, "Yes, tell us . . . who you are." How could they miss the desperation in her plea?

Between Gail and Connie he had won time enough to know what to do with Jay. He knew, now in full. He said, "Libel is a precious privilege of the newspaper business, Mr. Jay. But it has two edges. Why haven't you taken your melodrama to the police? If you've found an enemy of your country, you certainly ought to."

"I'm going to. Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Not if you're prepared to pay the price of being wrong." He let a brusque anger be seen in him, and stood up. "But before you do, inquire about me at the California Institute of Technology."

He turned to Gail: "The young man is a fool and I should treat him as one. But I can't let him embarrass you." He went to stand a couple of feet from Jay. "You'll find my picture in Caltech's annual for the class of 1931. I am a metallurgist. I have offices in Toledo—a telegram will check that. I am an old friend of Miss Scovil's father. There is no reason why I should account for myself to you. I'd enjoy your going to the police before verifying all this. But if the newspaperman's technique permits verification, see me tomorrow at Pinnacle Manor."

"What if I don't—" the angry young man began, but Garrett cut him short. "Do whatever your delusions require—but get out of here now and let me make amends to Mrs. Armstrong." He turned to Connie: "When you came in you were making an announcement. I can't say that I congratulate you. But, maybe it gives you an interest in keeping him from being too big a fool?"

"Nobody can call Bill a fool to me," the girl said slowly. "But even Bill could make a mistake. I think he's wrong about you. What I believed about you when I came in doesn't seem to make sense. I guess this is a good place to retire and sort out our ideas and see where some second thoughts bring us out. Come on, Bill. This time, let's make it bright."

Jay growled, "I'll damn' well see you tomorrow," and the two went out.

No, not tomorrow. Tomorrow would be altogether another day.

She sat in the deep red chair, motionless, without animation, hands clasped in her lap, her eyes cast down. Nothing about her moved, not her fingers, not the tips of her white pumps. When she spoke at last her voice was drained of all life: "You have to go now. You must not wait till tomorrow. He is not safe."

The one thing he must do was the one thing he could not do. "I don't ask you to believe anything, Gail."

"Yes. And we won't even pretend we don't know why I protected you. You needn't be afraid. But you must not lose a moment now."

Precisely. He must not lose a moment now. Nor was there anything he could say—even if he were permitted to say anything. He stood saying nothing.

Gail put her hands over her eyes. "You still haven't told even me your name . . . Römer . . . Well, I didn't tell him that I saw the police. . . . It would have been better if just one of our moments had no lies. Our . . . love scenes." Her voice broke. "Do you have to stay to see me in tears?"

He saw her shoulders begin to shake under the heavy white silk. He turned and went out. An enemy of America in the eyes of the woman who had answered his kiss twenty minutes ago. A Nazi to the woman he had fallen in love with. . . . As he passed the cash register, he picked up the loaded revolver and put it in his pocket.

BEFORE he reached the porch he had made over all his plans. Today he had resolved to do everything that might precipitate the ending within forty-eight hours. Now he had no such ample time as forty-eight hours. The ending was under way, however unprepared. It had been begun by Bill Jay, who was much too good as a newspaperman, but fortunately, was a little naïve, a trifle too impetuous. And if it was the personal disaster of James Garrett that he had come to the bookshop tonight, it was not the disaster of G2—it was the most incredible luck.

But what if Jay was not sufficiently delayed by his fiancée's doubts or by the first-rate performance of G2's leading man? What if he had gone straight from the bookshop to the local constabulary or the state police. No. Probably it was just strong enough to hold Jay off till tomorrow.

He ducked down the side of the house and went out at a rear gate, kept to shadows at the corner, and peered down four streets. A car was unobtrusively parked in the gloom of an elm. It was empty when he reached it but he found Booker behind the elm, snarling when he called him by name.

"Never mind—it's a good thing you're here. Do you know a man named Jay? Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter. Some of your gang apparently beat him up."

"I know him."

"It was distinctly a mistake to beat him up. . . . He will be coming back here before long, with a girl. She is Scovil's daughter—she must not be alarmed. Can you follow him when he leaves here—and take him quietly?"

Booker nodded. "Yes, but—"

"Silence! I will hold you responsible. Take him to your camp and keep him there. If you harm him in the least I will choke you with my own hands. He is not to be touched—only held there till I decide what to do with him. Do what I tell you." He turned away, then came back. "Say nothing of this to Scovil or *Fräulein* Winkler."

So Erich Köchlin was of the greatest service to James Garrett, and Bill Jay was taken care of. There remained the unpredictable results that might come from the emotions of two women. The lightning that had actually struck had come from a direction about which no predictions could be ventured. Well, he would see. The finale had begun.

(To be continued next week)

Come Down Shootin'

Continued from page 10

that all our men are volunteers whereas Germans are "forced" into parachute service. A second is that the United States has not followed German practice. A third is that German planes have a so-called "jump master," who kicks out any who hesitate, where American paratroops "will be so highly trained they will not have to be urged to jump." German officers smile when they read such misconceptions. You know why. It's the sort of foreign thinking that has played into their hands since this war began.

As a matter of fact, there was no other *military* precedent for the Americans—organized six months after paratroops at Rotterdam convinced army men they were "here to stay." Some practical hints were obtained from the two-year-old parachute fire-fighting of our Forest Service. But of military experience not enough has been reported by our attachés in Russia, France or Germany. Once actual combat usage of any new weapon occurs, fundamental data is quickly collectible. Thus, after the West, we had a "chart." Our paraplanes carry twelve paratroops, as the Germans do, knit into a self-contained squad equipped to wage a miniature war all by itself. We have a chute-tripping device similar to theirs. Our altitude practices and timing follow suit. It is in details of technique that variations in the development of any weapon take place, due to differences in national psychology, temperaments, problems and resources.

After Stendal, other schools were established, chiefly in the bombing-free country east of Berlin, latterly in former Polish territory. Stendal has remained Udet's favorite. Its cautious, yet intense, routine is of his devising, and has become standard paraschool curriculum. Scores of thousands have been trained in Stendal's five years. Only Stendal among the dozen schools has this perfect record: injuries have occurred there, but *not a single fatality*. All the other schools have had fatalities. At one public demonstration I know of, one chute failed and killed its soldier. In Crete twenty-five men were killed through chute failure.

Nothing But the Best

German paratroops must come from some other branch: this is the first requirement — a thorough elementary military training.

All paratroops are strictly volunteers. It is obvious that for psychological and morale reasons they must be. In no other way could be obtained the audacity, freshness, mental and physical initiative required for the split-second time-tabling of chute offense. The safety of every man, the success of every battle, requires the lack of hesitation which can only be expected in very carefully hand-picked volunteers, whether in the German army or any other army. So great has become the prestige of the corps that it has a waiting list wholly in excess of its apparent requirements. The somewhat dubious nature of the volunteering of Goering's third battalion is laughingly admitted by German officers, who point out that parasoldiering was then an unknown and untried mystery; besides, these were veterans of the line, not likely to be enthusiastic for new tricks.

Propaganda effort to attract volunteers was concentrated, upon making it the more elite and cocky branch of the service. Distinction was granted in special privileges, in diet, in extra pay, in all the little ways of army pampering.

Paratroops must pass psychological, educational and physical tests which in principle and severity are the same as for pilots. Tests to detect inclination to giddiness are especially stern. It was found that men who excel in active sports were most suitable. The paratroops include virtually the whole roster of Germany's 1932 and 1936 Olympic teams. All prize fighters who can qualify mentally are in the paratroops, likewise bright, middle and dim lights of basketball, fencing, hockey, swimming, diving and track. Practically, without exception, professional and amateur jockeys are paratroops. The boys who mount the ponies at Ruhleben, Berlin's famous race track, each Sunday morning are nearly all on week-end leave from a paraschool.

They Ride Through the Air—

Horsemanship seems to give special aptitude. Famous gentlemen jockeys and steeplechase winners and international poloists are among the officers. Willi Klucke, renowned soccer goalie of Leipzig's champion team; Werner Paresemann of Erfurt, who scored 43 goals in the last prewar football season; Olympic winner Alfred Schwartzmann; Count Wonder Schulenberg, international pistol star; Assistant Reich Sports Chief Tschammer Osten; men you have watched in Forest Hills and Los Angeles—are now dropping out of the skies over Russia. And, of course, there is Max Schmeling, who fought bravely in Crete until he was knocked out by tropical fever.

A soldier, then, to begin with, the paratrooper gets a special training course of eight weeks at Stendal or one of the other schools before going into a division.

First, he is taught to pack, unpack, pack, unpack his chute until he can do it in his sleep.

Second, he receives indoctrination in soldierly initiative; in the qualities of "rugged individualism" which might be required of a man on an important mission who might conceivably find himself suddenly alone. We'd call this "scout training."

Third, expert and thorough instruction in automatic-pistol marksmanship at moving targets, to simulate firing in a drop. He practices from the ground, while suspended in harness, from the top of a speeding automobile and lastly while making actual descents.

Fourth, body-building exercises—gymnastics, contortions, tumbling, acrobatics, somersaults, rolling, ground-obstacle hurdling and sprinting with heavy packs, falling backward and forward from a standing position, first on a mattress then on bare ground. This latter seems the hardest thing for the men to "let themselves go" at. It is the medical experience at paraschools that trainees—even professional athletes already in tiptop condition—lose weight. But they develop an extraordinary catlike quickness.

Fifth—most of these stages, of course, are simultaneous or overlapping—is suspension above the ground or floor in parachutelike harness of especially designed machines, in front of great blower fans. The recruit learns how to get in the direction of the wind by movements of his legs and oscillations of his body.

Sixth, he makes practice jumps, without a chute, of course, from roofs of automobiles moving at moderate speed. The theory of the parachute is to arrest the law of falling bodies. In physics we

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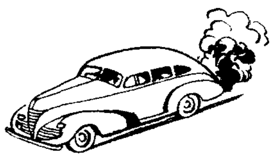

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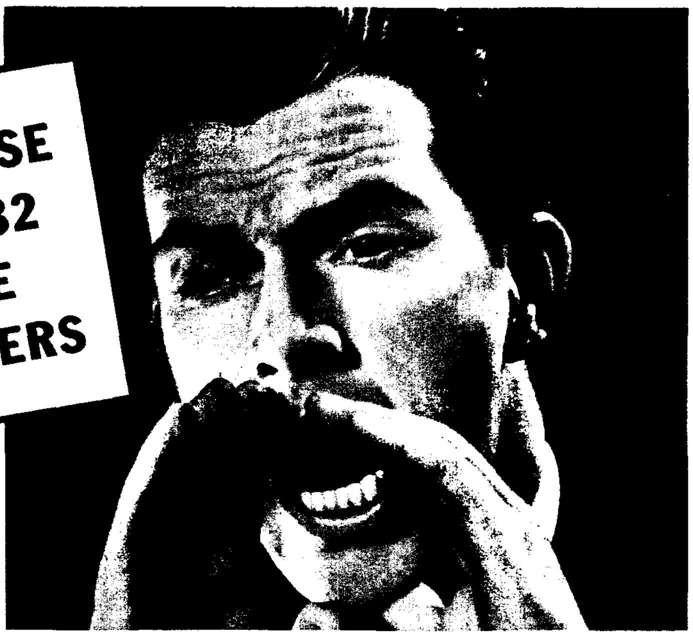

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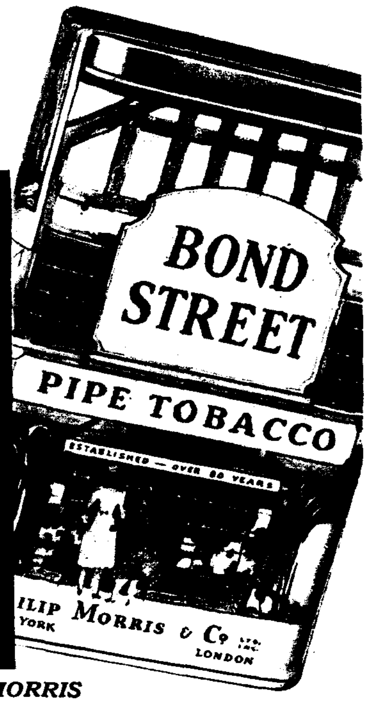

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learn that a falling body falls 16 feet in the first second, 32 in the second and thus keeps increasing its speed to so-called terminal velocity—the highest speed at which it will fall. Terminal velocity differs with objects of different masses and weights. The average human body falling unimpeded will build up a speed of 257 miles per hour. The parachute, simply, holds the speed at the initial mark—16 feet per second. That is equivalent to a jump from the roof of a freight boxcar; but automobiles are easier to practice with! In either case it's quite a jolt and you can get nastily banged up—commonly with broken ankles—if you aren't trained. This is one of the many reasons why commercial transports in their earlier days of unreliability were never equipped with parachutes: It was a choice between killed passengers and badly crippled ones.

Moreover, even safe landings might become disastrous in high winds, because chutes will not collapse but will drag their victims. Thus part of the training is wrestling with billowing chutes in front of the blowers.

No Room for the Inept

Those are the six phases of preliminary training. At the beginning, only a small percentage of volunteers were accepted. Now even from those, the inept, the slow, the timid have been weeded out and returned to line outfits. No more disgrace attaches to this failure than to the washing out of student pilots, who, in our practice, customarily are sent back in droves from Randolph Field and Pensacola to the Army or Navy. It's entirely a matter in which the safe-being and usefulness of the man is governed by his aptitude, not alone his courage or intelligence.

The remaining candidates now begin real practice jumps with captive chutes from high towers, in which diving from plane cabins is fully simulated. His technique is zealously coached. Then he is ready for actual free jumps. Now comes his *Fallschirmschutzenpruufung*, or professional examination. To pass he must do a series of six jumps from altitudes beginning at 50 meters and going up by fifties to 300 meters. One jump must be on a pitch-dark night. One must be under sham-battle conditions.

Lastly comes unbelievably intensive drilling on the ground and aloft in the two fundamental principles of paratroop fighting. General Udet himself worked these out, and he insists upon 100 per cent perfection. These are basic:

1. The entire squad of twelve must be out of the plane within eight seconds after the buzzer horn sounds. Work that out with a pencil if you want to appreciate how really fast it is, or get twelve of your friends or relatives to pass through any door in eight seconds—two thirds of a second each. It means the man farthest from the plane door must exit at high running speed! There is a squad leader, of course—usually several noncoms to each squad, and perhaps a commissioned officer; but no "jump master!" If one were needed at this last critical moment before actual combat, the squad might as well have stayed home.

2. Landing must be made, the men disengaged from their chutes (which are abandoned for later salvage, if possible) and the entire squad must be gathered into battle formation and be ready to fight *within two minutes after the buzzer went off.* The position each squad assumes is called the "porcupine formation," because it forms back to back, facing outward in a small circle, like twelve quills.

The paratroops—and this is a fact not generally known abroad—are not part of the German army. They are officially known as "air infantry," and they are an integral part of the independent Luftwaffe or "air arm." The chief of air infantry is General Students, who leaped with his men at Rotterdam, broke both legs, recovered and is now back in active combat service.

There are approximately 12,000 men to each air-infantry division, including supply, medical and other service units. This requires for each division a basic plane force of 1,000 trimotor Junkers-52 transports, from which all seats and other normal fittings have been cleared and one bench installed, parallel to each cabin wall, together with the large spring hook near the door—the paratroops call it a "carbine bucket"—to which their parachute ropes must be snapped before jumping.

Germany has at least ten divisions of paratroops with full replacement depot facilities. It is significant that the Ju-2, slow and old-fashioned by American commercial airline standards, is one of three plane types in mass production in Germany today, the others being a Stuka and a fighter.

Paratroops get double the regular army pay; and in combat service, double again. They also get extra cigarettes and cigars, which to all German army, navy and air personnel are a free daily ration. The paratroops noncoms and officers are proportionately higher paid than other branches.

German paratroops wear a uniform that, in the green-gray skiing trousers and blue-gray blouse, combines the colors of land infantry and Luftwaffe. They wear thick, high-laced leather boots to give ankle protection, and a special flat-round steel "dive" or crash helmet. For combat jumps each paratrooper wears a green linen zipper combination smock and shorts over his regular uniform. This is snagproof and protects his uniform and personal equipment. It is discarded the first moment he finds time to zip it off. This smock, unsightly and shapeless, might have caused the misapprehension that paratroops wore enemy uniforms—a ruse that would be two-edged, for many reasons.

Paratroops Aren't Good Targets

The German chutes seem to be smaller in diameter than American types, and somewhat deeper. They have a secret type of "air rudder" by which they can be steered or delayed or accelerated. Each squad, during its descent, endeavors to bunch together—not close enough for the convenience of enemy gunners, but so that landing may be effected in a group and maneuvers swiftly undertaken. The paratrooper is not the target he would seem while hanging in the sky. He is oscillating, falling rapidly, shooting defensively, and is only in sight for an average of 15 seconds. Combat jumps are made as low as possible—from altitudes of 150 feet to a maximum of 1,000 feet. Conditions requiring jumps from above 1,000 feet would not be considered favorable to attack.

Each parasoldier is additionally equipped with a gas mask, automatic pistol, a supply of hand grenades in a rubber sack, emergency rations, which include unspoilable bread and vitamin-energy pills called "Pervitin," which keep him wakeful by increasing blood pressure.

Each air-infantry division has a complete sanitary or medical unit similar to that standard for ground divisions. This includes a full complement of doctors, Red Cross men and stretcher bearers—who jump along with the rest of the division. Instead of weapons the doctors carry specially designed emergency medical and operating kits, including scalpels, morphine, artery clamps and stimulants. The Red Cross men carry stretchers and first-aid packs. Further medical equipment is thrown down in padded containers, marked with red crosses. Still more is brought by later transports, including those sanitary conveniences which are normally provided for soldiers of all armies.

Such thorough provisioning for their care naturally has a great morale-strengthening effect upon the paratroops.

It exemplifies, moreover, the persistent German contention with regard to air infantry—that it comprises an exact arm, and is not a desperate "lost battalion" sort of military undertaking. Further, that the parachute is a "precision" instrument, every bit as much so as a machine gun, a fieldpiece, a sapper's mine; and that parachute attack is a precise maneuver with reference to a precise objective, quite as much as a grenade rush upon a pillbox.

With this German theory in mind, and considering the lessons it may bear for us, it is now interesting to examine the method of a parachute offensive. The whole of this technique is not necessary in the Russian campaign, where there is no sea below to modify Panzer co-ordination. It is, however, with two important qualifications, the model that will be used against England if an invasion should be attempted. The exceptions are (1) extra help expected from a barrage by long-range cannons on the Channel shore, and (2) naval-army surface co-operation.

The Twelve Steps of Conquest

Here, then, revealed for the first time, is the complete standardized manner in which a paratroop attack is made. It was used full-scale in Crete: it comprises twelve separate and distinct steps, and usually sets as its primary objective the occupation of at least one essential airport *within one hour*—unless the whole affair is to fall behind schedule.

1. Selection by the High Command of the objective, and intensive study and plotting of the campaign against it by the general staff of the Luftwaffe.

2. Prolonged and careful reconnaissance *by air*, leading to a selection of the specific primary objective and the most favorable and useful landing places with reference to it.

3. High-altitude bombing of defensive areas and field positions, such as harbors and airfields.

4. Stuka attack.

5. Destroyer plane sweep to clear off enemy aviation: the destroyer plane is a sort of long-range fighter or pursuit.

6. The actual invasion from the air, by the *Fallschirmjaeger*, or parachute troops. At first they have only pistols and grenades. In Crete each man had a second or emergency, parachute—in the breast position.

7. The planes from which the paratroops jumped now come over the combat zone again—as quickly, in fact, as they can circle in orderly traffic; meanwhile, of course, exposed to and dodging as best they can enemy flak, or antiaircraft. On this second trip over the area the crews of the planes drop the additional equipment of the paratroops. This includes, chiefly, a rifle for each man, also one or more machine guns. The machine guns are a special type, built of lightweight manganese alloys, dropped in three sections, which can be quickly bolted together. The rifles are packed, fully loaded, in a long metal, cushioned case which has an attached rubber-wheeled "dolly" so that it can be rolled on the ground to the position where it is required. Some of the equipment cases are let down by a triple parachute, each component, of course, being much smaller than the single chute used by the men. Different-color parachutes denote different equipment; to a small experimental degree only, camouflage coloration has been used in the chutes of the troopers.

No gliders, by the way, are used for the transportation of paratroops, although this is a fallacy which seems to die hard abroad. For obvious technical reasons which every airman knows, gliders for this purpose would be impracticable. They cut the speed of the planes dangerously, making the whole expedition a setup for enemy antiaircraft. In the event of a long overwater hop, such as Crete, they would lessen the paraplanes' range beyond safety.

Scout Car, with Wings

The Germans, however, have a novel and completely unpublicized use for the glider principle. It comes, when used, in the next, or eighth, stage. It is a small scout car, much in appearance like the one Ford is building for us, but made almost entirely of manganese alloy. A man can heft one by the end easily. It carries two men and an antitank gun as well as a machine gun, both of lightweight alloys. The glider wings are affixed to it and it is towed by transports. The scout car is thus really the fuselage of the glider. Upon landing, the glider wings are detached in a jiffy, and the scout car rolls into action as a land instrument.

8. Landing of the first Junkers-90 transports upon the airfield objective. This transport carries the following list of equipment: Portable field radio, extra munitions, food, bandages, mine throwers, a folding gun carriage with a rapid-fire manganese alloy 75 mm. cannon—and, to allay the fierce thirst expected in the men under the conditions of battle yet not take up as much weight and room as liquid, a box of lemons.

9. Arrival of the second transport, carrying a bicycle detachment—twelve men with rifles, grenades, a flame thrower, bicycles complete. The third and succeeding transports are nonparatroops; in the attack on Crete these were *Gebirgsjaeger*, or mountain soldiers.

10. Union of the paratroops and the nonparatroops. Here is the point where usage of enemy uniforms might cause fatal mix-ups.

11. Landing of further supplies of all nature by waves of transports. This includes gasoline drums and lightweight tanks and motorcycles.

12. Landing of heavier equipment and supplies by surface vessels. In Crete this was effected by two ships seized from the Greeks and quickly cleaned out inside. The ships were beached under full steam. Their bows were blown off by an especially skillful detachment of engineer troops; the lumber for ramps, carried inside, was quickly nailed into place and the heaviest tanks, waiting inside, motors going, simply stepped on the gas and ran ashore and into action.

That's all—except for what a German paracommander said to me: "Military effort has always been to 'lengthen muzzles.' Basically, the battleship is a lengthening of the range of coastal batteries; the tank a lengthening of army artillery; the pursuit plane a lengthening of machine gun, and the bomber of cannon muzzles. Thus the paratrooper is a lengthening of the striking power of infantry. And whatever the outcome of this experiment, whether the plane-panzer design is successful or not—bear in mind that the military science is a highly experimental one—this much is certain:

"We have just come to the threshold of air power's use in the art of warfare!"

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Sing, Gracie, Sing!

Continued from page 15

competent duet with the prima donna on stage, the hag methodically, and rhythmically belabored the child's head with an umbrella. Gracie sang on, quaveringly and tearfully, through the rain of blows—she had to, for she was employed as a "shilling a performance shill"; a professional echo.

After the song, Gracie managed to hurl her attacker's umbrella over the gallery railing before running out into the alley where her mother was waiting for her. "There, there," Sarah cooed reassuringly to her offspring. "Jist one o' the many hard knocks a trouper has to expect."

"But," Gracie wailed, "I don't wanna be a trouper *or* take hard knocks."

"Nivertheless," Sarah said firmly, "*I* want to be a trouper—so take 'em ye will."

Even when nobody beat her, Gracie hated the shilling-for-a-shilling job which went on night after night. She liked to sing well enough, but that could be done in the privacy and safety of her own home in Rochdale, Lancashire, or in the near-by cotton mills where she was occasionally permitted to work, as did all her friends, as assistant winder.

Her father, Fred, her younger sisters Betty and Edith, and her brother Tommy all sympathized with her. Sarah sympathized too, of course, but she was too stagestruck to let emotion interfere with what she took to be her daughter's promising career. So footlight-foolish was Sarah that she could never see a show without wanting to act it all out afterward—violently. One weepy 1908 melodrama affected her so deeply that, when, she arrived home afterward, she was still thoroughly mistaking herself for the heroine. "You drunkard!" she screamed at her husband, who was soberly imbibing his single nightly mug of ale, "I've had enough of yer beatings," she continued in the words of the play. "That, an' loose wimmin and whisky breath—carouse, will ye, while I spends me life raising yer poor wee 'uns!"

The Cure for Histrionics

No one knew what was wrong because no one knew she'd been to the theater, and the "wee 'uns" cowered around her in blank but loving compassion. Fred, believing his wife "off her 'ead," protested so mildly that he looked positively guilty—the gathering neighbors thought they'd uncovered a real domestic scandal.

Sarah's weakness became increasingly annoying to her family as she went more and more often to the "mellers," although it never again confused them quite as much as that first outburst. They finally quenched her histrionics by the simple process of sneaking to a play themselves and doing a little cribbing of their own. When Sarah came home that night she was confronted by her entire brood aligned against her in stern formation. "Me father and us is leaving you," Gracie told her ringingly. "There is far too many a man hereabouts who can point the finger of scorn at you. Loose woman!"

This reversal broke Sarah's spirit and thoroughly undermined her authority. She couldn't even protest when, next day, Fred forbade his spouse to go to any more plays, yanked Gracie out of the theater and put her to work in the mill. There Gracie had a wonderful time being "one o' the girls" and developing a strong enough voice to sing above the noise of machinery in a lighthearted effort to amuse her coworkers.

Sarah was wild with frustration and for a full year could satisfy her show-business yearnings only by taking in laundry from Rochdale's lone theatrical boardinghouse. Even today when she thinks of the glamorous clothes of those actors, her eyes grow misty. "The frills!" she says softly. "The luvly, luvly bangles!"

Finally Fred's vigilance began to relax and Sarah sneaked out to a play. It was a "beautiful, beautiful drammer—cry, I thought I'd die!" In it a fair young woman suffered horribly with leprosy. It gave Sarah an idea.

From that evening on she methodically soaped her hands each night before she went to bed, and it was less than a week before her fingers were swollen to the size of overripe bananas. "Workin' me fingers to the bone fer ye," Sarah shrieked, waving her balloonlike paws at the stricken family, "and no one o' ye will help!" Fred, a mechanic and local handyman, earned but little and felt too guilty about it to talk back. The children clung to their mamma's skirts again.

Sarah, who kept her ear to the ground, had a clincher ready. "And right in this town there's a method of Gracie's earnin' two pounds a week—enough so I could rest meself and heal me hands."

There was no way out and Gracie joined "Cousin Freddie's Concert Party," a group of young actors who toured the resorts. She got along famously and her only trouble was with the letter "H"—so Mr. Cousin Freddie made her substitute "Q":

"Quat makes me love ye as I do?
There's hother boys as nice as you,
Quat makes me think you're so divine,
Quat makes me love to call ye mine?"

By the time Sarah's hands had deflated, Gracie was in real vaudeville and earning five pounds a week—too much for her to dare to quit. She changed her name to Fields so that, if she ever became a star, there'd be lights enough to spell it out.

Her trade-mark was in lights by the time she was eighteen—little ones, true, but still lights. As second female lead in a revue touring the provinces she got featured billing and a magnificent twenty pounds a week. In this show she was working with a real goal in view, for there was a lad in Lancashire, a clerk, who wanted to marry her. He saved his pennies and she saved hers and it began to look as though they could soon set a date.

She was close to being able to retire from the hated cold dressing rooms, cheap make-up, one-night stands and become a respectable housewife—would have, in fact, but for Archie Pitt, the show's comedian. Gracie gave her clerkly suitor her old feather boa from Act II—"for remembrance"—and married Archie. Now she was committed to a stage career through marriage as well as birth, for Archie was theatrically ambitious. So much so that he sat down and wrote her a revue called Mr. Tower of London. This show was enormously successful, running for six and a half years and even playing London's smart West End.

By the time the scenery fell apart, the war of 1914-18 was well over and Gracie was a real, honest-to-goodness star. She was big enough to help Tommy and Betty and Edith into show business, from which Betty and Edith finally dropped out, leaving Tommy a popular comedian—but no competition for his sister.

For Gracie was launched like an irresistible snowball on an infinite grade. After the show closed she began appearing regularly in London musical comedies, continued to tour the provinces, performed for so many worthy causes in her "spare" time that she became known as The Charity Queen. Radio, recordings by the hundreds, a succession of English films—all hits. By 1928 she was established as an international star and some Americans offered her a record-breaking salary to cross the Atlantic for a two weeks' engagement in New York.

The master of ceremonies prefaced this first American appearance of hers by announcing, "Gracie Fields, England's top star." Gracie, surprised and embarrassed, hurried to the man as soon as she finished her turn. "'Ere," she said, "what's this about top star?"

The American grinned. "Well," he said, "aren't you?"

Gracie blushed and denied it, but the truth was beginning to dawn. That night she put in a call to her mother in London. "Sarah," she said in an awed voice, "guess quat!"

Lancashire Hospitality

"Home," Gracie says, "is where ye've a bit of garden to putter in." Her villa in Capri is closed to her by the war, her place in England is right in the hottest part of the invasion coast—so home today is a charming, sprawling establishment in Santa Monica, California. She took it with her second husband, Actor-Producer-Director Monte Banks, shortly after the Churchill government ordered her to this side of the Atlantic last winter.

It has sufficient putter room, a small swimming pool, and, most important of all, a guest house which is just right for her mother and father. While Gracie and Monte are forced to live busy Hollywood lives in the front, it makes them both happy to know that there's a little bit of Lancashire just behind the kitchen. There Sarah cooks and reads fan magazines while Fred builds things.

So plain and uncosmetic is the offstage Gracie that people seeing her on the street think she's probably somebody's governess. Around Santa Monica she is able to do her own marketing when she wants to, haggling with the clerks who think "she works for Miss Fields."

Gracie isn't there much, for her touring for Britain takes her all over the hemisphere, including Nassau and Bermuda. In July it even took her on a flying trip back to England—"t' give the folks in the bombed areas a bit of cheerin' up"—but she's due to return to New York this August to embark on a new tour.

Since the war started in 1939 Gracie has accepted no money for herself, but she takes that quite for granted. With the limited funds she was permitted to bring here, she supports her family and her office, a staff to manage her tour, to say nothing of the Gracie Fields Orphanage in England, which is her favorite charity. She realizes that she's more than a star—she's a national institution; mustn't let her country down.

And whatever happens, even if she has to borrow to swing it, the orphanage will continue as long as she lives. "Whenever I think of orphans, I want to cry," she says. "Suppose I hadn't had mamma—"

Which only makes Sarah sniff cynically. "Humph," she says, with a sigh of self-pity, "suppose I hadn't had you. Maybe then I'd've become the star in this family."

Singapore

Continued from page 21

thing: they know how to die." I remember the mortality rate of English lieutenants in the last war. And I was sure the rubber planter was right anyhow. No one questions their courage or their honor or their ability to set an heroic example.

In a movie there has to be a comic relief and in Singapore the Australians provide the great blessing of laughter. When the Australians arrived (those luxury liners the Ile de France and the Queen Mary having been converted into troop ships), the jokes began. Hanging over the ships rails, the Aussies saw Singapore for the first time, and the distinguished company, including all the highest military and civil authorities, who had come to meet them. Instead of doing anything they might be expected to do, they threw down pennies onto the pier and onto the welcomers. As if this were not enough, they began to heat the pennies over match flames before throwing them.

Every day brings in its new and wonderful crop of Australian stories.

The sultan of Johore, who is a great joker himself, likes Australians and Americans, and a great many Australian soldiers came to the Johore Fair. During dinner, an Australian soldier, with his shirt very far unbuttoned and his hat very far on one side, came up to the sultan's table and tapped the sultan on the shoulder.

"Where," he said pleasantly, "do I get my prize?"

"What prize?" said the sultan.

"I bought a star off that girl's skirt," the Aussie explained, "and it's got the winning number. But where's the prize?"

A girl had been going around in a ballet dress sewn with paper stars. For a dollar, you bought a star (and the right to pull it off) and the chance that the star had a number written on its back.

The sultan rose from the table and set out to wade through the mud of the fairgrounds. Orders were issued. Where was this man's prize? His Australian friends not getting their prizes? A fine thing, indeed. He returned later and went on with dinner and presently the Australian came back. He wore, now, a camellia in a buttonhole of his very open shirt, and inside his shirt he carried a large bottle of toilet water, which was the prize.

He tapped the sultan on the shoulder again. "Got it," he said. Nobody enjoyed this more than his highness.

One of the finest Australian stories was told me by the colonel of an Indian regiment, whose troops had been stationed together with a Scots regiment on the east coast. An Australian battalion was moved up and encamped on the road opposite the Scots regiment.

"You know, the Australians don't salute much," the colonel began. "They don't like to salute anyone except their own officers, and then they only like to salute their own company officers. Well, it got very bad because all our men thought that was a fine idea. Why should they salute, if the Australians didn't? So we put it up to the Australian officers and they explained to their men that it was a question of everybody's discipline. The Australians said in that case they guessed they'd have to salute. An Australian sentry was standing at the gate of their camp, on the road, opposite the Scots camp. A Scots officer was supervising the unloading of some trucks and he kept walking up and down the road, in front of the Australian. The Australian saluted three times, languidly, bringing his left arm up to his rifle. Then the officer passed a fourth time, and the Australian saluted once more and said: "And for God's sake don't come back this way again."

So This is Democracy

Everyone however is not amused by the Australians. The English are not always too cordial to the Australians and vice versa. I was going out to an Australian airfield with an English press officer. He asked me not to overemphasize "the democratic angle of the Australians when writing about them." He went on to explain that there was too much stuff written about how the Australians call everyone by their first names, and don't salute, and it was very poor stuff indeed. I pointed out that I came from a country which had been willing to go to war for democracy once, and was probably going to do it again, and that Americans called each other by their first names too.

"As a layman," he said, "you would not understand." I told him that he had been a layman himself, and a journalist at that until very recently, and that the change from being a journalist to censoring journalists did not make him exactly a military man.

He was disappointed in my attitude and to bring home this point he said, "Besides, the Australians aren't the only ones who are democratic. We are very democratic in the R.A.F. We have a lot of sergeant pilots in the R.A.F. and we sit down and have a drink with them just like anyone else."

It took me a full minute to get the point, but when I realized that a man who went up to fight in a bomber or pursuit plane (of course not a chap from a good school but still he could fly) was actually allowed to have a drink with his betters, I was bowled over. When you come across a really first-rate English snob you can put that in the comic-relief category, too.

In a movie of this sort there has to be drama, so bring on the spies, the Japs and the Communists. You don't hear much about spies, and there are no obvious ones sitting around in the bars (none of the rare-looking characters you see in Hong Kong for instance). And you don't see much in the papers about arrests. Spies are something of a washout. Of course there are a lot of Japanese. They work as photographers, hairdressers, masseurs, fishermen and prostitutes, among other things. They are mostly poor people, and they have a tendency to make themselves small and keep quiet. If the plot should develop into real war, the Japanese would just be picked up and put in concentration camps. But the Communists are another matter and, though no one is at all clear about them, they provide a fine ominous topic of conversation. The reason no one is too clear about the Communists is that the Communists are Chinese and though far from crazy about British imperialism, they are anything but enthusiastic about the Japanese. On the other hand, there were a great many strikes last year and some this year. The strikes are pretty well put down, under wartime regulations which do not permit that sort of thing. The strikes were all very simple: the workers wanted more money. The rubber plantation workers, notably, kicked. They said the price of living was soaring, which is true. They also said that the rubber plantations and the tin mines were doing boom business, which is true also.

So they said: give us more money. Now enters the Communist drama. The moneyed people in Singapore claim that this native labor would never have thought up anything as pernicious and treacherous as strikes: only Communist agitators could foment such unrest. So the drama thickens and the Communists, the only visible local fifth column (a loose term) are nabbed. Lately the police went into a back room on the premises of a foul little Chinese coffee shop. They found there a "youth" (that means under twenty) who was evidently a Communist. He was the shop assistant, the boy who sweeps up and washes dishes and lives in a dank cubicle and eats a few bowls of rice a day. Behind a picture, in his room, the police found a thin slip of paper on which was written the Ten Principles of the Chinese Communist party. The youth was sentenced to six months rigorous imprisonment (hard labor, to us). The magistrate, trying the case, said, "Their (Communist) methods of work are to try and install one of their number in some registered society, in some capacity where he is able to work as a clerk or secretary. In this way they are able to spread their insidious propa-

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ganda among the different classes." This did not seem to have much to do with the case, but the enemy-within-the-gates had been caught and jailed. It is significant that the enemy-within-the-gates is one who threatens excess profits rather than military defenses.

And let us not forget the moral of the movie. No movie is any good that does not prove something. It is better to be honest than rich; love outlasts the grave; friendship is worth more than rubies. There must be something of that sort. The moral of the Singapore movie is very interesting. If the plot is: "There's a war on," the moral is: "Business as usual, or rather far better than usual." The great strength of the English merchant is that he has been taught that he is the backbone of the empire, because the backbone of the empire is trade. Trade means making money. And they are making money like mad in Singapore.

Nine large tin-mining companies made an average profit increase of 321% during 1940, and more is expected this year. Eight large rubber companies made an average profit increase of 218% during 1940 and more is expected this year. Wonderfully enough, the top income tax in Malaya (and income tax has been in existence only since January) is 8% on all incomes of $20,000 a year and over. Of course agriculture is hit, but agriculture is not really big business anyhow in Malaya.

The president of the biggest local tin-mining company, protesting against the new taxes, pointed out that they would not have boom business like this indefinitely. And therefore, they should not be taxed. They should be able to put away money to tide them over the inevitable slump that would follow after the war.

The insignificant income taxes surprise Americans, who see their own taxes climbing tremendously high, so as to pay for defense and a two-ocean navy. It is odd to reflect that the ships which would be used to protect Malaya are certainly not going to be paid for by anyone in Malaya.

What the War's About

As for the booming business in rubber and tin, the greatest buyer of both is America. In the last war, the price of rubber was jacked up to $1.00 a pound. Americans do not own any Malayan tin mines and only one rubber plantation is American property. Another heavy buyer is Japan, which buys 6% of Malayan rubber (as contrasted with the 54% which America buys and the 13% which England buys). Japan buys 10% of the Malayan tin ore, whereas the United States buys 69% of it and Great Britain buys less than 1%.

As for iron ore, 1,935,314 tons of it were produced last year and all of it except about a thousand tons was shipped to Japan. Japanese interests own and operate all the iron-ore mines in Malaya.

It comes down to this: Japan, in attacking Malaya, would be making a war to get the raw materials she already buys in undiminished quantity. Since rubber and tin are vital to America, we would be fighting for the right to continue buying these commodities at any price the owners see fit to name.

There are a great many people in the Orient who think that some empire money-makers are thinking more about after the war than they are about winning the war. There are curious little facts which you learn while traveling in these parts. For instance, an American tire factory in Java makes the same fine brand of tires we buy at home and use on our cars. It is a large factory and could supply all of Malaya easily. Considering how few boats there are to carry food and munitions to England, fewer all the time, it would seem logical for Singapore to import tires from neighboring islands, using small coastwise steamers. Not so. Dunlop tires are sent out, by ship, from England to Singapore: because business as usual means never lose a market, even temporarily, no matter what.

Finally, there is the happy ending. The music is The Star-Spangled Banner and there should be a beautiful shot of the Pacific Fleet steaming over the opalescent China Sea. That is, in case the plot works out and there is actually a war, a real war, not a movie war, a war between two definite countries: England and Japan, with the Netherlands Indies and Australia and the Philippines involved. If that war ever starts, the only happy ending there can be for Singapore is the U. S. Navy, and Singapore knows it.

What's America Waiting For?

If people talk to you honestly, and not just politely, in Singapore, they are apt to ask you accusingly why the U. S. is not in the war this minute and what do we think we are waiting for?

If there is a real war, and Singapore is no longer like a movie of itself, many things will change. As always happens when life becomes tough and uncertain, people appear who were never seen before and they are more enduring and often smarter than the ones who held the stage while nothing was happening. Suffering would give dignity to what is now only silly. And as always, the rank and file, what the English still call the lower classes, would turn out to be superb. I am thinking now of the English gunner, who spoke with a cockney accent, whom I saw one day at a trial of the coastal defense guns. When the crushing back-wave of the blasts and the sickening roar of the guns was finished, we talked. He said, "My daughter has seen more bombs land than I am ever likely to see. And she is six years old." If war comes to the China Sea, he would be there, and fighting somehow for his daughter and in revenge for all the unnatural misery she had already gone through.

If there is a real war, there will not only be the unpublicized heroism of the little people, and the cessation of much of the artificial nonsense that precedes a war. There will also be a lot of simple military facts: the problem of the terrain of Malaya and the problem of the waters surrounding it. (Ghastly terrain to invade, treacherous waters to fight in.) How well Japanese can stand up to *well-armed* opposition. How terrific the Australians and the Indian troops, schooled in years of border warfare, can be in battle. How good Singapore's air force will be, once the uniforms get dirty and the dinner parties cease and the business in hand is to bring down enemy planes. Singapore and Malaya will be no picnic to defend: on the other hand they will be no picnic to attack. Once the real war starts, if it does start, Singapore will be less like a movie and more like an epic.

I was talking to the admiral in command about that great question: what would happen *if?* . . . The Japanese war of nerves, now being waged in the China Sea, was having no effect on him. Finally he said, "If the American fleet came here, we are prepared to give them the same facilities as our ships and our men have. Fuel and repairs and recreational facilities."

So there is that to look forward to, as part of the happy ending. Our fleet will be treated well. And maybe the sailors will be lucky. Maybe all the movie aspects of Singapore will not have disappeared. American sailors should have fun on shore leave.

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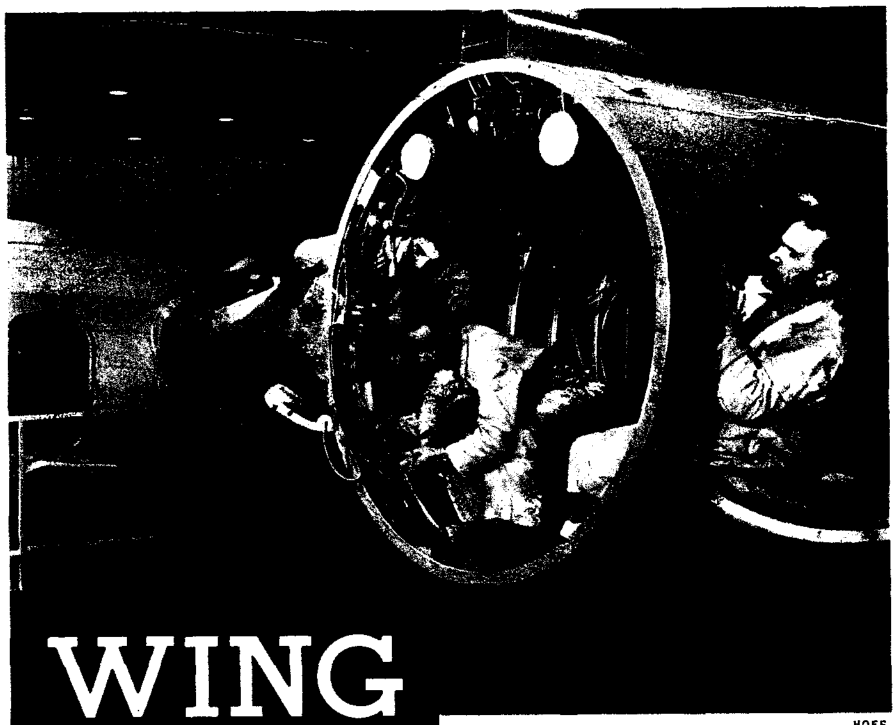

HOFF

WING TALK

Transatlantic Clipper motors get a 2-day going over by 185 mechanics and inspectors, working in eight-hour shifts, before each ocean flight

AT THE close of the first World War, 23 per cent of the employees in the 40 plants building cloth and wood airplanes were women. Today the proportion in plants building all-metal combat planes is infinitesimal. Forecasting a peak employment of 1,000,000 persons in the aircraft industry by the end of next year, the Women's Bureau of the Labor Department is investigating to see just where women can fit into the factories. Their experts already have surveyed seven plants working on military aircraft and have concluded that one fourth to one third of the jobs now held down by men can be filled by women.

Up to now the plants making combat aircraft are so thoroughly masculine that even women visitors are discouraged during working hours. When the fair daughters of a company official want to see Daddy's factory and walk majestically down the assembly line, countless man-hours of valuable aircraft labor go to pot as the boys try to keep their minds on their work and don't.

Admitting that the predominating job throughout the assembly of a modern all-metal military airplane is riveting, drilling, countersinking, dimpling and bucking, the investigators, nevertheless, hold that a large proportion of these jobs might be filled by women and suggest their training as riveters. Myrtle, lend me your rivet gun will yuh?

RETURNING to New York after a flight from Portugal, a Pan American Clipper is hauled up into the giant hangar at the edge of LaGuardia Field and pounced upon by 185 mechanics and inspectors, who work in three eight-hour shifts through two full days. More than 1,500 parts of the plane and engines are thoroughly checked and serviced in this short time—a job that used to take a week. Then the crew assigned for the next trip, accompanied by maintenance and service engineers, inspectors and mechanical specialists, go out for a test flight and all important instruments are calibrated. After that, the captain begins to think about Lisbon.

DUCKS, geese and other birds with substantial gross weight that won't stay on the right side of the beam and refuse to obey the other air-traffic rules are costing the taxpayers $10,000. That amount has just been appropriated so that technical experts of the CAA can develop windshields strong enough to withstand colliding with them in flight. Pilots are getting tired of having the glass bashed in, a cockpit full of feathers and cut-up wild fowl in their laps—without gravy and potatoes.

IT MAKES little difference what it costs to train Army and Navy pilots because we've got to have them at any price. But $12,000 is what the government spends to make a regular military airman or naval aviator. It takes 30 weeks, 10 each for the primary, basic and advanced courses, and in this time the student has collected 225 hours in the air. Although officially listed as a pilot of the armed forces, he is not ready to go into action and has a lot to learn in tactical squadrons. But he can take planes out, and so forth.

ONCE the redheaded, incorrigible, undersized stepchild of the national defense, the Air Corps today is the second largest branch of the Army, being exceeded only by the infantry.

When Major General H. H. Arnold, now chief of the Army Air Forces, was appointed deputy chief of staff for air, he became the first active airman ever to receive that assignment. Now, General Arnold, who has been flying his own airplane since 1911 and has been a constant advocate of air power since he left West Point, has had his day with brass hats when he and a small group of forward-thinking, low-ranking airmen years ago sought to impress upon the general staff of that era that the airplane was no messenger service, but a dominant, striking force in future wars.

Came the day when his subordinates wished to present him with a little token commemorating the unprecedented event. There was an ominous silence as General Arnold, surrounded by his admirers, untied the box—the kind of silence when the engine quits cold in flight. The boys were reasonably but not positively sure how he would receive it.

The token of commemoration was a silk top hat, done in the color of—brass! The general roared. Then he put it on. It fit. Now it is a treasured object in his office for all to see. F.R.N.

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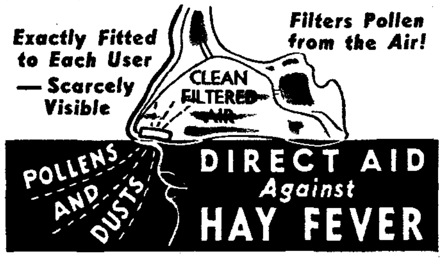
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Penny in His Shoe

Continued from page 18

second-year ones. Most of them wouldn't sleep tonight.

If a man was going to be a professional athlete, O'Dowd thought again, he should have as little imagination as possible.

The train crossed the Jersey meadows and he waited for it to whistle, then remembered that it was an electric train and it was years since it had whistled for a crossing here. "And how many times have I taken the midnight out and how many years and the train whistling and the porter waking me in the early light and the train pulling into East Liberty." . . . He felt sorry for himself. Any day he would blow, now, like the team itself. He wanted to get out while he still didn't look bad, and of his own volition, and not be like the Babe, too fat to stoop for a ground ball, or like the others, not being able to run faster than a trot, and the crowd mocking you, finally. . . . He wanted to go out while they still liked him.

He slept and then it was the porter shaking his shoulder again and the taxis waiting at East Liberty and the big breakfast at the Hotel Schenley. After breakfast he felt better. There was a letter from his wife. She'd been visiting her people in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, and she would meet him in St. Louis when the team got there next week. She must be sick of all the traveling, he thought, and only an apartment for home, at that.

He hung around the lobby most of the morning, kidding with the others before going out to the ball park. Pittsburgh wasn't much this year—the pitchers were overworked, and he ought to do all right. They took the single game that afternoon and he got a walk and a single that drove in a run. Not bad, he knew, and not good. They took three out of four in that series, but he didn't hit well. He was still batting fourth and he should be hitting longer, he knew, not punching out singles and waiting out walks.

SITTING, tired, on the bench in the last game, he glanced up at the press box. It was the highest one in either league and you could look out over a lot of the city and see the smoke haze and the smokestacks and the whole sprawling bulk of the city.

He had gone up there once—when was it, 1932?—when they had given him the second game of a double-header off because he had a very bad ankle. He didn't like to do it. Some of the younger players did it, went up into the press box and even brought their wives there, but he had never liked it. For the most part you didn't like the writers to be on the bench and they didn't like it for you to be in the press box. But he had gone this once and it had been good to watch the game from there.

The view of the city had been good, and from that eminence he could see how small the crowd really was in the ball park. There was a girl in a neat white apron and with good legs who was serving a buffet lunch in the press box and he had started to kid her and ask her why with such a good team that year they had such small crowds.

But she hadn't thought that was so funny and she had called him Mister and not Lefty. "Them smokestacks, Mister O'Dowd," she said, pointing out over the wall of the park, "they ain't smoking. That's why we ain't got no crowd here."

He had turned away in what he did not know until later was shock. And now, remembering it, in the August heat and toward the end and years later, he thought: Every time I break my routine, every time I do something different from the usual way I do it, I learn something.

He tried to apply this to the present time, but all he could think of to change was his batting stance and he couldn't quite bring himself to take that chance. He got up in the last inning with the score tied and two men on and one out and he went down on a called third strike, hoping that it had missed the edge of the plate. He hadn't done that in a long time, he thought, and from the dugout watched young Molinski double and drive in both runs.

HE SAT on the bench in front of his locker and noticed Boots Moran come over and stand near him. Boots stank of rubbing oil. He said, "That Heffelbaum must've been blind, Lefty. That ball never come close."

O'Dowd didn't answer. He took off his left shoe, tapped the heel on the concrete floor and saw the penny fall into the heel. He took the penny out and tossed it onto the shelf of the locker. Boots said, "We ain't going to be here tomorrow. You better put that penny in your pocket."

"You worry more about it than I do," O'Dowd said irritably.

"Well," Boots said, "well—" and walked slowly away. O'Dowd, watching the cramped, pudgy and age-stooped figure of the trainer shuffle away, felt sorry. In some curious and esoteric attempt to justify himself, he told himself for perhaps the thousandth time that he wasn't really superstitious. The Southerners and the Middle Westerners were, he told himself, but he himself came from San Francisco, and people weren't superstitious who came from there.

They all had their superstitions, he knew, the way they let their bats lie during a game; the way they threw their gloves down when they came in to bat; the way they tied their shoe laces; the women they knew; certain numbers. Of course, with himself, the penny in the shoe wasn't superstition, he knew—just a matter of habit, a custom he had picked up when he was a kid and playing in a Class-B league, before he'd even met his wife. He had never played a game without a penny in his shoe. He wondered, idly, what would happen if he left the penny out some day?

Getting into Chicago the next morning they were still three games out of the lead. O'Dowd bought yesterday's New York papers and saw that Carson had been popping off again about himself. That was a good way to bring on the blowup as quick as possible. With half the infield not trying, with the averages against them, now that they had won twenty-one out of the last twenty-five, the blowoff could come any day now, O'Dowd knew.

There was no letter from his wife waiting for him and he grew annoyed. But he thought of her growing older and following him around half a continent for all the good years. And no real home. Molinski came toward him across the lobby, his heavy-boned, Slavic face very grave. He took everybody too seriously, O'Dowd knew.

"I wanted to ask you something, Lefty," Molinski began.

"Sure, I know everything," O'Dowd said. "What do you want to know?"

Molinski grinned faintly. He didn't know whether O'Dowd was serious or not, and was trying to be prepared for whatever his intention had been.

"It's about my hitting," Molinski said.

"You're worried about your hitting," O'Dowd said. Those in earshot began to grin. Molinski was one of the league leaders in runs batted in, although he wasn't in the first five batters as was O'Dowd.

"No power," Molinski said. "I'm not getting the power."

O'Dowd shook his head. "That's terrible. Yesterday only a double and a triple and three runs batted in. They'll be sending you back to the bushes."

"That triple," Molinski said. "Waner, he lost it in the sun. You know? It's that I just ain't getting the drive. I wondered if you noticed what's wrong with my stance?"

There was nothing wrong with either Molinski or his stance. O'Dowd knew, and feeling strongly, perhaps too strongly, the irony, was moved to say something smart, but caught himself. The irony was all his own, secret, bitter. "There's nothing wrong with the stance," he said. "Just stop worrying. You hit natural. Don't start fooling around with your stance."

They won that afternoon but O'Dowd didn't get a hit, although he walked twice. They lost the next day and he didn't get a hit and walked once. Carson told the papers that he was thinking of moving O'Dowd up to second or first in the lineup and putting Molinski in the cleanup. "I have to read the papers to know what he's going to do with me," O'Dowd thought, and he thought again how he had led the league in batting three times and how he was second now in the league standings.

They were still three games out of the lead. The double-header on that last day in Chicago would be the pay-off, O'Dowd knew. He wondered how they had managed to stay up as well as they had. It was a Sunday, and Wrigley Field was mobbed. The bleachers were just a mass of white shirts. The ball coming out of them would be hard to see. O'Dowd wondered if anyone else had the same feeling he did—that today they would blow.

IN THE ninth the Cubs were leading 8-7 when he came up, still hitless in the series, with two out and two men on. He worried the pitcher into a three-and-two count and then when the ball came across, high but right over, was tempted to take it—he could murder high balls—but let it go and took his walk. From first he watched Molinski go down swinging. He shouldn't have left it up to Molinski. And here it was three games and no hit for himself.

He was very tired and the dressing room wasn't a pleasant place to be. In the heat from the sun and from their bodies, the place stank and was unpleasantly warm. They lay around drinking pop or beer and someone said they wished they were back in the clubhouse in Brooklyn where they had a table to play pool on. Some ballplayers, O'Dowd thought. He saw Calhoun, the thin, sullen first baseman. Calhoun had said earlier in the season that he had wanted eleven thousand dollars and they were only going to give him eighty-five hundred dollars and so he was only going to give them eighty-five hundred dollars' worth of ball. . . .

He wasn't worth seventy-five hundred, even, O'Dowd thought. Some desperation had risen in him. Carson was going around—like a high-school coach, O'Dowd thought—talking to each man individually, and studiously avoiding O'Dowd.

He closed his eyes and prayed that he would get a hit. He lay on the wooden bench in front of his locker and suddenly the thought came to him again as it had in Pittsburgh: "Every time I change my routine and do something different, I learn something." And then: "If I am washed up I would like to know it now and get out and not have that Carson shipping me down the river next year."

He sat up suddenly. Willie Satterlee was going to pitch the second game for the Cubs, and Willie was one of the few men O'Dowd couldn't always hit. O'Dowd took off his spiked shoes, then caught himself and looked around. A few of them were watching him, including Boots Moran. O'Dowd shook the penny out of his shoe and tossed it, with only a slight hesitation, onto the shelf of the locker. They were still watching him, so he got up without putting his shoes on and walked over to the water cooler and rinsed his mouth out. Molinski came toward him again. If that kid asks me how to become a great hitter once more, I will go nuts and crown him, O'Dowd thought.

HE WALKED away before Molinski reached him. They had started to go out for the second game. O'Dowd sat down and put on his right shoe. He hesitated over the left, then put it on without the penny in it. Walking out alone under the stands to the dugout, O'Dowd felt odd and almost as though relieved. He had not played a game in twenty years without a penny in his shoe. And now he was going to do it with what was the pay-off game of the season coming up. If they won this they might hang on and if they lost it they were through and they could not kid themselves any more. They would blow.

Habit was a funny thing, though, he thought. He was so used to feeling a penny with his big toe that it was almost as though he could feel it now. He had left it out to change his luck, to find out something new, he told himself. but when he struck out with a man on base in the first inning, he knew in a sudden flash why he had really left it out. It was that if he didn't do good in this game, the pay-off game, he would have an excuse for himself: that the penny had not been in his shoe.

They went on, in the heat, the dirt and the sweat and the noise pouring down on them like water. They had a pitcher knocked out but they were hitting Willie Satterlee, too, and the Cubs had to leave him in. The score was tied, 6-6, in the seventh inning and O'Dowd scratched a single off the end of his bat toward third. Molinski came up and dumped a homer into the temporary bleachers in right field and they went into a lead that lasted until the end of the eighth when the Cubs knocked another pitcher out of the box and scored four runs. So it was 10-8 for them as they went into the ninth.

O'Dowd could see it shaping up even before it came, the whole thing building toward a climax as though it were being done consciously. There were men on second and third and two out and Borden, who batted third, was up and O'Dowd found himself wishing Borden would get a hit and not leave it too much up to himself. On the bench they were whistling Marching Through Georgia because Willie Satterlee was a Southerner and it wasn't doing Willie any good. Ordinarily O'Dowd would have enjoyed Willie's discomfiture but now, for some reason, he felt sorry for Willie.

With the count three and one he walked Borden and now it was up to himself, O'Dowd knew. Now it was coming again, the thing he had always enjoyed, the thing he had done best of all the things he had done in his life—hitting in the clutch, when it counted. He felt and heard the hush come over the crowd and the thrill went through him again. He could still frighten them. They were scared of him now and he had got only a scratch single in the last four games. But he could scare them. He rubbed his hands in the dirt and dug in on the right side of the plate. His body tensed like a fine spring and he faced Willie, slender, erect, the bat moving with infinite assurance. He wondered only if he should punch it and get a single or swing it and try for the works. It would have to depend on what Willie threw him.

Willie looked bad. "I walked him purposely to get at you, Lefty," Willie said.

The bench hooted and Lefty told Willie what he thought of what Willie had said. The first pitch was high for ball one and the second looked high for ball two and O'Dowd let it go but the plate umpire called it a strike and the bench began to scream. Carson ought to come out and squawk, O'Dowd thought. It could make the ump give himself a second thought on any doubtful pitch that followed. But Carson sat there. O'Dowd didn't say anything to anyone. He knew it was no time to excite himself.

They were whistling on his bench again, Marching Through Georgia, and Willie threw the next ball at O'Dowd's head. O'Dowd dropped away from it, the gesture still graceful, bent like a spring, then came up again without losing grace. "You oughta know better, Willie," he said. "No one's a-scared of you."

The next pitch was high and inside and almost caught the corner but it was ball three. Maybe he will walk me and force a run in to get at Molinski, O'Dowd thought. But he knew it wasn't likely. Molinski was still new enough in his first year to be a partially unknown quantity to the pitchers.

He was still half hoping for a walk when the next pitch came across his wrists on the inside and caught the inside edge of the plate and it was three and two and the crowd was screaming. O'Dowd stepped away from the plate and rubbed his hands in the dirt again. He had always liked it this way in the old days and he told himself that he liked it now. . . .

Willie looked at him, took the ball to his chest, glanced around. Sound hushed, hung quivering like a wave at the edge of the stands. Willie moved into his windup, and the runners began to move. The ball came, hard and out of the white shirts of the bleachers, fast and on the inside, and O'Dowd swung and he felt it catch solidly with the bat, and the crowd began to scream again and he was running, too. As he ran he could see the right fielder backing up to the six-foot wire fence that separated the right-field bleachers from the field. Then O'Dowd was rounding first, and the coaches were yelling and he knew they all thought it was into the bleachers for a homer and he was almost sure himself, but he knew, from the feel, it had been a little, maybe an eighth of an inch, in too far toward his hands, and he was almost to second when the crowd went insane and he knew it was all over and looked and the right fielder had backed up against the wire and reached his hands up and over and, nearly breaking his back, had caught the ball.

O'Dowd stopped dead. Then he began to walk through the crowd on the infield toward the dugout. The crowd spoke to him kindly, even with some admiration, and someone said it had been tough, but he didn't hear them.

Out of the dull confusion of his mind, one thought emerged clearly, even slyly: it had been tough, but he'd left the penny out of his shoe and that was why it had happened the way it did. He'd never do that again, he'd always use the penny and he'd be good for another couple years.

He even began to trot. He sat down before his locker and felt suddenly better. They'd be in St. Louis late tonight and he'd see his wife. He took off his right shoe and threw it into the locker and he took off his left and through force of habit, tapped the heel on the floor. A penny fell out.

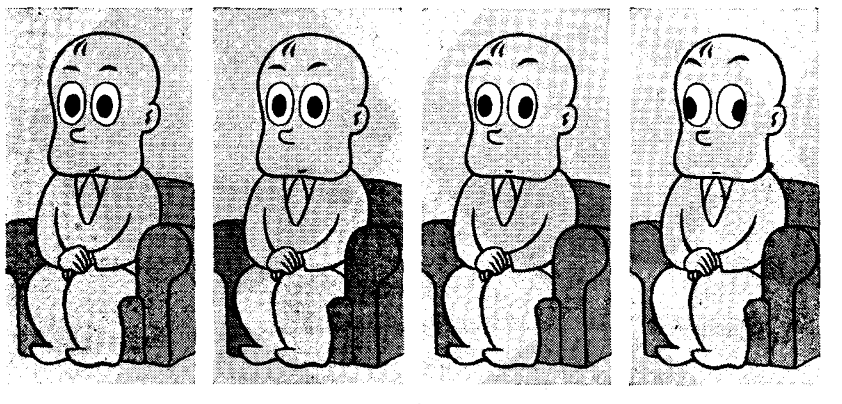
He stared at it, fighting off the dismay. Boots was standing near him. "I see you take it out between games, Lefty," he said, "and I was afraid you'd forget it and when you was at the water cooler, I put it back in the shoe for you. . . . But it didn't seem to do no good today, huh? That was a terrible way to lose a ball game."

O'DOWD looked at him and his first impulse was to anger. Then it came clear to him. He nodded without speaking, feeling old and suddenly heavy and tired. It probably hadn't been a bad thing. He'd found out what he wanted to know: No penny was ever going to give a man his batting eye back.

He wondered whether he should tell the newspapermen that he was quitting at the end of the season, or whether he should wait until the season was over so as not to discourage the others. They couldn't win any pennant. Still, with all these guys like Calhoun laying down, he could wait, and not discourage the kids like Molinski any more than they would be. It would only be a month that he would have to carry his secret. And he couldn't hit any worse than he had been. He had to tell someone, though. It was too heavy a thing to carry alone and not to share with anyone else. He got some change from Boots and went to the wall phone to call his wife.

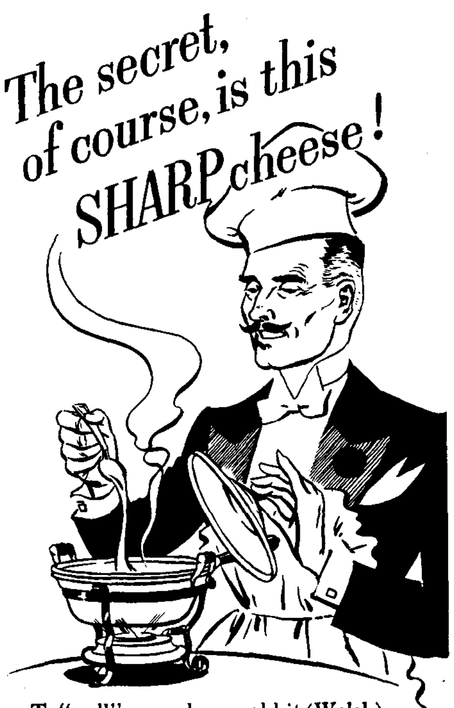
Behind him, while he waited for the connection to be made, he heard Molinski telling everyone in a loud voice how lousy O'Dowd's luck was. O'Dowd smiled a little. Maybe he would tell Molinski, too, so that when Molinski was washed up, too, in twelve or fifteen years, he would know when to get out.

When he heard his wife's voice he was almost able to be funny. "Look, friend," he began, "how would you like to start buying furniture? We've only been married a scant fifteen years, but—"



Fish Story

CROCKETT JOHNSON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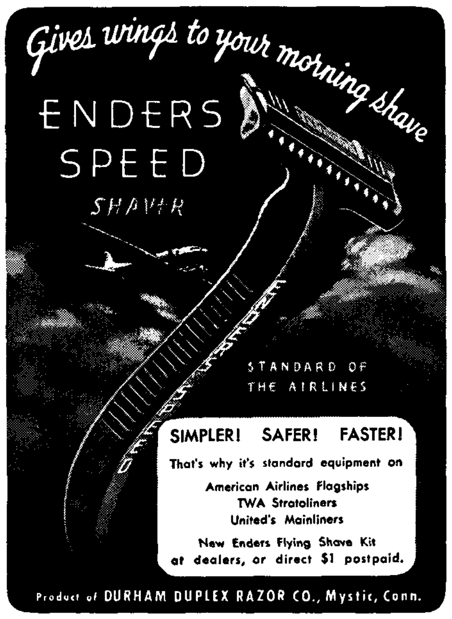
Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese
Old English



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OUR NEW ARMY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LIONEL GREEN

Operating from its base at Fort Hancock, N. Y., the mine planter Gen. E. O. C. Ord is crewed by a thirty-five-man detachment recruited from the 7th C.A. and commanded by Capt. E. F. Heidland. An 800-pound mine (left), held in place by a 1,500-pound anchor (right) can sink any but the most modern battleship

WASHINGTON

9TH ARMY CORPS

McCHORD FIELD, Tacoma. Just for a change, let's talk about the weather. One of the newer additions to the new Army is the First Weather Squadron, which garners data for fliers. The squadron can't order a pilot not to fly but if it gives too doleful a forecast the flight officer won't clear the flight, so the responsibility for crashes in bum weather rests on the weather boys, who are generally conservative with their atmospheric news. Seven of the twenty men do the forecasting, having learned the business at an Army school in Illinois, where, among other chores, they had to figure out the future weather every day for six months and hit it on the nose ninety per cent of the time. When they got to McChord it wasn't so easy, because there are no neighboring weather stations on the Pacific Ocean west, northwest and southwest of them to give out preliminary information. There was a time when ships at sea gave out positions and weather conditions but all except a few American boats are discreetly silent these days.

HEADING the McChord Field Base Photographic section is Sgt. Sam R. Brame, who encourages the men to take pictures on the side as a hobby. Most of them were amateur shutterbugs and don't need egging on. Newcomers who find photography a pain in the neck last about as long as a snowball in Haiti. Housed in a new brick building the photo section is right up to now with its equipment, and its dustless, lintless laboratories are something the average photo fan merely dreams about. Top assignment is in aerial photography, producing huge mosaic maps. The ship's pilot has to keep at a given altitude and fly in straight lines while the cameraman takes scores of pictures, which are later matched up and copied on a big negative to show every feature of the terrain. The operation takes so much equipment and effort that spies don't mess with mosaics—unless they can snitch one ready-made. That's why Sgt. Brame and the boys keep theirs locked up, but tightly.

ALASKA

FORT RICHARDSON, Anchorage. They don't go in for dances up here because there are twenty hours of daylight from morning to night and the boys spend their spare time fishing for fighting rainbow trout and panning for gold. The latter activity started last month in the vicinity of the Little Susitna River near Fishook (you'll have to look it up), when soldiers reported pay dirt and staked claims over a five-mile area. It's a nice break for the lucky strikers, who earn only $21 a month just like everybody else but have to shell out eighty-five cents for Anchorage ham and eggs and thirty cents for a bottle of beer.

UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. There's a new fence around the airdrome here to keep visitors on the adjoining commercial field from getting too near the Army planes and hangars. It may be purely coincidental, but on a recent Sunday a soldier lugging an aerial bomb (they call them Hell Stones) got a gander at a beautiful dame, who smiled and waved (he says); and when he tried to wave back he got clumsy and let the bomb slip. It turned out to be just a dummy, but near-by officers thought "What if . . . ?" So the fence went up.

HERE'S a hint for medicos: A young Salt Lake physician, recently ordered into service from the Reserves, got to brooding about what would happen to his growing practice, and his secretary figured out a way to cheer him up—at least temporarily. On the bottom of his monthly bills she typed: "The doctor has been called to Army duty." When long-overdue checks from patriotic patients began to pour in it made the doc feel pretty chipper. One woman even wanted to know if it would be all right for her to circulate a petition asking Congress to defer him. The medico said no; thanks, anyway.

TEXAS

8TH ARMY CORPS

GOODFELLOW FIELD, San Angelo. Pfc. Henry M. Silverstone was very happy. Lieut. Col. Charles H. Dowman, of the Inspector General's Department, wanted to take a look at the 1,800 flying cadets and enlisted men at the Army's new basic flying school, and Pvt. Silverstone had been officially excused from the formation so he could take an official photograph of it. As he trudged out onto the field loaded down with view camera, tripod and assorted gimmicks, he visualized a couple of quick snaps, then a bit of repose while his buddies

Bottle of TNT (in hand) is attached to controlled dummy mine, exploded from shore. Navy uses contact mines

As mine hits water the mine layer sweeps past and shoots an electric cable toward an L-boat, which makes necessary connection. Mine-laying detachment can sow nineteen mines in ninety minutes. This type of mine, harmless to shipping, may be used to defend New York Harbor. Five more ships are being built

stood perspiringly at attention in the hot sun. On the first location our man found he couldn't quite get the whole group into the picture, so he dragged everything back a hundred yards and got set up again—just as another unit moved into line and spoiled his composition. This performance was repeated until Pvt. Silverstone was practically a fifth of a mile from his starting point, by which time he found it necessary to take an angle shot. Another move. Finally our now grim photographer was in position. He focused the lens, set the shutter, adjusted the aperture and grabbed the cable release. At that point the command to dismiss wafted across the field to him, and with one motion the inspection line dissolved. . . . The Army got its picture, though. While Pvt. Silverstone was pack-muling the better part of a mile on the ground, Staff Sgt. Richardson was cruising coolly up and down the line in a BT-14 taking aerial shots.

MISSOURI

7TH ARMY CORPS

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, St. Louis. Medical officers who examine inductees for the reception center and Air Corps ground school here don't have much trouble tripping up the wise guys. When a man says he's illiterate a simple check of his record will show whether or not he ever held a job—such as truck driving—that required the ability to read and write. Instruments soon reveal the truth when a man pretends he has poor eyesight. And the gent who claims possession of one bad ear usually forgets which one it is when the examiner, standing behind him, puts a stethescope on the victim's ears and talks into the gadget while pinching first one, and then the other, of the tubes. The examinee who says both ears are bad may pretend not to hear the test phrases, but once in a while the doctors run across a fellow who hears a whispered, "That's all; you won't do," and when he jumps up, obviously relieved, they've got him.

ILLINOIS

6TH ARMY CORPS

SCOTT FIELD, Belleville. Beating the heat in this flat, Midwest post is one of the major pastimes of soldiers in the Air Corps Communications school, but nobody knows what to do about it during working hours. The fatigue jumper is cooler around the neck than the regular uniform but hotter in other anatomical areas. Taking a chair into the showers and sitting up most of the night is advocated by some. Others envy the job of the private who drives a truck all night, when it's cooler. He's free during the days and spends them inspecting Belleville breweries.

MEMBERS of bomber crews in training at the field weren't allowed to have fireworks on July 4th. Too dangerous.

SOUTH CAROLINA

4TH ARMY CORPS

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. In order to keep things interesting for himself, Corp. Walter Schumann, of the 26th Training Battalion, has devised a recreational and utilitarian device worthy of note. Having discovered that the customary fly ribbon supplied by the QMC did not fulfill its mission to an efficient degree, Corp. Schumann tacked a piece of fly paper to a badminton racket, and, employing a technique combining the best features of cross-country running and tennis, invented Terra Flying. In the beginning it was somewhat tough on his roommates' uniforms and equipment; now he can pick a fly from a button with the greatest of ease. To the boondoggling brothers of the fighting fraternity the corporal gladly passes on this indoor sport as a welcome addition to a generally meager repertoire.

FLORIDA

43D DIV.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Men of the 31st and 43d divisions would like to know why Uncle Sam doesn't keep his post office open during hours when they can get to it. The camp's P. O. seems to be strictly union, closing promptly at six P. M. It's in the dead center of the reservation, miles from thousands of the boys who would like to use the money-order facilities but can't, owing to lack of high-speed locomotion. Result is, the American Express has what amounts to a monopoly on the money-order business at a desk in the P-X, which doesn't button up until nine at night. There's no gripe about mail, which is delivered to various units, but the lads wonder why the government passes up a money-order business that actually exceeds the tremendous gross sales at the P-X itself.

31ST DIV.

THE famous French-speaking outfit from Breaux Bridge (Co. F, 156th Inf.) has chalked up another record of sorts. Early last month the 31st Division left camp for a trek to the Ocala National Forest, the infantry making the trip afoot, with sixty pounds of gear on each man's back, and doing better than twenty miles daily for three days. A check, made at the terminus to determine how the outfit had stood the gaff, disclosed that most of them had come through without losing a man en route. The officers had no sooner started to slap each other on the back than they learned that Co. F had come to anchor with three extra men in it. The three had been AWOL back at Blanding but by forced marches and hitchhiking had caught up to the unit a couple of hours before it reached its final bivouac. This act of loyalty drew KP for a week.

GENERAL

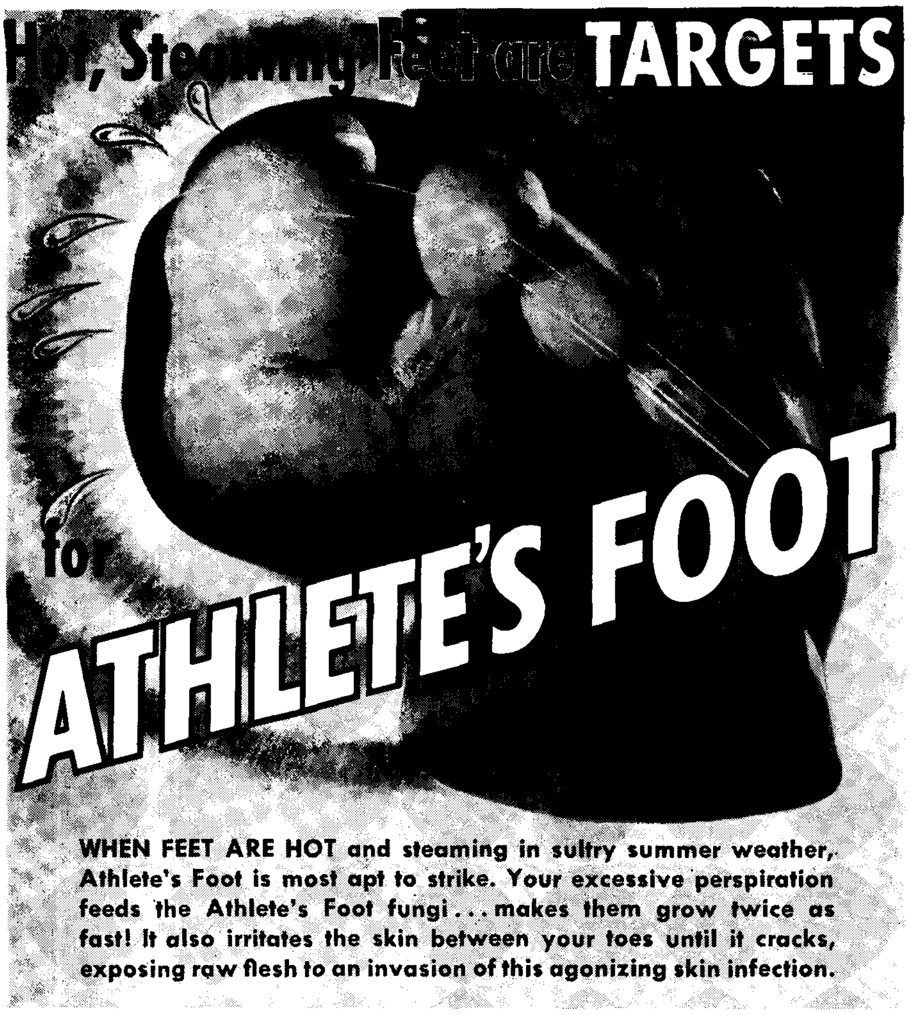
NOTE to hotel men: Mr. William M. Dewey, president of Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel, is entertaining five men each from the Army and Navy every week end. No officers; just guys from the ranks. They live like millionaires for two days and to say they have a time is not even putting it.

NO SOONER had we reported (June 21) that members of the Consolidated HQ Detachment at the Boston Army Base had only one medium-sized tuxedo in the outfit for formal functions in Boston than two citizens each donated a monkey suit to the boys. Thank you, citizens. What else do you need, boys?

OWING to high humidity and various distractions, this department recently and inadvertently placed Fort Lewis in Seattle. The veritable molehill of indignant, outraged and sarcastic communications which poured in from Tacoma prove that civic pride and intercity rivalry is just as good as it ever was.

SELECTEES in some Southern camps are being issued the old, broad-brimmed campaign hat, but most of the rest of the Army wears the overseas field cap—and doesn't like it. "We're developing crows' feet in the corners of our eyes and a perpetual squint," writes a Camp Edwards private. "As ex-Guardsmen we miss the old headgear, which made a swell sunshade, rain protector, water bucket and a pillow on bivouac. Why don't you use your influence?"

HAVEN'T got any. You better join the Boy Scouts. G. W.



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Athlete's Foot fungi feed on dead skin and stale perspiration. When the skin cracks open they strike through those cracks and spread quickly. Toes redden and itch painfully. Patches of dead skin flake off. You know it's Athlete's Foot!

SOAK those Cracks TONIGHT!

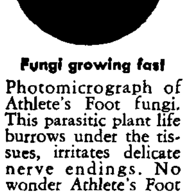
DON'T TAKE CHANCES with Athlete's Foot! Soak the first sign of a crack between your toes with Absorbine Jr., *full strength,* night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

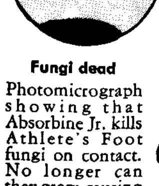
Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.
Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

Also QUICK RELIEF for:
Sore, aching muscles • Tired, burning feet • Sunburn • Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.



Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead
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Worth a Premium

Continued from page 22

"Saddle him again. Corporal . . . no, Lieutenant Fortner, see how gentle this horse is under a stranger."

The kid swallowed. "I'm the only one that's been ridin' him."

"We can't catch Hitler with a bad-acting horse," said the major.

Lieutenant Fortner went into the saddle gingerly. You could see he didn't care about a spill in front of the crowd.

The grullo's head came up and he stiffened under the strange weight. He had a sudden proud, startled look, as if voices inside were calling to him.

The kid's voice was low. "It's all right, Smoky."

The grullo turned his head and looked at the kid. Just looked. And then quietly obeyed Lieutenant Fortner's gingerly neck rein and walked away.

"It's your horse to sell, I suppose?" asked Major Clive.

"Yes, sir. I give two months' pay for him after—after he knocked Mr. Higgins down an' tromped him. I got the paper here."

The major looked up from the grimy bill of sale. "Ten dollars . . . two months' pay?"

"Yes, sir."

"This man Higgins only paid you five dollars a month—but sold you a sound horse for ten dollars?"

The kid licked his lips. He hated to say it. "Nobody could handle Smoky. They were goin' to shoot him."

"Why couldn't they handle him?" pressed the major curtly.

"They broke him the hard way an' made him mean," the kid said. He swallowed again and looked as if he thought the major might laugh at him. "I—I figured Smoky just had to know somebody thought a heap of him. He had to trust someone a heap, so he'd know folks wasn't so bad after all."

"And he trusted you and gentled for you?" said the major coldly.

"Yes, sir." The kid was eager again. "Smoky knows now. Ain't a better horse in these parts, sir. He'll go anywhere. He knows rope work an' he c'n jump too, and he'll keep his feet on a loose-rock trail like a goat. He'll come to be saddled when I whistle. He's smart as any man, sir."

"What's wrong with him then? Why do you want to sell him?"

THE kid scuffed his feet. He looked red-eyed and tired and like he thought the major wasn't going to believe him.

"I've been savin' for school, sir. With what I've got, the money'll take me to Albuquerque to school. When I heard horses'd bring so much here today, I lit out as fast as I could. Seemed like—like I was already on my way to school."

"A lot of others lit out too," the major growled, and turned as Lieutenant Fortner brought the grullo back, dismounted and nodded. The major barely glanced at the lieutenant, and I suddenly realized the major's mind had been made up all along.

"That horse is the build and type we like to get," he told the kid. "He's sound, intelligent, and seems to have bottom. He's worth a premium. Two hundred for him."

A buzz of comment started up in the crowd behind us. Two hundred was top price so far today. I thought the kid paled a little under the dust grime on his face.

"Two hundred . . ." he faltered, fumbling with the reins.

"We don't bargain," Major Clive warned. "First price is the last price. It'll take you a year or so to save that much toward school, even if you're lucky."

"Yes, sir," agreed the kid in a low tone. "More'n that." He nodded and dropped the reins.

So the major had made another buy.

"Corporal," he said to me, "take the horse over to the corral and paint on his number. Captain Bell, go ahead with the papers. Shoes removed at the seller's expense, and the usual statement that the horse hasn't been inside Arizona quarantine."

I led the grullo toward the corral and the kid went with Captain Bell toward our car, where the captain's typewriter was set up under a side awning.

The grullo nickered suddenly and jerked on the reins. He had stopped and was looking after the kid. He nickered again. . . .

The kid stopped too . . . and then went on without looking around.

I jerked on the reins. "Step on it, buddy. You're in the Army now."

THE grullo blew and followed me. But when we got almost to the pole corral he stopped again. His head was up. He had that proud, wild look, as if he were hearing things beyond my knowledge. He was looking toward the awning where the captain was sitting down at the typewriter and the kid was standing with his back to us.

The grullo's bugle cut through the hot, white sunlight like a peal of protest into the far distance. He bugled again . . . and the kid turned slowly, reluctantly . . . and then whistled shrilly and started to run toward us.

The grullo broke from me and bolted toward him, and the kid scooped up the reins and went into the saddle with a lithe swing. They were back near the major when I got there, panting.

The kid looked gaunt and shabby in the old saddle. He was grinning apologetically and blinking hard as he spoke to the major:

"I told Smoky it was all right—an' it wasn't. First time I ever told him wrong an' he knowed more about it than I did. I'm all he's got—an' he's all I've got. There ain't enough money in your Army to buy him, sir. We'll make out about school some way. I'm sorry we came bothering you."

He shook out the reins. Head up and sure of himself, the kid burring on his back like they were one, the grullo raised little spurts of dust as he stretched out toward the mountains in that low, fast run

Talk? Even the Indians were excited. I heard Lieutenant Fortner swear helplessly under his breath. And the elderly rancher on the edge of the crowd say, "School, hell! Sure he'll get to school, soon as I can get out to Garcia's!"

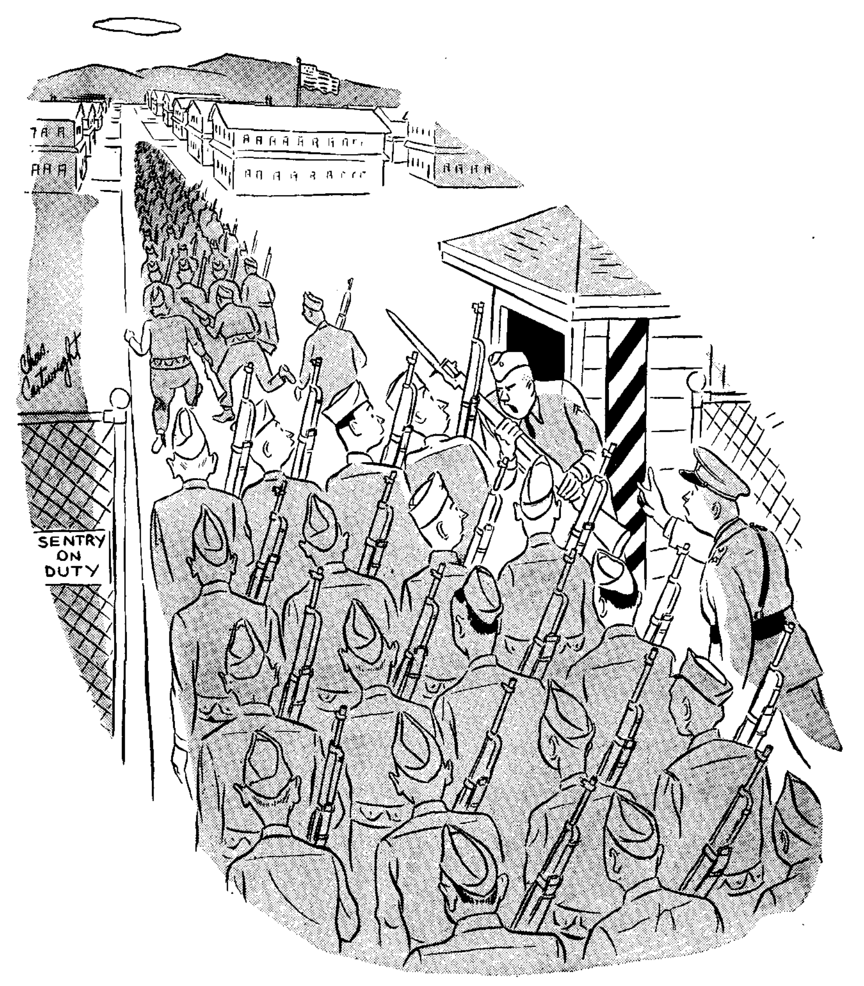
I was nearest the major, so I supposed he was speaking to me as he looked after the grullo.

"Good stuff there. Sound all the way through. The cavalry needs plenty of that."

"Yes, sir," I agreed regretfully. "Any horse comes sixty miles and leaves fast like that, ought to be on his way to Ft. Sill."

The major answered me gruffly, as if exposing a weakness in his hard-shell cavalry manner:

"Damn it, Corporal, I mean the rider. He knows a horse from the heart out and has guts enough to back his judgment. I'd give a premium for him any day in my command. Next horse!"



"No need to challenge each one, Sentry. I'll personally vouch for the entire regiment!"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Cream-Puff Sailor

Continued from page 13

I hadn't been on a boat for two years, so I didn't struggle. We went out. There were so many things I wanted to ask about that I didn't know where to begin.

Finally I said, "Quite an establishment you've got here."

She nodded. "We had a membership drive last fall. In honor of the mortgage. Cost you fifty bucks to join—resident membership, and seventy-five a year after that. It's become the smart thing to do in town."

"The beer we drank," I said, thinking back, "used to come to about three dollars apiece for the whole summer. Remember?"

"I wish I couldn't," she said.

"Well," I said, wanting to change the subject, "it's swell to be back anyhow."

"Yes," she agreed. "You can catch the dance tonight and the dinner tomorrow night and the dinner dance the next night, after the Withrow Cup race. If you stay long enough, there'll be a couple of stag parties, numerous luncheons for the numerous ladies' committees, informal movies, smokers, clambakes, and straight picnics. Sometimes there's some sailing if anybody happens to think of it. She pointed toward the shore, where the three A's were anchored: "Do you know what that flag is that's flying on the middle one of those?"

"It looked like an inverted cocktail glass," I said.

"It's an inverted cocktail glass," she said. "The boys that fall too far behind drop out and go over for a drink. The drinks are always on the one farthest behind at the first buoy."

I didn't know what to say, so naturally I jumped in with both feet flat. "It's bad," I said, "but not as bad as not having Wally around. Where is he anyway?"

It was silly, but I just couldn't conceive of Susan and Wally on different boats.

"He's here," Susan told me. "Leading the way as usual."

What was left of the A fleet was coming home under spinnakers. They were well spread out.

"He bought out my share," Susan said.

I knew Wally had never had the cash to do that unless he had struck oil, and I said so.

"I guess he was acting as an agent," she said. "It's a long story."

WE WENT in before the A's finished. I was low in my mind, because something was obviously very wrong. As soon as Wally brought his boat in, I saw what it was; and when Wally had finished pounding me on the back and maiming my right hand, he introduced me to her.

Her name was Larain Croft. She was wearing short-vamped deck shoes and a white sharkskin play suit. She had a cute little face with wide, cornflower eyes and a soft mouth ripe enough to put in a pie. Her hair was a mass of golden curls, and on top of them was just the sauciest visored yachting cap you ever saw. It was incredible.

But this is the pay-off. Wally was wearing a yachting cap too. And a uniform. Blue denim with SUSAN in large letters across the blouse. The same with the rest of his crew—two lads I didn't know. Hap Berger, it turned out, was on another boat.

This was Wally Hanford, who had never worn anything more formal on his boat than a pair of tennis shoes without laces, flannels too old and shrunken for civilized use and no hat at all.

Larain was very cordial. She hooked one arm in mine and the other in Wally's, and skipped us light-heartedly into the bar. We passed Susan on the way, and everybody was careful to make the hellos very friendly.

The bar was diligently nautical, with lots of pictures on the wall of the old Lake Sachem outfit.

"This is John," Larain said to me, introducing the bartender. "John makes the best daiquirí north of New York, don't you, John?"

John simpered, and Larain and Wally bespoke a couple of these marvels. I said I'd have beer. This seemed to shock Larain and make Wally uncomfortable.

I tried to get Wally to talk about the boys in the old fleet. He was evasive. I gathered that the Douglas boys had dropped out and gone to another lake to sail. It seemed, when I started to go down the list, that there weren't many of the original sailors left. Wally finally wrenched the conversation around to the dance that night, and at that point Larain became vivacious. I didn't stay.

I DIDN'T go near the place next day. I shanghaied Susan, and we went driving in the hills and parked where we could see the boats. Laying my cards squarely on the table, I said I would club her with the nearest blunt instrument if she didn't tell me the whole story.

"It's none of your business, Bill," she said kindly. "When a girl loses a man—"

"Just a second," I interrupted. "I've lost a friend. That wasn't Wally—that guy I was talking to yesterday. I can remember when Wally would have slugged anybody for even suggesting that he wear that cap he had."

So then all of a sudden Susan's head was on my shoulder, and she was crying. She told me the story, although of course I had guessed most of it and you have too by now.

The race for the Withrow Cup was set for the next afternoon at one-thirty. I went up to the club about eleven. There were just the skippers and crews around, and the place didn't look so bad. Wally was all alone, folding a spinnaker. We talked of this and that for a while and then I said: "It doesn't seem natural, not seeing Susan on your crew."

"She been talking to you?" he asked quickly.

I didn't like that, but I didn't say so. I said she hadn't.

"Well, I'll tell you, Bill," he said, frowning at the spinnaker. "It's possible for a man and a woman to be the best friends in the world and still not be right to be married. That's a hard thing to understand, and I don't think Susan quite understands it, but it's true."

"Nuts," I said.

He straightened up. "You've been away," he said. "Naturally you don't know the whole story. How about sailing with me this afternoon?"

"You don't want to break up your crew for an important race like this," I said.

"It won't make any difference," he answered. "We'll win anyhow. Besides, it's not a matter of life or death, you know."

In the old days it was life or death in every race, but I didn't remind him of that. I didn't have the strength to refuse.

The lawn started to fill up about an hour before the race. The crowd was milling around, being very social and gay, when all of a sudden above it all came a shrill hail from the lake: "Yacht Club ahoyyyy!"

It was repeated a couple of times be-

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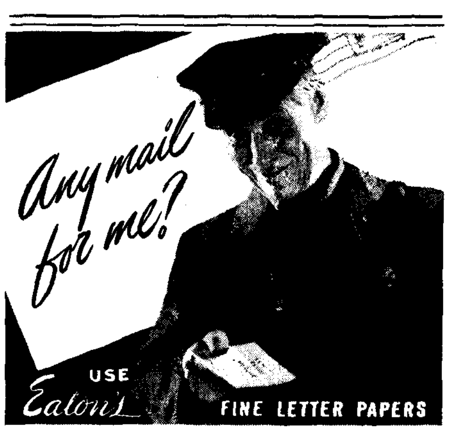
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fore it penetrated, and then people started to point. A boat was trying to make the dock, and the crew was waving for help. The boys already out on the wharf were laughing too hard to be much help, so a few more of us went out.

"Good lord!" somebody said. "How does it ever stay upright?"

I don't know if you've ever seen a Class A inland lake scow. They look sort of awkward till you get used to them. They don't have much in the water—maybe fourteen inches with the bilge boards up—and they have round prows and convex decks, slightly streamlined. They never look like much at the dock, but under sail they're pictures.

This monstrosity laboring toward us was a Class A all right, but more than a shade on the caricature side. Its sails were grimy black and looked as if they had been meant for some other boat. The battens were in crooked; the mainsail bulged in all the wrong places, and the jib sagged, possibly from the weight of the dirt on it. The jib was rigged on the forestay instead of a stay of its own as was proper.

The crew, of course, were my four angler friends from the first day. The displeased man was at the helm; the thin guy with the beribboned spectacles wavering on his nose was handling the jib—if you could call it handling. The fat man and the little one were perched on the side of the cockpit, too scared to move.

WE FINALLY hauled them in and the skipper up on the wharf. He panted for a while before he could speak. "My name's Hastings," he said. "We want to get in this race you're having."

Well, everybody seemed to think it was too good a joke to let die, so the race committee took the entry and asked the name of the boat. Hastings looked around till he spotted the committeeman who had spoken to him two days before.

"What name did you say it was?" he asked. "It's got no sign on it."

"The Elvira," said the committeeman with a straight face, and somebody in the back of the crowd hooted. Hastings glared.

I was glad when Wally at least tried to argue Hastings out of the idea, but it was no go. It was better than trolling, Hastings said, and they were decided. So the chairman of the race committee explained the course and the guns, and Hastings got back on his wreck.

"We'll just go out and sail around till you're ready," he said, "and kind of get the feel of it."

We snaked them out of the clutter of boats, glad enough not to have them around getting in the way when the rest of the fleet left the dock, and they limped away across the lake.

We forgot about them then until the half-hour gun went, and then someone rushed in with word that the old crate was in trouble on the other side of the lake. We sent a boat over to tow them back.

The course that day was a triangle. A reach for the first leg, one long tack for the second and another reach, a broad one, home. It was easy, but nobody had got around to changing the buoys from the day before, so they let it ride.

I took the sheet, and there was another lad on the boards. Larain, looking very pert and trim, had the jib.

We were jockeying around with two minutes to go for the start, when Larain looked back and giggled.

"Look," she said, "here come the ancient mariners and their albatross."

I took a quick glance back. The albatross was halfway to the line under its own power, and something had happened to it. The mast was straight up now, and the sails were as smooth as curved sheet metal. She was heeling just a little—less than we were, and there was a whisper of white water under her saucer prow.

We had to concentrate on the start then, but when we were on our way, I looked back again in time to see that blackened old sail jibe over like a feather and then take hold instantly on the course.

We took the lead right away. Wally was still enough of a sailor to shut everything out of his mind but the job at hand, but something kept pulling my eyes back to that old boat. It was the last over the line, but it started passing the others right away.

The windward leg was three miles. It was rough and getting rougher, and we weren't sailing as we should have been. Larain, holding the jib sheet, took the spray full in her face every time a wave hit us. She turned away with a little cry of distress at each shower, jerking the sheet in her effort to shield her face, and of course that shot wind right back on the wrong side of the main. Those A's are the most sensitive boats in the world to trim, and, on any boat, that is exactly like jamming your foot on the brake pedal of a car in motion.

WITH a half mile to go to the windward mark, I glanced astern, and there was our albatross a length behind us. By rights we should have been backwinding her silly, but she was coming steadily on.

I saw she was going to sail in our lee, and I told Wally. Not because he could do anything about it, but because that was my job. He set his jaw and concentrated on pointing the Susan as high into the wind as possible. But every time we hit a wave, Larain screwed up her face, and turned away, jerking the jib and cutting our headway.

Then the other boat had an overlap.

"Hold your course, please," Hastings called to Wally.

His crew never gave us a glance. The old boy in the black-ribboned glasses was babying the jib as if it had just been born. The other two were crouched in the cockpit, staring ahead.

"Damn it!" snapped Hastings. "Hold your course! You're bearing away."

It was insult to injury and Wally knew it was deliberate as well as I did. But the Susan was pointing as high and footing as fast as she could, and still the other boat—in our lee, mind you—was outpointing and outfooting us.

FINALLY, Wally had to luff or foul them. His face was black with rage, but he did luff, and they pulled ahead. They came around the buoy like syrup, and their spinnaker blossomed out as if it were some kind of trick. We didn't get ours set and drawing until we were a hundred yards on the way home.

"Well!" said Larain, sitting back, now that there was nothing for her to do. "Those funny old men!"

I looked down the lake. Some of the A's had gone in. Two of them had put into shore across from the club and were anchored.

"Look!" Larain exclaimed, pointing at them. "Harry Bonner's got his cocktail flag up. Let's go over."

VISITORS ROOM
1342

"Are you sure my time isn't up yet?" REAMER KELLER

Wally was too sore to speak.

"Well, there's no use going on," she said. "You've lost, and you'll never catch them now. What's the sense of trailing along behind four old men?"

Wally didn't answer.

"Are you going over?" Larain asked, an edge in her voice now. She waited and got no response. "Listen to me, Wally Hanford," she said. "Either you take me over and we have cocktails like civilized human beings, or I'll jump overboard and swim."

It was a good mile, and I had an idea she couldn't swim.

"Okay," Wally sighed.

And, so help me, we handed the spinnaker, put about, and went over for cocktails.

I could see it was killing Wally, and while I didn't particularly sympathize with him, it was killing me too, so I said something about having to get back for a business appointment. Wally took me home. Larain and the other member of the crew stayed.

We moored at the wharf and went into the bar. The first thing I saw was the four anglers lined up at one end, gravely drinking hot buttered rum. Susan was sitting alone at a table near by—just sitting there, looking sad and dejected.

Wally asked for some rum and so did I. We leaned against the bar, sipping in silence.

At last the old guy with the black ribbons said, "Kind of a waste of time, wasn't it, Hastings?"

The little bird said, "Sport!" and snorted.

I looked at them. They didn't seem at all funny now.

The fat man said, "We might work up some kind of competition pitching pennies."

Then Hastings said, "I'll be damned if I'll take their silly cup. I understood they competed for it."

"Well," said black ribbons, "you could buy one if that's all you wanted. A cup."

"I don't know if you've noticed it," said Hastings, "but there's a yellow tint to the sailors around here that makes me a little sick. They're cream puffs!"

The other three nodded judicious agreement. It was more than Wally could stand in silence. "I suppose," he said, holding himself in carefully, "I suppose you guys think you're something, don't you? I suppose you think you're quite a bunch of sailors."

General laughter from the four.

"We didn't have a chance to tell," black ribbons said. "Was that parade route out there supposed to be a course?"

"You wouldn't be on the same lake on a course dead to windward," Hastings said, and his cronies laughed again.

"Windward, leeward, reaching, running, upside down, or on our chins," said Wally, frowning heavily. "You name it and we'll lick you at it." His fists were clenched white at the knuckles.

"For what?" asked Hastings gently.

"For my boat or yours," Wally shot back at him. "What do you think of that?"

I LOOKED at Susan. She was sitting upright on the edge of her chair, and her eyes were shining.

There was a gleam in Hastings' eye. "I like it," he said. "We start in half an hour."

At that moment I swallowed a mouthful of rum the wrong way. Hastings frowned at me.

Wally headed for the boat. I followed. Hap Berger was sitting on a sail bag outside, glumly smoking a pipe. I jabbed him.

"Come on," I said. "Oh, boy! oh, boy!"

"What?" said Hap, getting up.

"Nothing," I replied, clutching his arm. "Just oh, boy! oh, boy!"

Wally was fussing with the stays, changing the rake of his mast a little. Hap and I turned to without anything being said.

Finally I said casually to Wally, "You'll need a good hand on that jib."

"We'll get along," he grunted.

"Don't be a sap," I told him. "You need the best you can get if you're going to keep your boat. Those guys can sail. You know that."

He set his jaw and didn't look at me. I went back into the clubhouse. Susan was still at her table, staring into space. I said a few words.

"If Wally Hanford hasn't backbone enough to come in here himself—" she began, tight-lipped.

"Look, Ironhead, dear," I said. "It's for the boat, not Wally."

Wally didn't say a word when she got on board, but that was all right. The Susan crossed the starting line, and the other boat crossed with us, twenty yards to windward. The course was dead up the wind; the going got rougher every minute. Susan was soaked in the first hundred yards; but you never saw a more beautiful sight than she was, coaxing that little sail.

There wasn't anything you can do in a race that we didn't do on that leg. We had luffing matches, dogfights—we even split tacks once, and we were all even at the speedboat that had gone up to anchor as a marker for us. By that time Hap and I were screaming maniacs. But Susan was lost to everything but the jib, and Wally was very calm.

"If their spinnaker is out before ours," he grated between his teeth, "I'm going to break somebody's neck."

We would have saved him the trouble, but we didn't have to. The two spinnakers came out as one.

There's nothing in the world like riding an A down a good wind with a man at the tiller who knows his stuff. I don't know how Wally did it. He kept shifting us back and forth inches at a time to adjust the trim to every little change in the wind—maybe he pushed the Susan with his will. I wouldn't know. But a hundred yards from the finish we were a couple of inches ahead. And we held it.

The four in the other boat gave us a cheer that brought a half-dozen people running out of the clubhouse to see what was up. Wally waved; Hap and I waved; and the ancient mariners whooped and waved back. It was quite a love feast for a while. Susan was the only quiet one.

"It was beautiful, Wally," she said softly.

"Thanks," Wally said, frowning.

Hap and I walked into the bar with the four old gentlemen, and you'd have thought it was a thieves' reunion.

I said, "I'll bet that's the first race the old Atalanta ever lost."

"So you guessed," said the skipper. "I thought you had when you choked on that rum."

"Line up at the end of the bar," I said, "the way you were, and I'll show you." They lined up. "Now look behind you," I said.

They turned, and for a minute they were silent.

"I remember that day," one of them said softly.

It was a picture of the Atalanta with her skipper and crew lined up on the deck just as they were lined up at the end of the bar now. Justin Withrow, Dave Bradley, Bill Robertshaw and Stub Steuben.

"Well," said Withrow, turning, "we've always kept the old girl in the barn of a farm I own back in the country. We always planned to have one more race in her, and this seemed like the time. But when we got back and saw how fancy everybody was, we thought we might as well be fancy too. We had her all in shape; all we had to do was pour soot on the sails."

"Tough you lost her," Hap said.

"We'll never have a better race," Withrow said, "and maybe your skipper'll lend us to her when we can get back." He thought a moment. "Is there anyone else around here that likes to sail?" he asked.

The bar was filling up. The crowd was loud and festive.

"A few," Hap said.

Withrow said, "Why don't we take a few of the boats and go up to Bill's place here up the lake tomorrow and do a bit of sailing? We can have a few races, then sit around and talk. And the hell with clubhouses. What do you say?"

I looked out through the window. Wally and Susan were sitting on the edge of the cockpit of the boat, half facing each other. Wally was holding her hands in both of his and talking. And Susan was listening as if she didn't care whether she ever heard anything else in this world.

"It's a date," I told Withrow.

Victorious Vic

Continued from page 19

trot. She won, hitting two minutes flat. The next year, Fleming raced her as a trotter and she took a record of 1:59½.

Then there was Nate Hanover, the fastest double-gaited gelding that ever raced (2:01¾ trotting and 1:59 pacing), and Dusty Hanover, who holds the record for the fastest two heats over a half-mile track . . . 2:00½ and 2:00¾. And, of course, Billy Direct.

From that, you may get the idea harness racing has more records than baseball. Well, not quite. But it has all sorts of marks for mile tracks, half-mile tracks, single heats, double heats and the like. It has been argued that any smart driver, given a tolerably fast horse, can set at least one record by the simple expedient of inventing it.

One of the best horsemen in the business, Fleming, however, never has won the famed Hambletonian, harness racing's Kentucky Derby. This $40,000 trotting stake for three-year-olds is raced over the mile track at Goshen each August. The best Vic has been able to do was to finish second with Gauntlet two years ago but he still has hopes.

Harness horsemen, unlike their running-horse cousins, train the horses they drive. Most of them regard their charges as delicate mechanisms to be handled with care. Not Fleming. A horse, to him, is a big, hulking brute whose only reason for existence is to race, and fast.

A slam-bang type of driver, he trains his horses the same way. He loves to lay behind the pace for a full three quarters of a mile, then come a-winging down the stretch like an old-time fire horse charging to a three-alarm blaze. A light-handed pilot, he nevertheless whoops and shouts and otherwise lets the horse know he's boss by pulling and tugging on the reins whenever inspiration seizes him. Because of this, he is scarcely ever successful with two-year-olds; for the most part they're too young to take that kind of driving.

This roughhouse style makes Vic the master of every trick of the driving trade. More often than not, his tactics pay big dividends. Things like locking wheels and shouting to distract a rival horse may seem a bit unsportsmanlike to the public. Race drivers consider them all a part of the game.

Once Fleming and Doc Parshall were staging a personal duel around the Grand Circuit between The Widower and Parshall's Chief Counsel. The Fleming colt, a tough two-year-old schooled in Vic's peculiar style, got soundly trounced in every race. Then they hit Indianapolis and the $10,000 Fox stakes.

Starting the deciding heat of that race, Fleming pulled another surprise. He rushed into an early lead and kept the Parshall colt just behind him all the way to the stretch. There, he had another inspiration.

Yanking hard on the reins, he pulled The Widower up short. That forced Chief Counsel to come to a virtual standstill to avoid running over the two in front. Then, with one flick of the reins, Fleming was away flying, leaving Parshall and Chief Counsel stranded a hundred yards or so away from the finish line.

"That ten grand made up for all the times Parshall whipped me that year," Vic recalls happily.

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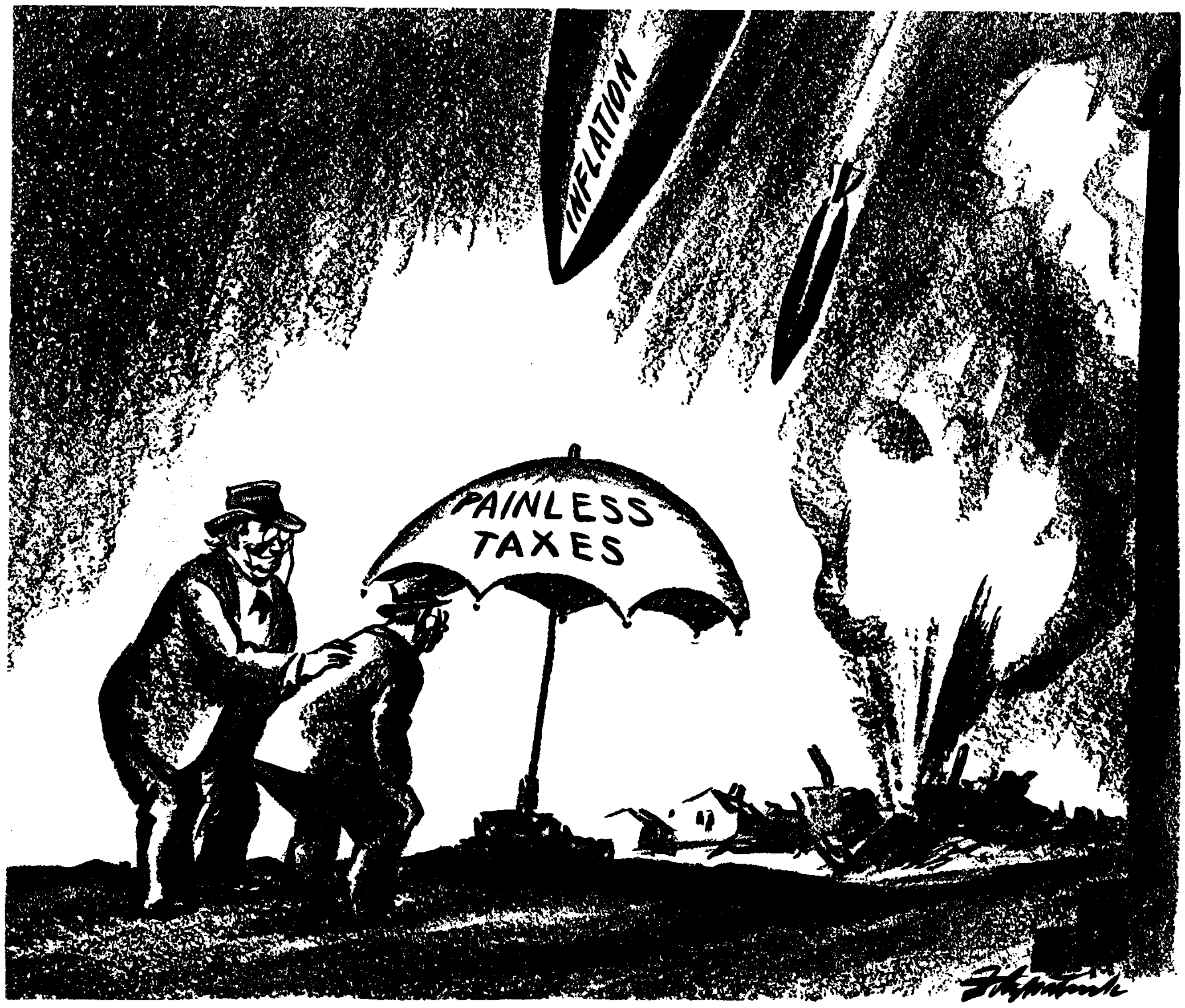

How Smart is Congress?

OUR elected Congress, as it sweats the 1942 tax bill through the works, is obviously trying to avoid two things: (1) a general sales tax, though there will be any number of sales taxes on any number of kinds of goods; and (2) any adequate push-up of taxes on lower and middle bracket incomes.

This is thought to be smart politics, because these taxes would hit a lot of little fellows, who are believed to resent such things.

How smart, really, are lawmakers who think thus?

Well, here is what can be looked for if Congress fails to levy enough taxes to pay a large part of the defense bills as we go:

A lot of purchasing power from defense-swollen pay rolls will be looking for things to buy, instead of being siphoned into defense. This will raise retail prices, because there will be more and more shortages of nondefense goods. Such shortages will occur because defense will be soaking up more and more raw materials—steel, aluminum, plastics, rubber.

These mounting retail prices will move labor to demand higher and higher wages. Increased labor costs will be shifted into still higher retail prices. Even a rigid government price-control system will probably not halt this tendency, assuming Congress gets up the nerve to establish such a price-control system, which Congress probably will not do.

The result will be inflation. Inflation, as everybody knows, hits the little fellow hardest. This is the same little fellow whom Congress is now trying to detour, because in the aggregate he has so many votes.

Suppose an inflationary catastrophe arrives, and suppose the little fellow ever figures out that it was Congress that did it to him. The revenge he will take on his representatives and as many of his senators as possible at the next following election will probably be colossal.

There are those who think the little fellow never remembers, and is just too dumb to understand, anyway.

Maybe. But John C. Lloyd had a short, meaty article in a recent Collier's, describing findings of Dr. Henry C. Link, first of the public-opinion pollsters, on the question: "How do you want to pay for defense?" Dr. Link found that, *regardless of income differences*, 13% of Americans prefer to pay their taxes in a lump sum after the year's end; 22% would like to have their taxes regularly checked off their pay; and 60% want a general sales tax on current purchases, as the fairest and most satisfactory method of collecting some of the billions we've got to raise for defense.

So it looks to us as if the little fellow isn't as dumb as he may once have been, and as if he realizes the terrific danger that inflation is to him, and urgently wants Congress to take enough money out of him now to avoid a ruinous inflation later on.

We can't help wondering how smart a lot of our lawmakers really are, as they blithely conspire to take too little out of all of us now, and leave too big a defense bill for later on.

Pernicious Pension Plan

THE House of Representatives, without fanfare, has passed a bill to give $20 a month to the widow of every veteran of the last war, no matter when he died or what he died of, and regardless of whether he ever saw active service. He need only have been listed in the naval or military forces for ninety days or more.

The total cost to the nation would start at $22,238,000 a year.

The plan was done to death in Senate committee two years ago. The fact that it has got past the House this year is a near-scandal—and a testimonial to the spineless willingness of some politicians to bow down and shell out to any pressure group.

There is no more justification for this plan than there would be for a plan to pension everybody who has driven a car for ninety days, or every woman who has refrained from getting a divorce for a year after her marriage. It is a bald-faced Treasury raid by a special pressure group, and one which can open the door to more and ranker of the same.

We hope the Senate will find the courage to club this bill to death; or that the President will if the Senate can't.

Stop Fanning the Air

WE'RE alarmed over the way the interventionist-isolationist dispute is going.

Many interventionists are calling Lindbergh, Wheeler, Hoover, et al., everything short of traitors. Everybody in his right mind knows these men are among our finest citizens and would do nothing intentionally to hurt their own country.

Many isolationists are calling the interventionists Anglophiles, Tories, would-be scrappers of the Declaration of Independence, fools who want us to invest in a dead horse. Everybody in his right mind knows these charges are ridiculous.

What is the net effect of all this frantic fanning of the air?

It is bound to be, we fear, to hamper and slow down and take the drive out of what we were all agreed a year ago is our main job just now—to build up our own defenses to such strength that no nation or alliance will dare to attack us.

From hating each other, both interventionists and isolationists have gone on to the point of favoring witch hunts and persecutions of everyone who does not see eye to eye with them.

The result of all this cannot help but be an ever-widening diversion of mental and physical energy which all of us ought to be putting into the furtherance of the defense program. Which is exactly what our leading European ill-wisher wants to see happen to us.

How about all of us refocusing our eyes on the ball, and keeping them there?

A NEW ERA DAWNS IN TRANSPORTATION

How General Motors became the biggest builder of locomotives in the world

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What happened is history. A plant was developed where complete locomotives, such as you see here, are built. Within four years, orders for Diesel locomotives began to outstrip those for steam—with the General Motors locomotive pacing this runaway field.

More than 90% of the Diesel passenger locomotives now in service, for instance, were built by General Motors. More General Motors switchers are going to work in railroad yards than all other kinds combined. And the latest of all Diesels to take the rails—the Diesel freight locomotive—is exclusively a General Motors product.

The result? The plant that builds them in La Grange, Illinois has become the biggest producer of locomotives in the world.

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